17 April 1982 US $1.95 (by air) 30p ISSN 0028 6362

NME

NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS

21 TRACKS FOR £1.99
NME's JIVE WIRE CASSETTE

Put your yens on the counter please.

Aus 70c NZ 80c Den Kr 10.75 Fr NF 6.80 Ger Dm
4.50 Malaysia $2.25 Spn 175pts IR 45p (inc. VAT)

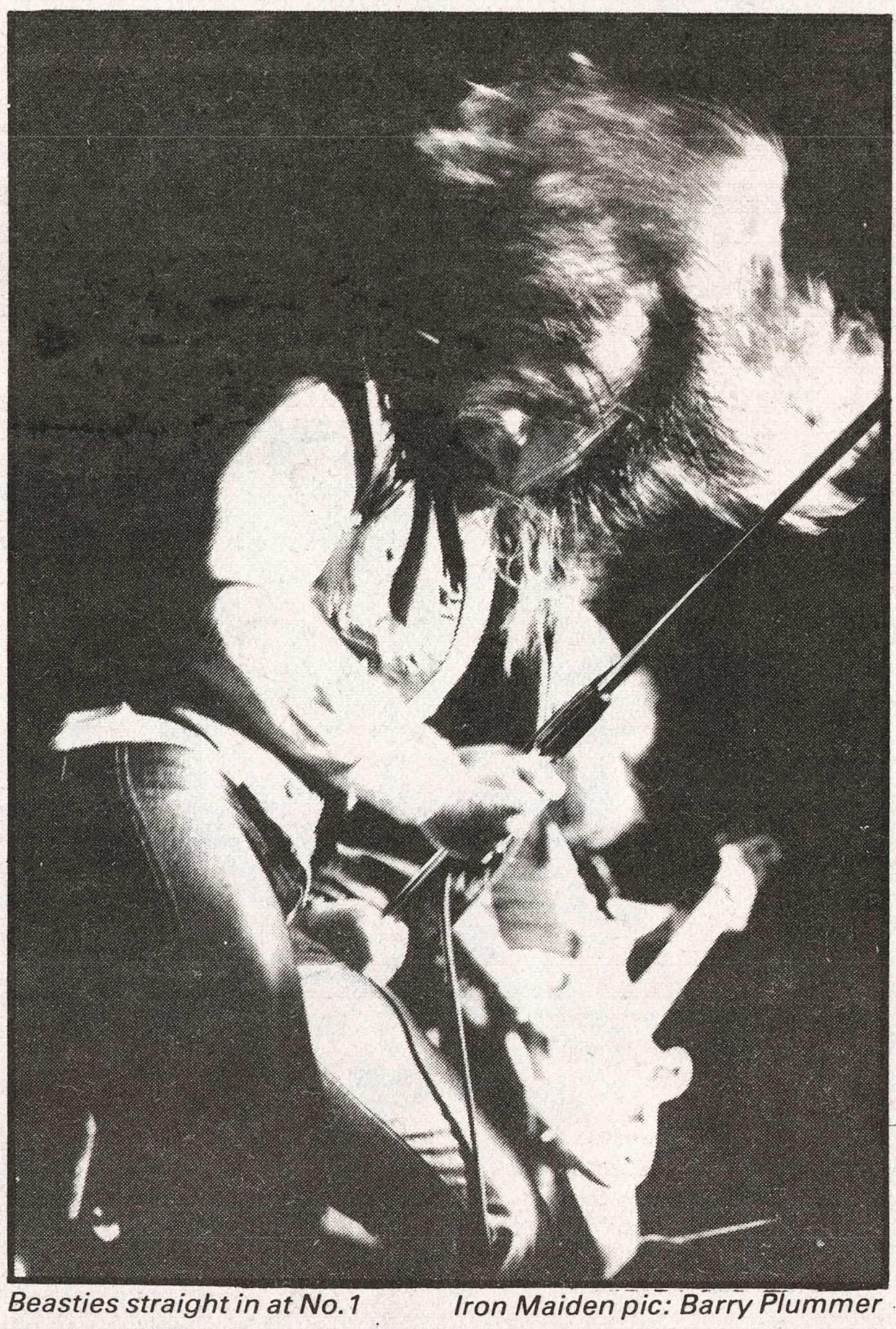
SIOUXSIE
IN JAPAN WITH PAUL DU NOYER

Siouxsie gives the Night Porter the cold shoulder. Photo by Anton Corbijn.

SQUEEZE
IMAGINATION
THIRD WORLD
QUEST FOR FIRE
TREVOR GRIFFITHS

UK SINGLES

This Week	Last Week	Title / Artist	Weeks in	Highest
ONE	7	MY CAMERA NEVER LIES — Bucks Fizz (RCA)	3	1
2	4	AIN'T NO PLEASING YOU — Chas & Dave (Rockney)	5	2
3	1	SEVEN TEARS — Goombay Dance Band (Epic)	6	1
4	10	MORE THAN THIS — Roxy Music (EG/Polydor)	2	4
5	5	GHOSTS — Japan (Virgin)	4	5
6	3	JUST AN ILLUSION — Imagination (R&B)	6	2
7	17	GIVE ME BACK MY HEART — Dollar (WEA)	3	7
8	9	HAVE YOU EVER BEEN IN LOVE — Leo Sayer (Chrysalis)	4	8
9	(—)	EBONY AND IVORY — Paul McCartney & Stevie Wonder (Parlophone)	1	9
10	16	DEAR JOHN — Status Quo (Vertigo)	3	10
11	8	LAYLA — Derek & The Dominoes (RSO)	4	6
12	25	NIGHT BIRDS — Shakatak (Polydor)	2	12
13	18	IS IT A DREAM — Classix Nouveaux (Liberty)	3	13
14	2	QUIEREME MUCHO (YOURS) — Julio Iglesias (CBS)	6	2
15	19	DON'T LOVE ME TOO HARD — The Nolans (Epic)	3	15
16	11	SEE THOSE EYES — Altered Images (Epic)	3	11
17	(—)	FANTASTIC DAY — Haircut 100 (Arista)	1	17
18	14	DAMNED DON'T CRY — Visage (Polydor)	5	14
19	(—)	BLUE EYES — Elton John (Rocket)	1	19
20	(—)	HOUSE ON FIRE — Boomtown Rats (Mercury/Phonogram)	1	20
21	20	A BUNCH OF THYME — Foster & Allen (Ritz)	4	18
22	(—)	REALLY SAYING SOMETHING — Bananarama And The Fun Boy Three (Deram)	1	22
23	6	POISON ARROW — ABC (Neutron)	9	5
24	(—)	ONE STEP FURTHER — Bardo (Epic)	1	24
25	(—)	CAT PEOPLE (PUTTING OUT FIRE) — David Bowie (RCA)	1	25
26	(—)	THIS TIME (WE'LL GET IT RIGHT) — The England World Cup Squad (England ER)	1	26
27	30	PAPA'S GOT A BRAND NEW PIGBAG — Pigbag (Y)	2	27
28	12	PARTY FEARS TWO — Associates (Situation 2)	5	9
29	(—)	A CELEBRATION — U2 (Island)	1	29
30	23	IRON FIST — Motorhead (Bronze)	2	23



Beasties straight in at No.1 — Iron Maiden pic: Barry Plummer

NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS HOT PARADE

UK LONG PLAYERS

This Week	Last Week	Title / Artist	Weeks in	Highest
ONE	(—)	THE NUMBER OF THE BEAST — Iron Maiden (EMI)	1	1
2	2	LOVE SONGS — Barbra Streisand (CBS)	13	1
3	8	ALL FOR A SONG — Barbara Dickson (Epic)	10	3
4	1	PELICAN WEST — Haircut 100 (Arista)	7	1
5	6	TIN DRUM — Japan (Virgin)	14	5
6	5	BEGIN THE BEGUINE — Julio Iglesias (CBS)	12	4
7	4	THE ANVIL — Visage (Polydor)	2	4
8	3	THE GIFT — Jam (Polydor)	5	1
9	17	SKY 4 — FORTHCOMING — Sky (Ariola)	2	9
10	(—)	BLACKOUT — The Scorpions (Harvest)	1	10
11	(—)	THE NAME OF THIS BAND IS TALKING HEADS — Talking Heads (Sire)	1	11
12	7	PEARLS — Elkie Brooks (A&M)	21	3
13	19	BODY TALK — Imagination (R&B)	6	12
14	14	FIVE MILES OUT — Mike Oldfield (Virgin)	3	10
15	9	ACTION TRAX — Various (K-Tel)	7	3
16	(—)	FREEZE FRAME — J Geils Band (EMI America)	6	13
17	(—)	IRON FIST — Motorhead (Bronze)	1	17
18	11	JAMES BOND GREATEST HITS — Various (Liberty)	3	11
19	26	CHARIOTS OF FIRE — Soundtrack (Polydor)	15	6
20	(—)	ASIA — Asia (Geffen)	1	20
21	10	DIAMOND — Spandau Ballet (Chrysalis)	5	10
22	16	DARE — Human League (Virgin)	25	1
23	(—)	100% COTTON — Jets (EMI)	1	23
24	15	KEEP FIT & DANCE — Peter Powell (K-Tel)	3	15
25	12	PORTRAIT — The Nolans (Epic)	3	12
26	18	ONE NIGHT AT BUDOKAN — Michael Schenker Group (Chrysalis)	5	11
27	28	THE CONCERT IN CENTRAL PARK — Simon & Garfunkel (Geffen)	3	17
28	(—)	PENTHOUSE AND PAVEMENT — Heaven 17 (Virgin)	10	12
29	15	BAT OUT OF HELL — Meatloaf (Epic)	24	9
30	(—)	20 WITH A BULLET — Various (EMI)	5	13

INDEPENDENT SINGLES

1	(2)	**Papa's Got A Brand New Pigbag 12"** — Pigbag (Y)
2	(5)	**Smash The Discos** — The Business (Secret)
3	(1)	**I Hate People** — Anti Nowhere League (WYZ)
4	(4)	**See You** — Depeche Mode (Mute)
5	(15)	**Only You** — Yazoo (Mute)
6	(14)	**The Missionary** — Josef K (Crepuscule)
7	(7)	**Bela Lugosi's Dead** — Bauhaus (Small Wonder)
8	(3)	**Conspiracy** — Higsons (Waap)
9	(6)	**Never Surrender** — Blitz (No Future)
10	(8)	**Revolutionary Spirit** — Wild Swans (Zoo)
11	(10)	**Smash It Up** — The Damned (Big Beat)
12	(9)	**Amour, Amour** — Mobiles (Rialto)
13	(16)	**War Across The Nation** — Chelsea (Step Forward)
14	(—)	**Gangland** — Violators (No Future)
15	(—)	**Pure Punk for Row People (EP)** — Gonads (Secret)
16	(—)	**No Doves Fly Here** — The Mob (Crass)
17	(18)	**Today's Generation** — Attack (No Future)
18	(17)	**It's Been Hours Now** — Dead Or Alive (Black Eyes)
19	(—)	**Lest We Forget** — Blitzkreig (No Future)
20	(—)	**No Life No Future (EP)** — Expelled (Riot City)
21	(21)	**Object, Refuse, Reject, Abuse** — Dirt (Crass)
22	(24)	**Jet Boy Jet Girl (EP)** — Chron-Gen (Secret)
23	(19)	**A Bunch Of Thyme** — Foster & Allen (Ritz)
24	(11)	**Getting Up** — Pigbag (Y)
25	(20)	**Destroy The Youth** — Charge (Kamera)
26	(23)	**I Think I Need Help** — Farmers Boys (Waap)
27	(13)	**Chaos UK** — Chaos (Riot City)
28	(—)	**Long Live The Past (EP)** — The Pack (Cyclops)
29	(—)	**12 Track EP** — Rudimentary Peni (Outer Himalayan)
30	28	**Love Song** — Damned (Big Beat)

INDEPENDENT LONG PLAYERS

1	(1)	**Dr Heckle And Mr Jive** — Pigbag (Y)
2	(3)	**Chronic Generation** — Chron Gen (Secret)
3	(2)	**Hex Enduction Hour** — Fall (Kamera)
4	(5)	**Punk'n'Disorderly** — Various (Abstract)
5	(4)	**Fourth Drawer Down** — Associates (Situation 2)
6	(6)	**Seven Songs** — 23 Skidoo (Fetish)
7	(9)	**Drunk On The Pope's Blood** — Birthday Party/Lydia Lunch (4AD)
8	(10)	**Shoot Out The Lights** — Richard and Linda Thompson (Hannibal)
9	(7)	**To The Shores Of Lake Placid** — Various (Zoo)
10	(11)	**Speak And Spell** — Depeche Mode (Mute)
11	(—)	**The Good, The Bad And The 4-Skins** — 4 Skins (Secret)
12	(16)	**Spizz History** — Spizz Energi 2 (R. Trade)
13	(21)	**Endangered Species** — UK Subs (NEMS)
14	(26)	**Mr Yellow Man** — Yellow Man (G'sleeves)
15	(—)	**Best of The Damned** — Damned (Big Beat)
16	(23)	**Live In London — tape** — Fall (Chaos)
17	(18)	**Live At The Jacquard** — Higsons (Chaos)
18	(20)	**Movement** — New Order (Factory)
19	(15)	**In The Flat Field** — Bauhaus (4AD)
20	(22)	**Live At 100 Club — tape** — GBH (Chaos)
21	(14)	**Sextet** — A Certain Ratio (4AD)
22	(17)	**Live In Sheffield** — Pressure Co. (Paradox)
23	(19)	**Machine Gun Etiquette** — Damned (Big Beat)
24	(13)	**True Democracy** — Steel Pulse (Wiseman Doc)
25	(—)	**Unknown Pleasures** — Joy Division (Factory)
26	(24)	**Not To** — Colin Newman (4AD)
27	(—)	**Swing To The Right** — Utopia (Bearsville)
28	(30)	**Friends & Relations** — Hawkwind (Flicknife)
29	(—)	**Wa Do Dem** — Eek A Mouse (Greensleeves)
30	(—)	**Two Bad Deejay** — Clint Eastwood and General Saint (Greensleeves)

Compiled by NME *from a nationwide survey of independent record shops*

REGGAE SINGLES

1. **Assassin** — Eek A Mouse (Tuff Gong)
2. **Jamaican Music** — Johnny Clarke (Music Works)
3. **Going To Jamaica** — Jr Prett (Yabby U)
4. **Two Lesbians** — Ringo (MIC)
5. **Back To School** — Bunny Wailer (Solomonic)
6. **Jack Sprat** — Yellowman (Nura)
7. **Ladies Side** — Genie & Tash (Volcano)
8. **Radication Operation** — Ringo (Bent Vibes)
9. **Rasta Come From Jail** — Cornell Campbell (Crazy Joe)
10. **Party Time** — Captain Sinbad (Explosion)
11. **Rapid 16** — George Nooks (Yvonne Special)
12. **African Teacher** — Burning Spear (Spear)
13. **Sodom In Jamaica** — Rankin' Toyan (Black Solidarity)
14. **Looking for Your Touch** — Ras Khabi/Wailers (Rockstone)
15. **Bushmaster** — D. J. Jango (African Museum)

REGGAE LPs

1. **New Chapter of Dub** — Aswad (Groove Music)
2. **Mr Yellowman** — Yellowman (Greensleeves)
3. **Teach The Children** — Ijahman (Jah Man)
4. **King Of Dub Rock 2** — Sir Coxsone Sound (Regal)
5. **Stage Coach Showcase** — Dennis Brown (Yvonne Special)

Daddy Kool, 94 Dean Street, London W1

US SINGLES

1. **I Love Rock'n'Roll** — Joan Jett & The Blackhearts (Boardwalk)
2. **We Got The Beat** — Go Go's (IRS)
3. **Chariots Of Fire** — Vangelis (Polydor)
4. **Freeze-Frame** — The J. Geils Band (EMI America)
5. **Make A Move On Me** — Olivia Newton-John (MCA)
6. **Don't Talk To Strangers** — Rick Springfield (RCA)
7. **Open Arms** — Journey (Columbia)
8. **That Girl** — Stevie Wonder (Motown)
9. **Key Largo** — Bertie Higgins (Kat Family)
10. **Do You Believe In Love** — Huey Lewis & The News (Chrysalis)

US LPs

1. **Beauty And The Beat** — The Go Go's (IRS)
2. **I Love Rock'n'Roll** — Joan Jett & The Blackhearts (Boardwalk)
3. **Chariots Of Fire** — Vangelis (Polydor)
4. **Freeze-Frame** — The J. Geils Band (EMI America)
5. **Success Hasn't Spoiled Me Yet** — Rick Springfield (RCA)
6. **Physical** — Olivia Newton-John (MCA)
7. **The Concert In Central Park** — Simon and Garfunkel (Warner Bros)
8. **Great White North** — Bob & Doug McKenzie (Mercury)
9. **Get Lucky** — Loverboy (Columbia)
10. **Asia** — Asia (Geffen)

Courtesy Billboard

WEST GERMANY

1. **Skandal In Sperrbezirk** — Spider Murphy Gang (Electrola)
2. **Der Kommissar** — Falco (Jire)
3. **Albany** — Roger Whittaker (Aves)
4. **The Lion Sleeps Tonight** — Tight Fit (Teldec)
5. **Goldener Reiter** — Joachim Witt (WEA)
6. **Land Of Make Believe** — Bucks Fizz (RCA)
7. **Felicidad** — Al Bano & Romina Power (EMI)
8. **Una Note Speciale** — Alice (EMI)
9. **Oh! Julie** — Shakin' Stevens (Epic)
10. **I'll Find My Way Home** — Jon & Vangelis (Polydor)

Courtesy Der Musikmarkt/Billboard

FIVE YEARS AGO

1 **Knowing Me Knowing You** — Abba (Epic)
2 **Going In With My Eyes Open** — David Soul (Private Stock)
3 **Sunny** — Boney M (Atlantic)
4 **When** — Showaddywaddy (Arista)
5 **Red Spells Danger** — Billy Ocean (GTO)
5 **Sir Duke** — Stevie Wonder (Motown)
7 **Free** — Deniece Williams (CBS)
8 **I Don't Want To Put A Hold On You** — Bernie Flint (EMI)
9 **You Don't Have To Be A Star** — Marilyn McCoo/Billy Davis (ABC)
10 **Oh Boy** — Brotherhood Of Man (Pye)

TEN YEARS AGO

1. **Amazing Grace** — Royal Scots Dragoon Guards Pipes, Drums and Bands (RCA)
2. **Without You** — Nilsson (RCA)
3. **Sweet Talkin' Guy** — Chiffons (London)
4. **Back Off Boogaloo** — Ringo Starr (Apple)
5. **Hold Your Head Up** — Argent (Epic)
6. **Deborah** — Tyrannosaurus Res (Magno Fly)
7. **Heart Of Gold** — Neil Young (Reprise)
8. **Run Run Run** — Jo Jo Gunne (Asylum)
9. **The Young New Mexican Puppeteer** — Tom Jones (Decca)
10. **Beg Steal Or Borrow** — New Seekers (Polydor)

FIFTEEN YEARS AGO

1. **Puppet On A String** — Sandie Shaw (Pye)
2. **Somethin' Stupid** — Frank & Nancy Sinatra (Reprise)
3. **A Little Bit Me, A Little Bit You** — Monkees (RCA)
4. **Ha! Ha! Said The Clown** — Manfred Mann (Fontana)
5. **Release Me** — Engelbert Humperdinck (Decca)
6. **This Is My Song** — Harry Secombe (Philips)
7. **Purple Haze** — Jimi Hendrix (Track)
8. **Bernadette** — Four Tops (Tamla Motown)
9. **It's All Over** — Cliff Richard (Columbia)
10. **Simon Smith And His Amazing Dancing Bear** — Alan Price Set (Decca)

TWENTY YEARS AGO

1. **Wonderful Land** — Shadows (Columbia)
2. **Hey! Baby** — Bruce Channel (Mercury)
3. **When My Little Girl Is Smiling** — Jimmy Justice (Parlophone)
4. **Dream Baby** — Roy Orbison (London)
5. **Twistin' The Night Away** — Sam Cooke (RCA)
6. **Speak To Me Pretty** — Brenda Lee (Brunswick)
7. **Hey Little Girl** — Del Shannon (London)
8. **Tell Me What He Said** — Helen Shapiro (Columbia)
9. **Can't Help Falling In Love** — Elvis Presley (RCA)
10. **Never Goodbye** — Carl Denver (Decca)

NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS
NME

INSIDE INFORMATION

YAZOO 4
TENPOLE PORTRAIT 5
A BLUE ZOO 6
CENTRAL LINE 7
BEHIND ON-U 8

IMAGINATION 11

NME CASSETTE OFFER 13
SQUEEZE 14
SINGLES 17
THIRD WORLD 19
JOHN WATERS 22
TREVOR GRIFFITHS 24
BANSHEES IN JAPAN 28
LPs 33
TOUR NEWS 37
RECORD NEWS 38
TV MOVIE GUIDE 39
GIG GUIDE 41

SILVER SCREEN 44
LIVE! 47

Stones Wembley gig hits license hitch

THE ROLLING STONES' projected open-air concert at London's massive Wembley Stadium on June 26, revealed by *NME* as long ago as January 23, could be subjected to the same licensing problems which have disrupted other well-intentioned plans for this summer.

It's understood that permission to stage the event has still not been given — which, basically, is why it hasn't yet been announced officially — though hopes are high that a licence will be granted, in view of the trouble-free nature of concerts held there in previous years.

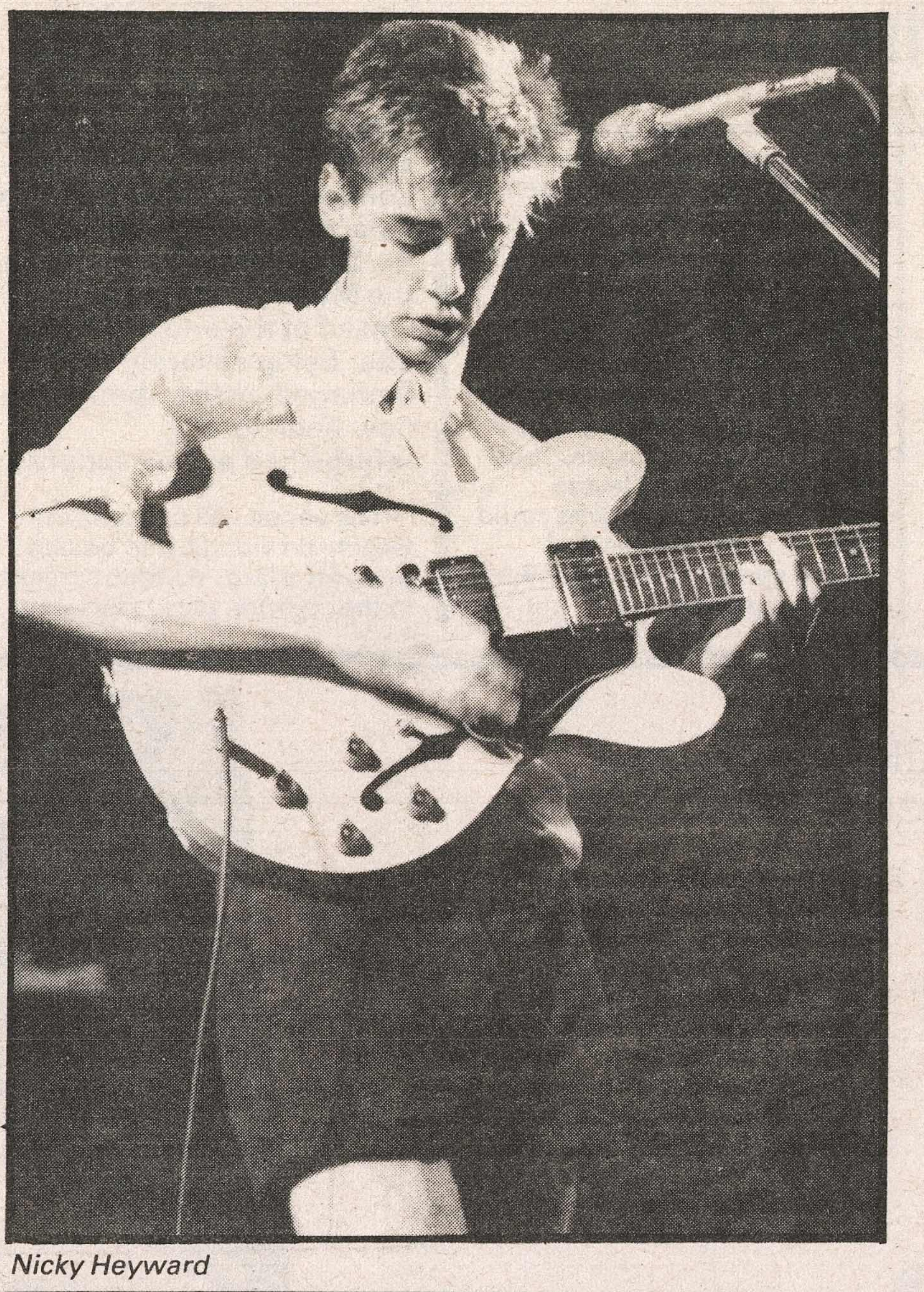
Meetings were being held in New York over Easter, involving the Stones and their management, with a view to taking a firm decision on Wembley — assuming that the GLC approves. And according to the band's London spokesman, another unspecified problem has cropped up, which could throw a spanner in the works.

Speculation on the support bands, if the show does go ahead, involves names like The J. Geils Band and Black Uhuru — though the record companies of both those bands insist they've heard nothing. Uhuru are apparently due in Britain in early summer, so they must be in the running, given the Stones' preference for working with black bands.

Equally speculative is the suggestion that the Stones may also play Wembley on June 25. It seems that both dates have been reserved for about three months, possibly to allow an extra day for stage erection and rehearsals, for as their spokesman observed: "I think it's most unlikely that there would be a big stadium concert on a non-holiday Friday, though no final decision has yet been taken — either by the Stones or the GLC."

● At press-time, a New York report quoted Mick Jagger as confirming the June 26 date, though it's not clear if he was speaking before the Easter meetings.

Haircut's latest crop



Nicky Heyward

HAIRCUT 100, unquestionably the most successful new band of the year, have decided to play another batch of concerts in the late spring.

Demand for tickets during their recent sell-out UK tour, which climaxed at Hammersmith Odeon on April 1, was so overwhelming that thousands of applicants were unsuccessful — and these extra gigs have been slotted in by way of compensation, and specifically at venues where there's no age limit.

The band, whose latest single 'Fantastic Day' leaps into the chart this week, play Glasgow Apollo (May 27), Liverpool Empire (29), Manchester Apollo (30), Birmingham Odeon (June 1 and 2) and Brighton Conference Centre (3) — all tickets are £3.50, and they go on sale from today (Thursday). A London show is also on the cards, details to follow shortly. And we're told that Haircut are enjoying touring so much, they're likely to arrange further dates at regular intervals.

Pickett package punched out

WILSON PICKETT, who probably holds the record for blowing out more British concerts than any other American act, maintained his reputation last Sunday when the 'Double Soul Dynamight' package — scheduled for London's Fair Deal venue in Brixton — was called off. Pickett was to have topped a bill which also included Sam & Dave, Carla Thomas and Eddie Floyd.

The package had been touring Europe and, on Tuesday last week, arrived in Paris — where, after the show, Pickett apparently became involved in a rumpus. According to reports, it seems he became somewhat the worse for drink, and "beat up" two members of the backing band and a hotel staff official — whereupon the entire package was promptly despatched back to the States.

What could have been an ugly situation was defused on Sunday, when hundreds of ticket-holders arrived at the Fair Deal unaware that the show was off. They were given their money back, a free drink and a free disco. The Fair Deal management is now trying to recover the thousands paid upfront for the package.

Andy Partridge

Partridge collapses again

XTC — whose planned British tour last month had to be postponed, when singer and guitarist Andy Partridge was struck down by a mysterious stomach ailment — have now suffered a further setback with the cancellation of their American tour, again as the result of Partridge's ill-health.

He had recovered sufficiently to travel with the band to the States, and the first night of their 30-date tour went off without a hitch. But on the second night in San Diego, he collapsed before the show and was rushed to hospital, and the 4000 people waiting to see XTC had to settle for their money back.

Partridge and the other members and crew have now returned to Britain — except drummer Terry Chambers, who's gone to Australia to get married. The official word is that the band's re-scheduled UK dates, starting in Hanley on May 21, are still on — but the present worry is that the persistence of Partridge's illness suggests a more long-term condition.

Crass join the double album set!

CRASS BEGIN a British tour at the end of this month, and hope to release their new LP — a double boxed set complete with booklet and poster — before the end of May.

Dates so far confirmed are Stoke Tunstall Town Hall (April 28), Middlesbrough The Crypt (29), Darlington Trades Council Club (30), Hull The Tower (May 1), Hebdon Bridge Trades Club (2), Birmingham Digbeth Civic Hall (3), Liverpool The Warehouse (4), Exeter St Georges Hall (6), Reading Town Hall (7), Yeovil Preston Centre (9) and Worthing Municipal Hall (10). Further gigs at Port Talbot or Haverfordwest (5) and Bristol (8) have yet to be finalised.

Support acts at all gigs will be Dirt and Annie Anxiety, plus a Mick Duffield film *Choosing Death*; while the Birmingham gig will also feature Flux Of Pink Indians and Conflict. Admission price at all gigs will be £1.25.

Other news from the Crass camp includes the imminent release of two singles — 'No Doves Fly Here' by The Mob and 'The House That Man Built' from Conflict — and recent work with The Cravats, Rudimentary Peni and Dirt (live) which could find its way onto record in the near future.

Blondie due to push LP

IT'S STILL uncertain whether Blondie will make any live appearances in Britain this spring, despite their new album being scheduled for release next month — but both Debbie Harry and Chris Stein will definitely be here to promote the LP and their new book.

The album 'The Hunter' is due for Chrysalis release in mid-May, preceded by a single taken from it, called 'Island Of Lost Souls'. The book is titled *Making Tracks* and it contains Debbie's own narrative of the band's career, plus 120 pages of Stein photographs.

Their London spokesman, newly returned from New York, confirmed that Debbie will be seen on British TV next month. "But they still haven't made up their minds about Blondie concerts, and it looks as though they're leaving it rather late," he said. One of the main obstacles seems to be Stein's studio commitments, as he is currently producing an album for Iggy Pop.

NME is published weekly by IPC Magazines, Head Office King's Reach Tower, Stamford Street, London, SE1 England. Annual subscription $97.00 including air speeded delivery. Second class postage paid at Jamaica N.Y. 11431. Air Freight and mailing; U.S.A. Postmaster: send address changes to NME, Publications Expediting Incorporated, 200 Meacham Avenue, Elmont, N.Y. 11003, USA.

Hammersmith Odeon facing the chop

LONDON could face the prospect of losing its premier concert venue, the Hammersmith Odeon, if rumours are to be believed.

The Rank Organisation is currently engaged in a drastic economy campaign, and has already closed a large number of cinemas — and although Hammersmith is one of the most profitable venues on the circuit, the chance of earning a vast sum from site redevelopment could prove too tempting to reject.

Reports suggest that the theatre could close at the end of the year. If it were to happen, it would be an enormous blow for Londoners, coming hot on the heels of the Rainbow closure, and leaving only the Dominion and the new Fair Deal in Brixton as regular concert venues.

Odeon manager Phil Lievers told *NME* that he had heard nothing about a closure, "but I'd probably be the last to know". Rank themselves could offer no comment, as their official spokesman was "away for the Easter period."

Strange and Egan's heroic gesture

STEVE STRANGE and Rusty Egan open their new London venue, The Camden Palace, next Thursday (22). It's based at what used to be the Music Machine, which closed at the end of 1980 after being severely damaged by fire, though it's now been totally refurbished at vast expense.

The venue will concentrate largely on videos, and boasts one of the largest video screens in the country, plus lasers and spectacular lighting affects. But there will also be regular live acts and personal appearances, one of the first being by Haircut 100 on a date yet to be arranged.

The Palace will create a different ambience and atmosphere each night — for instance, 'Any Excuse For A Party' on Tuesdays, 'Sound & Vision' on Wednesdays, and Strange and Egan's 'Helden' ('Heroes' *im Deutsch*) on Thursdays, with Egan himself at the controls on the opening night.

Gang Of 4 — for 'Free'

Andy Gill

GANG OF FOUR are back in action again, for the first time since their bassist Dave Allen quit last summer. He's now been replaced in the line-up by Sara Lee, previously with Robert Fripp's League Of Gentlemen, who will be featured on both bass and vocals.

Sara is heard for the first time with the band on their new album 'Songs Of The Free', for May 10 release by EMI — there will also be a single lifted from the LP — probably 'I Love A Man In A Uniform'. And the TBA agency is now in the process of finalising a major Gang Of Four tour in June, with full details promised for next week.

● **THE AU PAIRS** are also being lined up for a UK tour in late spring, and the highlight will be a headliner at London's Lyceum Ballroom on Sunday, May 23.

CHRIS 'Basildon' BOHN welcomes a strange new synthesis — Yazoo

Blues a la Mode

Yazoo: Alf (top) and Vince. Pic: Peter Anderson

ONLY A year ago Mute was a pioneering cottage industry operating out of front rooms and cupboards. Today, three Depeche Mode hits on, they have a West End office and an improved cash flow that supports an expanding, diverse roster, which now embraces two German groups in Liaisons Dangereuses and Die Marinas, and . . . Yazoo. Who?

Let me introduce you. Yazoo are two, one of whom you should already know and the other being the surprise element that makes them an even more unlikely combination than Mute's other notorious entity, Non.

Yazoo are Vince Clarke and Alf. Vince is male and short. Alf is female and tall. Vince floated to the top of the pops pile in the Depeche Mode bubble, while Alf barely survived the gruelling bars'n'grime circuit of Southend and Canvey Island blues clubs and bars.

Though both come from Basildon and have known each other for years, theirs still sounds like an impossible match — something like fronting Kraftwerk with Maggie Bell. But their debut single 'Only You' argues otherwise. It adds a new dimension to the passing electro dance, the novel element of emotion coming not only in the deep swell of Alf's voice, but also in the heartfelt sentiment of Vince's words and slightly more sombre arrangement.

Best of all, it's not a clumsy hybrid of two incongruous forms so much as a crafty use of two highly distinctive voices — his electronics and her singing. It couldn't have worked any other way, as Alf's too much of a purist to even consider messing up the blues with a synth!

"Yeah, I'm a traditionalist," she asserts. "I can't accept the fact of blues with synthesisers at all — you can't bend the strings of a synthesiser can ya?

"Anyway," points out Vince, "we're not setting out to do anything in particular, like blending blues and pop. The stuff we're doing in the studio, well neither of us would've done anything like it a year ago."

Neither of them would've crossed paths a year ago. Then, Vince was writing the Depeche Mode hits, the consequences of which eventually alienated him from the grind that goes with success. He left during the charting of 'Just Can't Get Enough'.

"It wasn't that I was unhappy, I needed a change from the whole atmosphere," he says simply. "The recording, tours and interviews — it was all too concentrated, heavy, getting like a job really. You've got to have the freedom to move around, but it was getting too business-like. There was no room for doing anything other than that which people expect of you.

"I didn't have any particular plans, other than staying at home to think about things. But after a week I got fed up of doing nothing, and so I decided I'd like to do 'Only You' . . ."

Alf, on the other hand, had all the time in the world. Her blues band couldn't get work and thus eventually fell apart. "We were too rootsy to be commercial," she says. When she got a call from Vince she swallowed her distaste for all things poppy and frivolous and gave it a try.

"At the time, Depeche Mode never impressed me," she giggles. "I never listened to chart music at all, I wasn't even exposed to it before I was with Vince, let alone impressed! The only chart stuff I really like is Chas and Dave!"

How does Vince feel about the blues? His face assumes a slightly embarrassed diplomatic expression, until Alf nips in.

"He hates it, don't ya Vince? You say it's really boring."

"I like, ehm, goodtime R&B," he stutters. "I can listen to about three minutes of it, Dr Feelgoods, what with its beat 'n' that, but actual Muddy Waters, naah, it's not got enough textures for my tastes."

Alf begs to differ. Vince holds his ground. How on earth do they get on in the studio? That's no problem, they point out, as each is aware of the other's abilities.

"I think Alf now accepts the synthesiser as an instrument in its own right, not just something that makes funny noises . . ." says Vince.

Though Alf and Vince have approached music from opposite extremes — he the flighty and ephemeral, she the traditional and enduring — Yazoo doesn't really compromise either. Armed with a battery of new instruments, including a micro composer bought on Vince's Depeche earnings, but hitherto untested, each studio venture is as much a trial for him as Alf. He's excited by the possibilities opened up by new technology, talks of experimenting with subliminal low frequencies to create odd intagible atmospheres, but all that is still up in the air.

More concrete is Alf's voice, which has given him greater incentive to value words for their meaning as well as their sound. In Depeche he skilfully juggled *moderne* cliches, today he deals with emotions.

"It's nice to have a vocalist who sings with feeling," says Vince. "It's something you don't get with most electronic bands. Those feelings add a whole new texture. I think the voice is the most important instrument and it should be utilised and explored to the full."

Because the combination has been such a success, what began as a one-off now looks like becoming a more permanent proposition.

"Yeah this is a group," grins Vince. "This is not Vince Clarke, ex-Depeche Mode . . ."

"And Alf is *not* a project," adds Alf with a defiant smile.

I'm not about to argue.

portrait of the artist as a CONSUMER

TENPOLE TUDOR

FILMS
Laurence Olivier's Shakespeare
All Norman Wisdom
All Will Hay
All Quiet On the Western Front (1930)
Tess (1980)
Les Enfants du Paradis (1945)
Fallen Idol (1948)

BOOKS
Mr Sponge's Sporting Tour .... Certes
Somerset Maugham
Evelyn Waugh
Thomas Hardy
The World Atlas
Existentialism And The Biro
Rosemary J. Winthrop
How I Invented Punk.................. Lord Gladstone
Rock And Roll In The 15th Century..... Watt Tyler
Anal Vacation.................... Hans Jurgen (import)
Aren't I Clever.. I. Detest
(Real name Irving Detest)

LIKES
Women
Girls
Sex
Deviation

DISLIKES
Fallability of my vanity that lets me compile this
6H pencils

DESIRE
That everyone stays loyal to us through our trials and errors. In return we will write songs for you to sing and dance to.

CONFECTIONS
½oz. peardrops
20 No. 6
A box of Swan Vestas
Packet of Blue Rizla
A black biro
Old English Spangles
Pacers
A music paper
½oz. aniseed balls
An evening paper
Milk gums

HOBBIES
Smoking No. 6
Gazing into blue sky
Playing the guitar
Running

MUSIC
Motorhead
Mozart
The Adicts
Irish Reels
Opera
Rock'n'roll

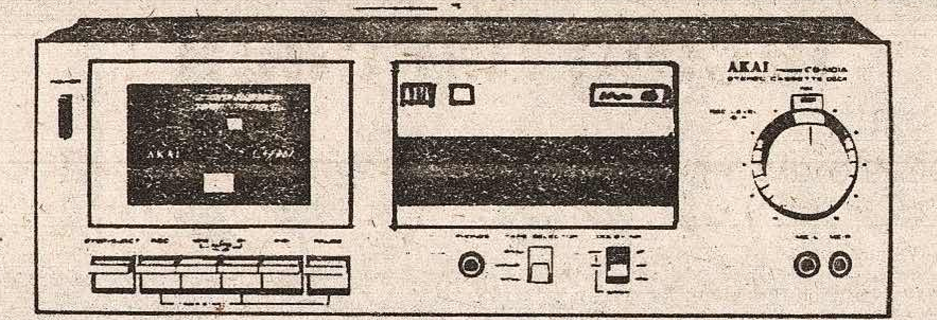
Lowry

"It's a real tragedy about that kid — he could have been one of the world's great plumbers if he wasn't so dead set on this rock'n'roll business."

HITPARADE
1. (1) Lieber Gott – Peter Maffay
2. (3) The Land Of Make Believe – Fucks Fizz

Left: "Well yes, they can do if you go about it the right way," suggests Lance Daniels, who spotted this innocent error in Bild Am Sonntag.

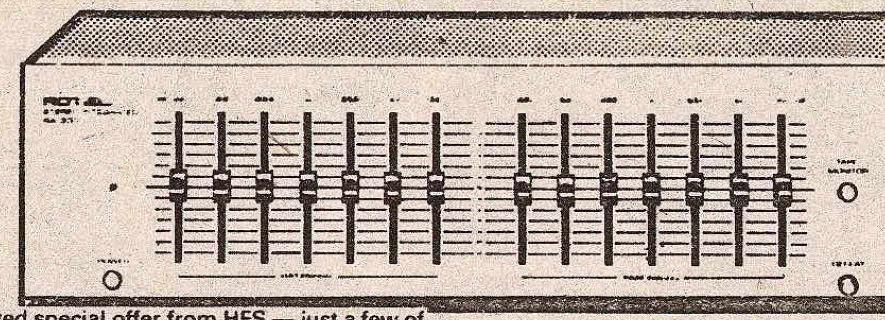
Akai CS-M4



Rotel E.Q.

Can you believe this — Akai's current, brand new, Metal-compatible Dolby cassette deck — under £60?? The CS-M4 has a top-quality Sendust head, designed to get the most from modern tapes, and LED VU meters. It has to be Hi Fi Surplus — just

£59.95



Limited special offer from HFS — just a few of these superb 7 × 2 band graphic equalisers, Rotel ex-demonstration stock (guaranteed a full year). See these, and more, at HFS today!

£59.95

HFS IS AT 62 WEYMOUTH ST,
LONDON W1
01-486 9981
9.30 to 6 pm Tues to Sat
(CLOSED MON)

THE HI-FI SURPLUS STORE
Late opening Thursday to 8 pm
Access/Visa Part exchange and H/P welcome

Mead Gould Promotions

THE CLASH
will be appearing at the
Lochem Festival '82 (Holland) on May 20th
Full itinerary to follow shortly. For information ring the number below.
£20 deposit secures a place. Box 1.

QUEEN
Vorst Nationale, Brussels on 23rd April
Depart morning 22nd, return 24th April. Price £57.
Includes accommodation. Box 2.

THE JAM
Live in Brussels 27th April
Price £36. Departs 27th, returns 28th April.
Includes tickets for the concert ● Luxury coach journey ●
Cross-channel ferry ● Accommodation in top class hotel ●
Amsterdam sold out :: Paris sold out
Box 3

ELTON JOHN
Live in Paris on May 16th
Departs evening 14th, returns 17th May.
2 nights accommodation.
Price £85. Box 4

FOREIGNER
Live in Brussels — Vorst Nationale
1st May. Price £54. Departs morning 30th, returns 2nd.
Price includes ticket for concert ●
Luxury coach journey ● Cross Channel ferry ●
Accommodation in top class hotel ●
Box 5
Skipper shuttle available. Price £39.
Departs midnight 30th, returns morning 2nd.
Details as above minus hotel. Box 6

STATUS QUO
Amsterdam, 23rd May
Price £57
Depart morning 22nd
Return morning 24th
Hotel accom. Box 7.

Brussels, 24th May
Price £37
Depart morning 24th
Return morning 25th
No accom. Box 8.

FRANK ZAPPA
Ahay Theatre, Rotterdam, 15th May. £40.
Depart morning 15th, return morning 16th. Price includes ● Tickets for concert ● Luxury coach trip ● Accommodation in good hotel ● Cross Channel ferry. Box 9

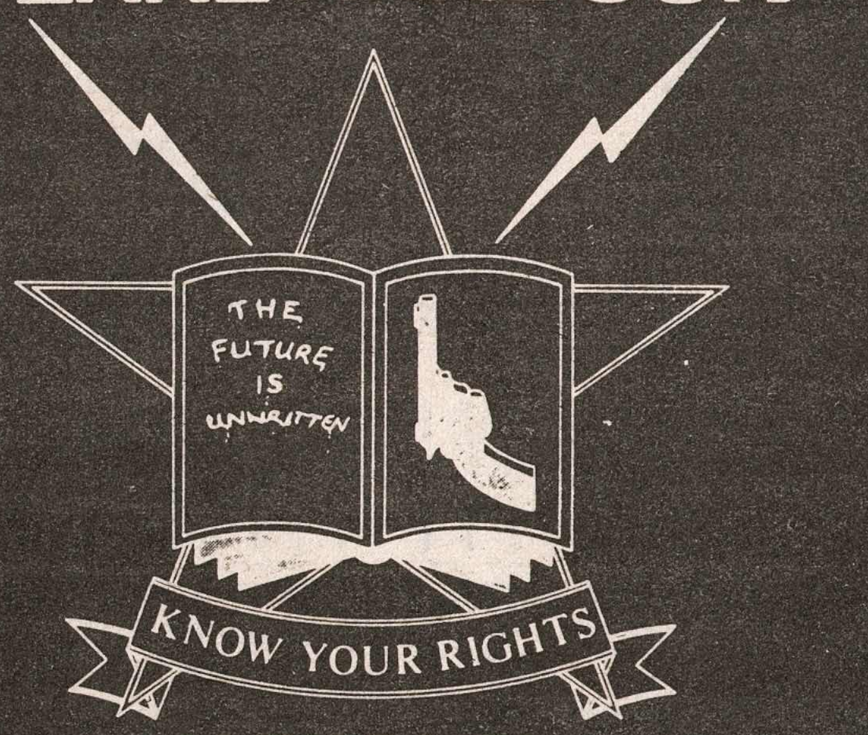
DURAN DURAN
1st June, Brussels.
Depart 31st May, return 2nd June. Price £54 includes Cross Channel ferry ● Luxury coach trip ● Night's accommodation in good hotel ● Tickets for concert. Box 10.

RY COODER
Live at the Palais Des Beaux-Arts, Brussels on May 10th.
Best seats. Price £55.
Depart 9th May, return 11th May. Price includes ● Cross Channel ferry ● Luxury coach trip ● Night's accommodation ● Tickets for concert. Box 11.

A deposit of £20 per person will secure a place please tick box for trip reqd.
☐1 ☐4 ☐7 ☐10
☐2 ☐5 ☐8 ☐11
☐6 ☐3 ☐ 9

I enclose cheque/po to value of £ .... or charge my
Access/Barclaycard/American Express or Diners club no..................................
Name ....
Address...
....
No places required..
Send cheques/postal orders to: MEAD GOULD PROMOTIONS
38 HAMLET COURT ROAD, WESTCLIFF-ON-SEA, ESSEX
Tel: (0702) 339724

MCP presents
★THE★
CLASH
Plus Special Guests
PEARL HARBOUR



ABERDEEN FUSION
MONDAY 26th APRIL 7.30 pm.
Tickets £4.00
Available from The Aberdeen Fusion The Other Record Shop, Aberdeen

INVERNESS ICE RINK
TUESDAY 27th APRIL 7.30 pm.
Tickets £3.50
Available from The Other Record Shop Inverness
Record Rendevous, Inverness, Chris's Records, Dingwall,
Records Unlimited, Elgin, Deletion Records, Nairn

PLAYHOUSE THEATRE, EDINBURGH
WED/THURS 28th & 29th APRIL 7.30 pm.
Tickets £3.50
Available from B/O Tel: 031 557 2590

IRVINE MAGNUM CENTRE
SATURDAY 1st MAY 7.30 pm.
Tickets £3.50
Available from Magnum Centre, Walkers, The Record Shop, Saltcoats,
2001 Records, Ayr, Bypass Records and Video, Kilmarnock

LEICESTER DE MONTFORT HALL
MONDAY 3rd MAY 7.30 pm.
Tickets £4.00 £3.50
Available from Box Office Tel: 0533 544444

NEWCASTLE CITY HALL
WED/THURS. 5th/6th MAY 7.30 pm.
Tickets £4.00, £3.50
Available from Box Office Tel: 0632 320007

BIRMINGHAM BINGLEY HALL
SAT. 8th MAY 7.30 pm.
Tickets £3.50
Available from Venue, Virgin Birmingham & Coventry
Cyclops Birmingham, Sundown Wolverhampton, RE Cords Derby
and Select A Disc Nottingham

HANLEY VICTORIA HALL
SUN. 9th MAY 7.30 pm.
Tickets £3.50
Available from Mike Lloyds Hanley Newcastle and Lotus Records Stafford

THE REFECTORY
LEEDS UNIVERSITY
MONDAY 10th MAY 8.30 pm.
Tickets £3.50
On Sale April 28th from Union Record Shop, (No Age or NUS Restriction)

BRADFORD ST. GEORGES HALL
TUES 11th MAY 7.30 pm.
Tickets £4.00, £3.50
Available from Box Office Tel: 0274 32513

FRIARS ALYESBURY AT
STOKE MANDEVILLE STADIUM
THURSDAY 13th MAY 7.30 pm.
Tickets £4.00
Available from Earth Records Aylesbury, Scorpion High Wycombe,
Old Town Records, Hemel Hempstead, F.L. Moore, Dunstable, Luton Bletchley,
D.J. Holland, Leighton Buzzard, HI-VU Buckingham Music Market, Oxford.

POOLE ARTS CENTRE
FRI 14th MAY 7.30 pm.
Tickets £4.00, £3.50
Available from Box Office Tel: 02013 85222 and all usual agents

PORTSMOUTH GUILD HALL
SATURDAY 15th MAY 7.30 pm.
Tickets £4.00, £3.50
Available from Box Office Tel: 0705 824355

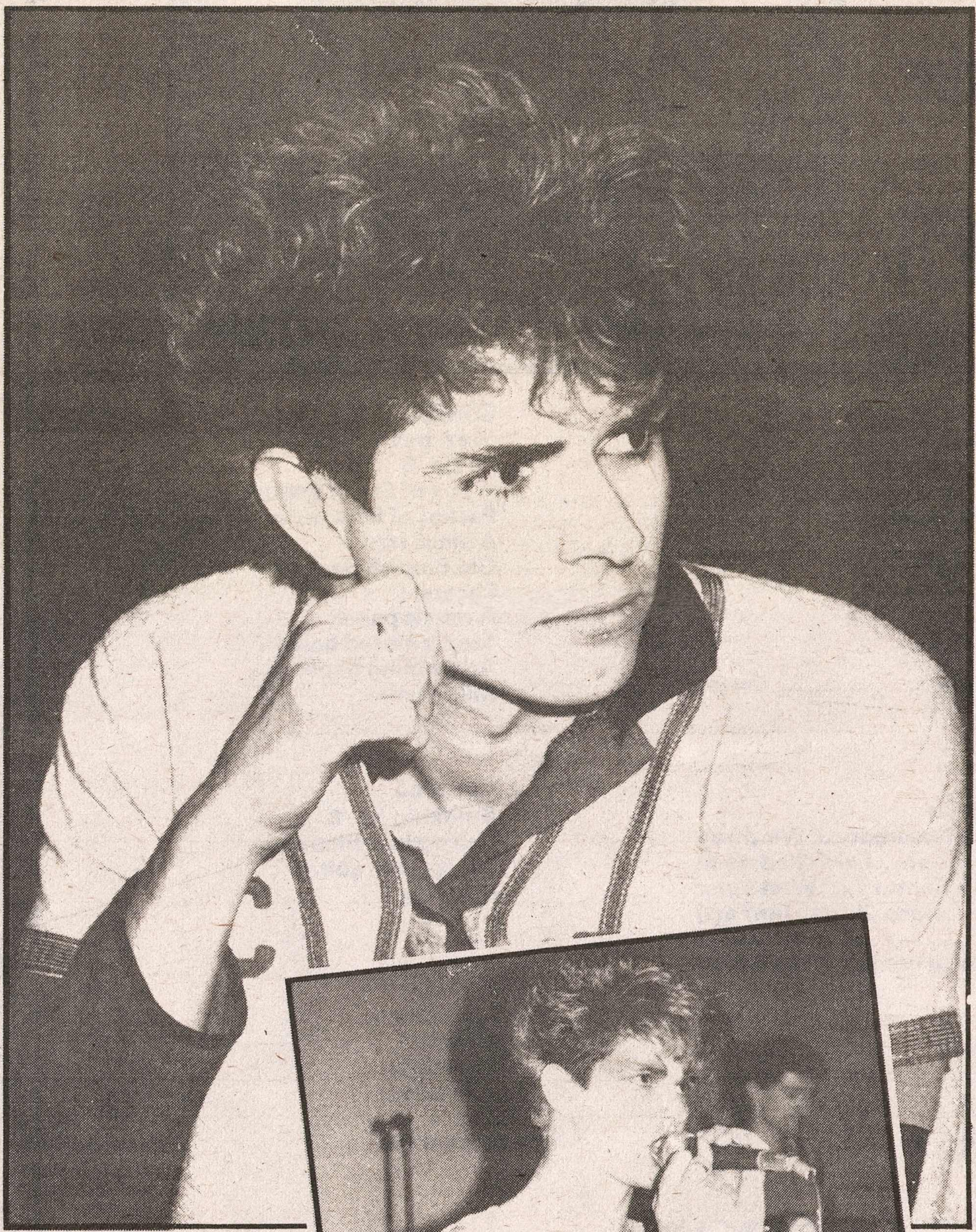
BRISTOL LOCARNO BALLROOM
MON/TUES 17th/18th MAY 7.30 pm.
Tickets £3.50
Available from Venue, Virgin, Rival and Revolver Bristol
Records Unlimited Bath, Spillers Cardiff and Derricks Swansea & Port Talbot

BRIGHTON CENTRE
WED 19th MAY 7.30 pm
Tickets £3.50
Available from Box Office Tel: 0273 202881 and all usual agents

BRIXTON FAIR DEAL
SAT/SUN 22nd/23rd MAY 8.00 pm.
Tickets £4.00
Available by post from MCP Ltd., PO Box 124 Walsall, WS5 4AP
Enclose PO's to MCP Ltd and SAE, venue, LTB, Keith Prowse, Premier and
Albermarle Ticket Agencies (subject to booking fee)

*Coaches have been arranged for Poole, Bristol and Brighton by South West
Concert Club who you can contact on 02372 6219

BESTIAL BURGEONS



Andy O: rapacious!

A Blue Zoo: DAVID DORRELL finds the beauty in the beast

A BLUE ZOO, very much like Regents Park, encompasses the caged and the uncaged.

"A Blue Zoo is my own statement — it's *my* relationship with *my* environment." Vocalist Andy O points across N. London. "This is my Zoo and the Blue is my emotional frame." He veers from the pretence of the man of singular idea to the vulnerability of the man with ambition. "I wanna be up there with the Haircuts and Human Leagues of this world."

The four-piece nucleus of A Blue Zoo is Andy O, Tim Parry (guitar), Mikey Ansell (bass), and Mick Sparrow (drums). Matthew and Peter (keyboards/synth and trumpet) are both freer than the rest, working almost itinerantly, within the Zoo and other bands.

The group seem quite content to let things happen naturally, but Andy O seems impatient, wanting to strike while the iron is hot. Their last single 'Love Moves in Strange Ways' — an *NME* single of the week — was a minor classic somewhere on the lines of 'Love Will Tear Us Apart'.

The new single 'I'm Your Man' is faster and harder in more ways than one — and with this spiritual change the synth player left because according to Andy "he wanted to keep with the atmospherics, the moodies I wanted to demystify to get faster ... more statements than insinuations.

"We're changing — my lyrics are gonna become starker — the rhythm section raunchier — we're gonna dance you — not twang you."

Slight, angular and impish, this man with the grey front tooth is strikingly unassuming offstage but dominating on. Offstage he is soiled and spiky, more like a hedgehog than a tiger — onstage he is rapacious, vampiric, almost Ziggy-like.

The real Andy O owes little to this hyperbole. Demasked of Max Factor this "nice guy from Essex" is ... a nice guy from Essex. The past phantoms — "we used to be Moden Jazz' — hold no fears for him, though he has some misgivings about the media.

"They claim to be objective; they're not, they're subjective — and at the moment cultist. Observe, dance, write. They want to dictate everything — even the present hedonism (sic) control is contrary to hedonism and for that matter everything else. They just operate an enormous pick and choose — elevated sweet shop owners, that is all!!"

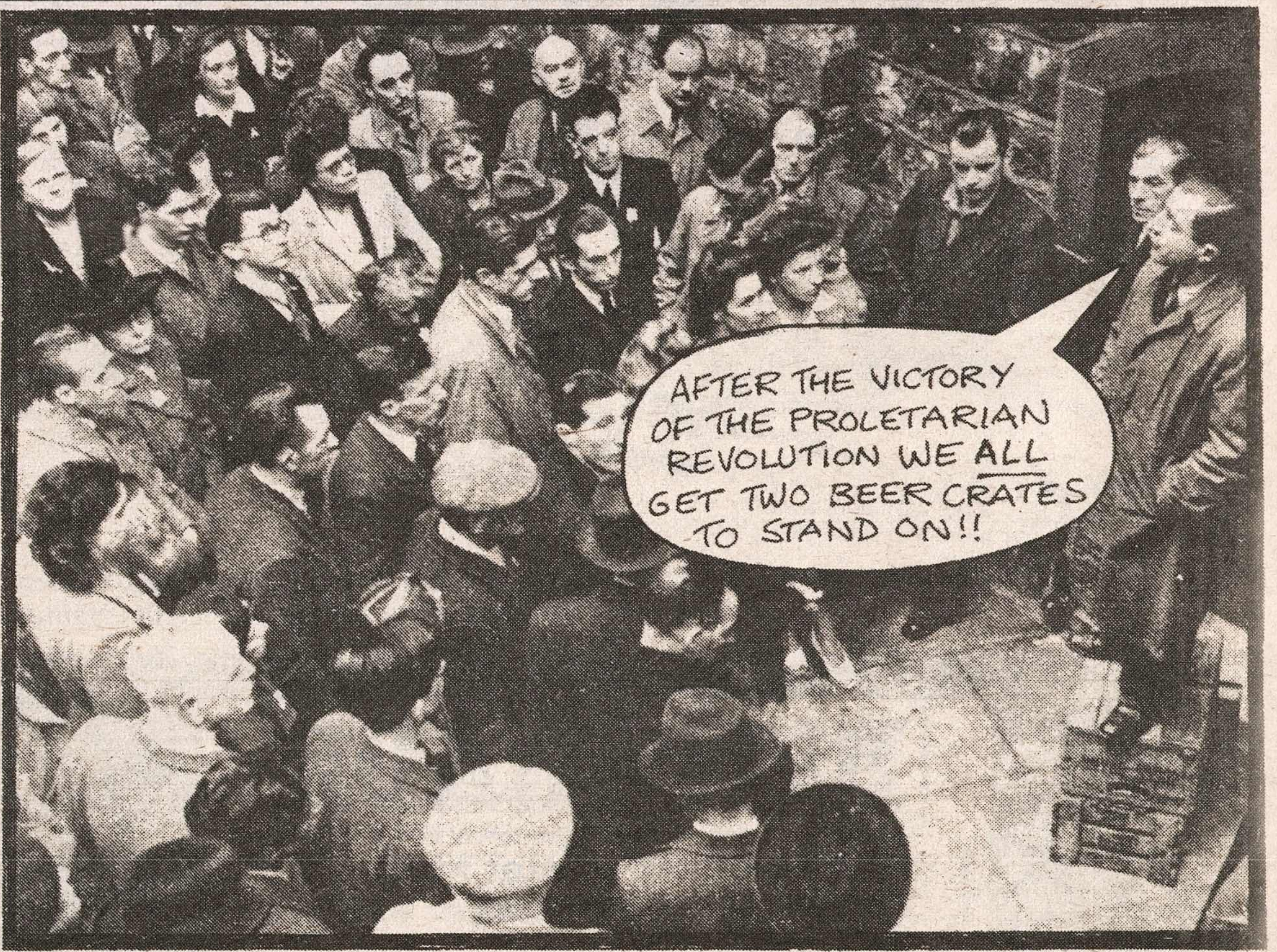
The new single, with the now almost obligatory 12-inch club mix, jazzy piano, plenty of hep-sounding syn, may give A Blue Zoo the chance to cage some of the fame they so ardently desire. The Singalongalyrics may not make it a single of the week, but it is certain to surface amongst the dross on the dance floor. A Blue Zoo are aiming for the cage door — beware of the stampede.

Pendergrass recovering

TEDDY PENDERGRASS, although still paralysed from the effects of his recent car crash, has now been taken off the critical list and is considered to be out of danger. As reported last week, he underwent a legthy operation to repair his broken back, and has been fitted with a brace which he'll have to wear for several months. But at the weekend, he was beginning to get some movement into his hands — the first sign that the paralysis is starting to ease.

His London press agent, just back from visiting Pendergrass in hospital, told *NME* "There's no reason why, with therapy, he shouldn't make a good recovery — but I feel it will take all of a year before he's able to work again, and then only to a limited extent".

Lowry



Mick mutates — from The Rolling Clones by Al Voss

BANDES DESSINEES FOR LITERALISTS

LIKE a maverick satellite, *Metal Hurlant's Special Rock* has hurtled back on its infrequent orbit around the world of comics — proper, grown-up comics that is, such as we in Britain don't really have (*Thunderdogs* aside).

***Special Rock '82* is the third such special from the French monthly (bastardised as *Heavy Metal* in the States), and though overall it fails to equal the delights of *Special Rock 1 & 2* it's still *de rigueur* for any comix'n'music buff who doesn't still believe the *Fabulous Furry Freak Brothers* represents the outer limits of *la bande dessinee*.**

Inside the dumb old Mick Jagger cliche cover a sticky variety of styles compete; the usual blood, guts, and guitars that the Science Fiction/Heavy Metal crossover attracts (what is it with these boys — just pause for a moment to retch over those appalling Iron Maiden graphics for example?). It's a tradition that's '60s American underground most often, falling into pits of misogynist cruelty in Dominique He's Despicable Lou Rocky strip, and yet not much better elsewhere.

Better to seek out the adventure of Ricky Banlieue (Ricky Suburb) by Frank Margerin for an affectionate hoot at frog teendom; or another Phil Perfect yarn by the very wonderful Serge Clerc (well known to *NME* readers of course); or the droll exposition of London '81 by Starshooter singer turned artist Kent Hutchinson; or the modernist erotica of Eberoni and Frada — whoever the hell *they* are.

What else? Teen fanzine scribes getting disillusioned by the factory fate of an original Johnny Halliday era rocker now grown into flabby middle age; a rock star cut to ribbons by stage lasers; a full page pin-up of artist Denis Sire as rockabilly star at the *Metal* party (how's that for indulgence?); Philippe Manoeuvre's lifelines. All in that indecipherable lingo they talk over the channel.

— JEAN DISROBESPIERRE

A simple walk into U.S. chartdom

SELLING coals to Newcastle, ice to Eskimos, or Arsenal season tickets to anybody at all must be no problem compared with selling home-made disco music to Americans.

Average White Band, Light Of The World, Linx . . . many have tried but, even with a British track record travelling upfront, few have got past immigration control. Then suddenly, there's a London funk mob at number one in the US disco charts and moving up the national Top 50, with a rush-released album going the same way while it's being touted in London as the hottest thing on import.

A groovy situation for any band to be in. Better still for this one as, in the previous two and a half years of their existence, their total output had been one single that died a death in 1979. The tune that took America by surprise was 'Walking Into Sunshine', and the band is Central Line.

"Central who?" a lot of the hip kids asked, while 'pon the scene veterans remembered them as the outfit that were 'on-the-same-bill-as' nearly every black American group to tour the UK two years ago. But then, due to confused direction, never got any further.

You see, Central Line were a black British funk band before such a thing became vogue, and no one really knew what to do with them. Now they're celebs, just like that. I sat down to tea with two out of a possible four Linemen, hoping to delve into the black hole of stardom, and found out that there's no particular secret involved.

"It's all a matter of understanding," Linton Beckles (lead vocals on stage, record and interviews) begins. "Although none of the guys will admit it, when a lot of bands started playing funk music, about 18 months ago, there was a complete lack of understanding by the people who were controlling the scene. The bands were rushed into the studio, where they plugged in, set up the faders and just played. Then they tried to mix it. But not understanding its production, they couldn't get across what they'd heard on most American records.

"As no one would admit to not knowing what they are doing, they tried to cover up with too much playing rhythm — and they called what they ended up with 'The New British Sound'.

"It was always going nowhere, because funk is American music. For people to buy the British stuff it had to stand up to what was being imported, and that meant the production had to come up to scratch."

Central Line: doing a Junior Giscombe

Bassie Camelle Hinds joins in. "There are so many distractions in a studio that it's easy for the song's original idea to get lost. Also, groups were encouraged to spend too long on things, which meant they kept adding instead of keeping them simple.

"We found all that out by making mistakes! We learned a lot from the people we toured with as well. We learned that when you have a good idea, just polish up the original feel, but so many people on the British scene wanted to make a name for themselves by changing things all the time."

Beckles turns to economics. " 'Walking Into Sunshine', had a broader appeal as well. It wasn't in the normal disco vein, just hammering away. It had a lot of pop in it, it was a lot milder, but still with a beat that anyone could dance to.

"You have to make that crossover if it's going to get airplay, and you want a record company to take you seriously. It's all very well doing stuff for a following of five thousand, but even if they all buy it you're still not going to get anywhere.

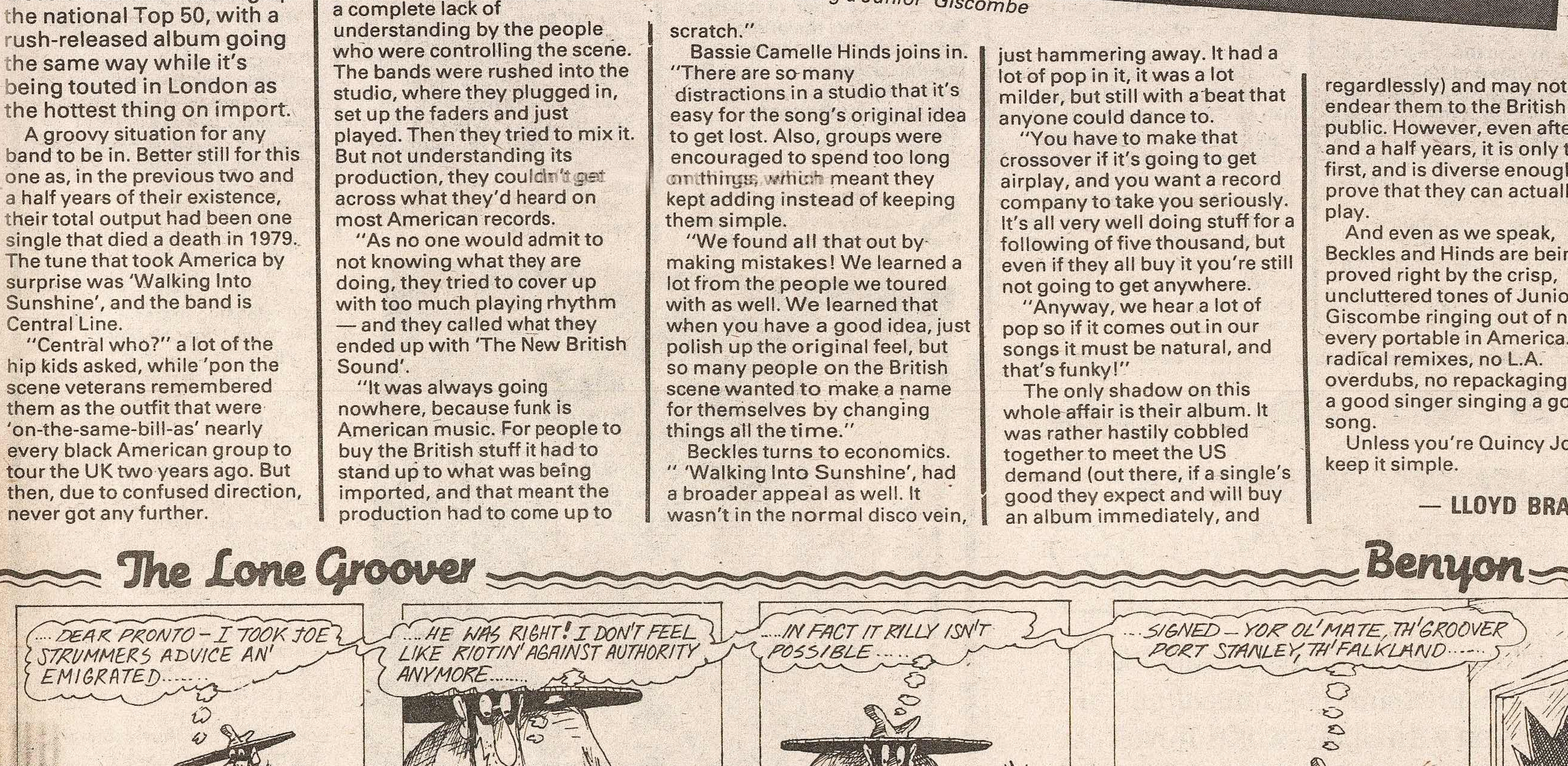
"Anyway, we hear a lot of pop so if it comes out in our songs it must be natural, and that's funky!"

The only shadow on this whole affair is their album. It was rather hastily cobbled together to meet the US demand (out there, if a single's good they expect and will buy an album immediately, and regardlessly) and may not endear them to the British public. However, even after two and a half years, it is only their first, and is diverse enough to prove that they can actually play.

And even as we speak, Beckles and Hinds are being proved right by the crisp, uncluttered tones of Junior Giscombe ringing out of nearly every portable in America. No radical remixes, no L.A. overdubs, no repackaging, just a good singer singing a good song.

Unless you're Quincy Jones, keep it simple.

— LLOYD BRADLEY



Rock and roll will never die!

— if the publishers have their way . . .

PUBLISHING is a funny business, densely populated by shameless hucksters, tycoon accountants and Flash Harry Oxbridge graduate whizz-kids — none of whom would know a good book if it hit them between the frontal lobes. As the industry is continually in crisis, they find it safer to flood the shops with non-books, rip-offs and endless revamps of books already successful elsewhere.

Last week the whole motley crew was to be found, dancing a light fandango around the carpeted aisles of the new Barbican arts complex, displaying their wares, catalogues, dummies and negotiating rights at the London Book Fair. So, what do *they* think you should be reading in months to come?

Still more rock books, of course. Once a backwater for George Tremlett bios and Omnibus Press quickies, the music book field has now expanded greatly.

Proteus Books, conveniently sited above a private bank, will be offering dreadfully-designed titles on AC/DC, Neil Young, Chuck Berry, Roxy Music, Black Sabbath and a *Rock Diary 1983*. From the prolific Omnibus Press stable led by the Speedy Gonzales of the electric typewriter, aka Miles, will be coming a *Sinatra In His Own Words (cobbled together from other journalists' uncredited interviews, no doubt — Ed.)*, yet another Women of Rock tome and titles on Toyah, The Who, Skins, Status Quo and (again!) AC/DC.

Eel Pie (not present at the Fair but probably the most reputable of rock book purveyors) have Jim Morrison, Pete Best and Who titles in store, while Establishment publishers Sidgwick And Jackson who've been bitten hard by the rock bug will follow up on their Cliff, Genesis and Yes titles with an official Kate Bush bio, an illustrated Elvis and a New Liverpool Sound (Echo, Wah, Teardrops) opus by Mark Cooper and Mick Houghton.

Many other imprints will also be introducing rock to their lines. Most impressive on view were Hutchinson with a witty Robert Christgau Consumer Guide to rock albums, Unwin Paperbacks with a tasty *Wit And Wisdom Of Rock 'n' Roll* and Frederick Muller with *The Good Rock Guide*.

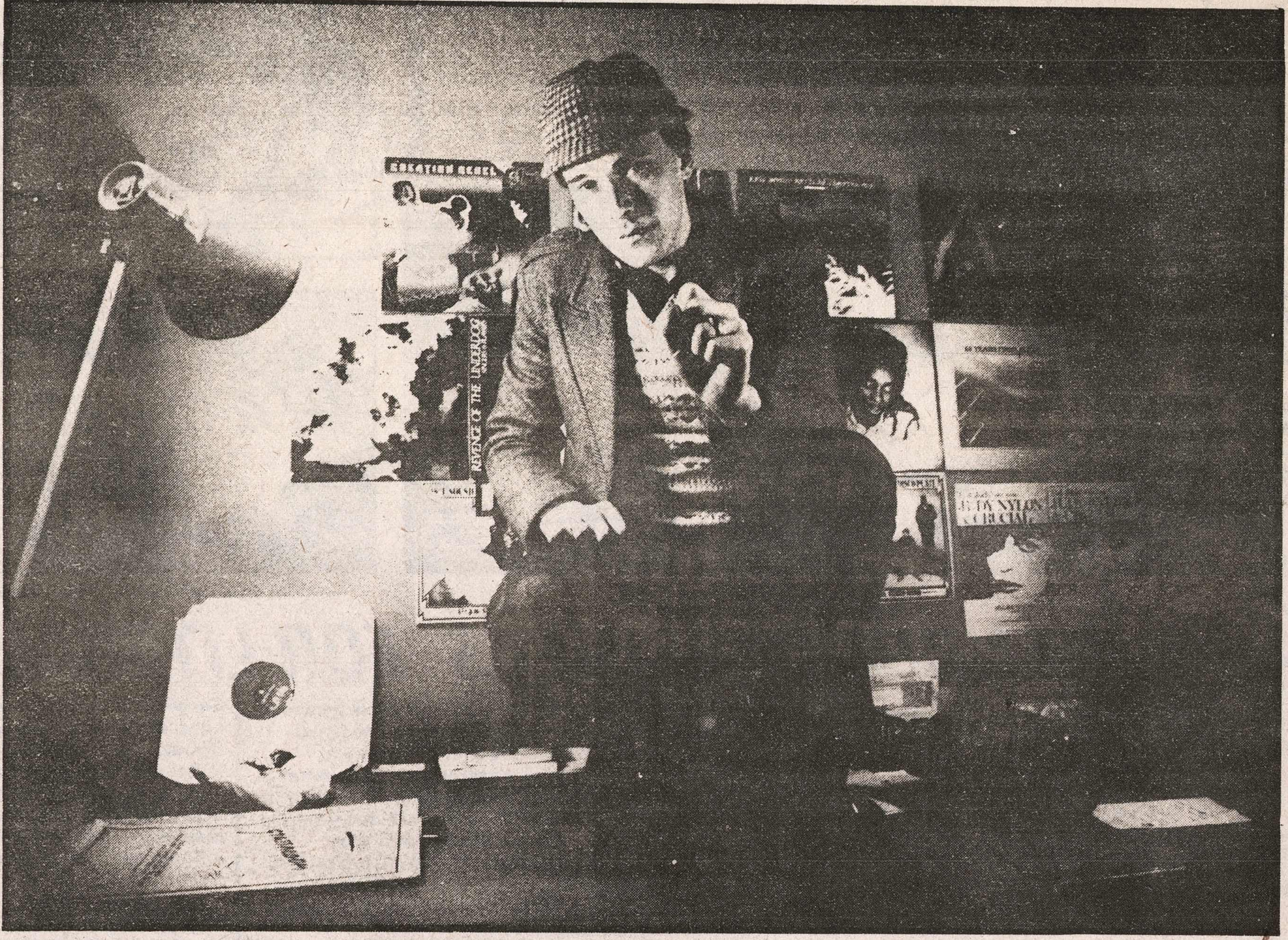
British publishing would of course be failing in its patriotic duty to the lowest common denominator if we were not to be force fed innumerable more pages on cats, Cube cartoons, guitar and computer guides, the countryside, the Royal Family, horses, trains and DIY, but an interesting trend in 'nuclear' books seems to be shaping up. If we're blown sky-high by the Argentines, we shall die mightily well-informed on nuclear war, radiation danger, the arms race, disarmament, weapons, the anti-nuke movement, health and environmental impact and how to survive. Outstanding title here is Jonathan Schell's *The Fate Of The Earth*.

Speaking to the quality publishers and wholesalers, it's also comforting to hear that, in the wake of the Booker Prize, average sales of good, non-parochial fiction is marking a sharp increase. In this area, the novel of the spring will undoubtedly be Jon Crowley's stunning *Little, Big,* due in May from Gollancz.

So don't despair, the video age hasn't quite yet eradicated the healthily pernicious influence of books.

— MAXIM JAKUBOWSKI

ADRIAN SHERWOOD — this week's contestant for the Hardest Working Man In Showbiz title — has more connections than British Telecom and has produced records for most of them. You may not have heard of either him or them, but PAUL TICKELL has — here he comes now . . .



Adrian Sherwood, creative rebel, with some of his product. Pic: Peter Anderson

So you thought Henry Ford invented mass production...

"I VE BEEN CRITICISED for doing too much music, but I reckon if you're awake for 16 hours then you try to fill them up," says Adrian Sherwood — quickly of course.

He hasn't got time for hesitation, he has records to produce (by London Underground, New Age Steppers, Creation Rebel, Judy Nylon, and Mark Stewart's Mafia, amongst others) and, in partnership with some of the artists with whom he's involved, a label to run — On U Sound.

This is also the name of Sherwood's production company, a lot of the organisation and administration of which is left in the hands of Kishi Yamamoto, who also does most of the photography and sleeve design for the label.

Kishi is also Sherwood's girl-friend, making the distinction between the producer's work and home life blurred. He lives his job to such an enthusiastic extent that it never occurs to you to ask him whether he does anything outside of it, like see a film or visit a restaurant. . .

On U productions don't necessarily appear on the On U label. For example, you'll find some Creation Rebel material on Statik, while a lot of other Sherwood productions are licensed to Cherry Red. To complicate matters, On U acts are forever splitting off into sub-groups and solo projects.

The best known of these is Singers And Players, who use musicians from many of the acts already mentioned but who also strongly feature vocal and writing contributions from Bim Sherman (of the sweet tongue) and Prince Far I (of the brass throat).

IF BIM AND FAR I have appeared on the two excellent Singers And Players albums ('War Of Words' on 99 and 'Revenge Of The Underdog' on Situation 2), then they can also be found in their own right as solo artists on On U 45 10" 'discoplates' . . . I give up!

For Sherwood the labyrinthine On U (and off U) set-up is the result of a very straightforward philosophy — that a band or collective cannot work unless the individual and permutations of individuals can follow their own projects. Thus, "Crucial" Tony Phillips (Creation Rebel's multi-instrumentalist) crops up all over the place, on most On U products. This "splintering", as Adrian calls it, in part comes of financial considerations.

"Unless you have a hit like Black Slate, it's impossible to make a living off one entity."

Most On U profits are ploughed back into more studio time and yet more projects, so Adrian reckons that, prolific as he is, he just about makes a living. The records sell steadily, never less than 5,000, sometimes as many as 20,000, with a good proportion of these going in Germany and the West Indies.

Journalists and (mainly white) reggae buffs might turn their noses up at the mention of Sherwood — "elitists of elitists", he calls them, who are more interested in getting one up on you than exchanging information — but over in the home of reggae he has something of a reputation.

For instance, Roots Radics, who are doing for sessions in the '80s what Sly and Robbie and The Revolutionaries did for Channel 1 in the '70s, are only too pleased to work with him, especially drummer "Style" Scott who's so dominant on the Singers And Players material.

Scott put down a lot of his drum parts when he was over here on a Gregrory Isaacs tour and had a night off. It was a night off in more ways than one, as part of Adrian's policy is to get hold of seasoned sessioneers and allow them to branch out.

"Take 'Deadley Headley' who's been the tops in Jamaica for two decades, playing sax for Marley etc. When he came over here it was the first time he'd really let himself go in the studio — and the same goes for Tony 'Style'. The fact that they can go off at a tangent, though, is because, like great jazz musicians, they have the discipline in the first place."

SHERWOOD HIMSELF, in spite of bold improvisational dub effects and the occasional use of inveterate self-indulgers like ex-Slit Ari who fronts New Age Steppers, always gets a crisp disciplined quality in his sound. This clarity is all the more remarkable for being part and parcel of the way he believes in the exploration of musical spaces, leading to the creation of a sort of three-dimensional effect in sound.

"What I like about reggae is that there's no other music with that amount of space in it. People who like the form hear what isn't there as much as what is".

Not surprisingly he thinks of his work as "sketches" which the listener completes. This theory is best heard out with Singers And Players, perhaps because any experimentation takes place within *song* structures. By comparison 'My Life In A Hole In The Ground' by African Head Charge (basically On U favourites like "Crucial" Tony, Lizard etc) is more obviously 'free' and improvised; the album has been described as both African dub jazz and a piss-take of Brian Eno.

" 'My Life In Shepherd's Bush', we nearly called it", remarks Adrian. "It's all weird off-beats going on on-beats."

There's a similar level of experimentation about 'Epic Sound Battles Chapter One' by Playgroup, who feature Sean Oliver and Bruce Smith, the rhythm section of Rip Rig & Panic. In fact the original sessions for this album pre-dated the formation of Rip Rig so closely that they more or less ran into those for 'God'.

SOMETIMES WHEN Rip Rig play live, Sherwood does their mixing. He has other connections with the creative fall-out from The Pop Group. Guitarist John Waddington (now of Maximum Joy) does his bit on a fair amount of On U output, while vocalist Mark Stewart and his new band Mafia will soon be releasing an album on the label. Sherwood is still working on the album, which includes a psycho-reggae version of Blake's 'Jerusalem' complete with what sounds like a northern brass band.

Although the 24-year old producer is still relatively unknown, the release of Judy Nylon's On U album should put that right. 'Pal Judy' contains some of Adrian's most accessible work to date. A lot of the rhythms on the album are reggae going on disco (reminiscent of Grace Jones) and, on a version of 'Jailhouse Rock', reggae going on slow-motion rockabilly. Throughout there are those famous Sherwood depths and spaces — now you hear them, now you don't.

"I was experimenting with a play-off sound. You record an instrument and make it sound off itself, then you don't play according to the original sound but the new one, the 'off' one you're creating. It sounds out of sync, but after you've played off the spaces, you put everything back together again so it sounds in sync, interesting."

Mark Stewart's Mafia, upcoming LP debutants. Pic: Kishi Yamamoto

Sherwood first started to learn his techniques in the mid-'70s by watching Prince Far I in the studio.

"His voice has a vibe about it, so dirty and low. His timing is always just after you expect it — every time. But his repetition is somehow constant."

HOW ADRIAN CAME to be watching (and then mixing and later producing) Prince Far I is a tale as long as the organisation of On U is fluid.

"When I was 11 I didn't have many records to listen to, because my step-dad, who sold concrete for a living, was into really weird stuff — Hendrix, Uriah Heep, John Williams and classical guitar. So I sort of rebelled. . ."

By the age of 13 he was into dancing and shuffling records and ska and, with school friends from High Wycombe, started to follow around various discos and road-shows, becoming at one point an Emperor Rosko "mascot". During this period he met Lee Perry (over here mixing on a Max Romeo tour) and after he left school he co-founded the distribution company J&A, which supplied reggae shops in the days when there were only two chains of them, not the plethora of individual enterprises you get today.

It was a short step from distribution to setting up a label, Carib Gems, which is still releasing material, though Sherwood doesn't have anything to do with it, spurning its specialisation in lovers rock as "bad Supremes". Initially Carib had bought tapes from Jamaican production companies and put out some of the first British releases by Dillinger, The Twinkle Brothers, and Black Uhuru.

No wonder that On U stuff carries such a resounding name-check (I haven't even mentioned Dennis Bovell yet, engineer of the first Creation Rebel album); Sherwood has been building up his contacts for over ten years. He recounts his enthusiasms of a decade ago as if it were yesterday, and tells how he plays some Bim Sherman, his bible, every day. The wonderment of a fan.

"*Sounds* described me . . . and I think a bit of inverted racism from white journalists was involved, if I'd been black it would've been all whoopee . . . described me as *'a reggae fan who's got his hands on the mixing board.'* True! And why the hell not?"

The fan is father of the producer — a mirror-image.

WORLD CUP SPAIN 82

From £249.50

Inclusive Rail/Camping tours for the under 26s presented by Transalpino in association with Sportsworld Travel. Special packages available for phase 1 matches for England and Scotland supporters.

INCLUSIVE OF MATCH TICKETS AND 11 NIGHTS ACCOMMODATION.

TRANSALPINO

Contact Transalpino:

London 01-828 9581 Edinburgh 031-557 3140
Birmingham 021-236 2507 Glasgow 041-333 9177
Liverpool 051-708 9462

QUEEN

in concert

plus special guest attractions

SATURDAY 29th MAY 4.30pm LEEDS UNITED A.F.C., ELLAND ROAD, LEEDS

Tickets £9.30 including booking fee from Barkers and Cavendish Travel, Leeds, Piccadilly Records Manchester, Mike Lloyd Stoke, Lotus Stafford, Kendricks Wolverhampton×, Baileys Coaches Mansfield×, Cyclops Sounds Birmingham×. Also Price £9.00 plus 50p booking fee Sound Effects York, Lincoln Box Office Lincoln, Way Ahead Nottingham×

NO CAMPING - NO CANS OR BOTTLES - GATES OPEN AT NOON

TUESDAY 1st JUNE 7.30pm

ROYAL HIGHLAND AGRICULTURAL EXHIBITION HALL INGLISTON, EDINBURGH

Tickets £6.30 including booking fee from Playhouse Edinburgh, Apollo and Listen Records Glasgow, 2001 Ayr, Concord Music Shop Perth Cathy McCabe Dundee, Pink Panther Carlisle

SATURDAY 5th JUNE 4.30 pm MILTON KEYNES CONCERT BOWL

Tickets £9.30 including booking fee except from London outlets

Milton Keynes Town Hall, M.B. Tickets Brighton, V & M Travel Tamworth, Southwest Concert Club tel. 02372 79070, Midland Travel Banbury, Jocee Basildon, Treble Clef Fakenham, George Wortley Norwich, Eagle Coaches Bristol, Mays Coaches Colchester, Smiths Coaches Reading, Nick Wilson Crawley,

Tickets £9.50 including booking fee from London Theatre Bookings 01 439 3371 Albemarle 01 580 3030, Centre Tickets 01 637 7496, Stargreen 01 437 5282 Premier Box Office 01 240 2245 and all branches of Keith Prowse 01 637 3131

NO CAMPING - NO BOTTLES OR CANS - GATES OPEN AT NOON

× tickets also available for Milton Keynes

TICKETS ALSO AVAILABLE BY POST FROM QUEEN CONCERT ACCOUNT, P.O. BOX 281, LONDON N15 5LW; PRICE £9.30 EXCEPT EDINBURGH £6.30

enclose s.a.e. and allow four weeks delivery

AROUND THE SOUNDS WITH BASF.

8. PUNK

THEORY.

"We're not into music ... we're into chaos." The Sex Pistols.

"We like to look sixteen and bored shitless." David Johansen, New York Dolls.

"Just call it rock 'n' roll." Mick Jones, Clash.

"Rock and roll's gone on for 25 years and it's got to be cancelled." Johnny Rotten, Sex Pistols.

INSPIRATION.

The Kinks, The Who, Velvet Underground, New York Dolls, Modern Lovers, Iggy & The Stooges, David Bowie, T. Rex, Alice Cooper and (unwittingly) Rod Stewart and a whole host of high-living intercontinental superstars.

STARS.

Johnny Rotten, Sid Vicious, Glen Matlock (Sex Pistols); Joe Strummer (Clash); Pete Shelley, Howard Devoto (Buzzcocks); Rat Scabies, Captain Sensible (The Damned); Johnny Thunders (Heartbreakers); Gaye Advert (Adverts); Jean-Jacques Burnel (Stranglers); Tony James (Generation X); Paul Weller (Jam); Siouxsie Sioux (Banshees); Poly Styrene (X-Ray Spex).

STAGE HANDS.

Malcolm McLaren (haberdasher, impressario and Pistols manager). Julie Burchill (schoolgirl-turned-pop journalist). Bernie Rhodes (Clash manager). Vivienne Westwood (clothes designer and McLaren's accomplice). Andy Czezowski (promoter of musical evenings at the Roxy Club). Mark Perry (originator of "Sniffin' Glue," the first punk fanzine). Nick Mobbs (the A&R man who signed The Pistols to EMI). Bill Grundy (the TV journalist who unwittingly made punk a by-word for outrage in every decent home).

CLOTHING.

All black leather, most pink things, most PVC, most leopardskin, most zips, most buckles, a few of the more popular tartans. Second-hand if at all possible.

COSMETICS.

Mascara, peroxide, sudden streaks of fluorescent colour, hair grease, rouge, black lipstick. To be applied in a hurry.

JEWELLERY.

Office equipment.

FIVE RECORDS.

Richard Hell: 'Blank Generation' (1976). The originator of the torn tee-shirt and the punk upon whom all subsequent punks were modelled (sartorially at least) fires the opening salvo in the war against the old values.

The Ramones: 'Blitzkrieg Bop' (1976). Their attempt to become the Monkees of punk may have been a commercial failure, but "the brothers" played at insane speeds, and all but invented pogo-a-gogo music.

The Damned: 'New Rose' (1976). Not the best but certainly the first of the (British) Class of '76 to make it to vinyl, The Damned set up their stall right out at the giddy end of the spectrum and are still thriving today.

The Sex Pistols: 'Anarchy In The UK' (1977). With probably the most controversial pop record of all time, The Pistols put themselves on everyone's front page, galvanised an entirely new generation and ensured that nothing would ever be quite the same again.

The Clash: 'Police and Thieves' (1977). The most specifically political of the lot and also the most traditionally charismatic, The Clash have never been sure whether to pop their fingers or shake their fists. They're still undecided.

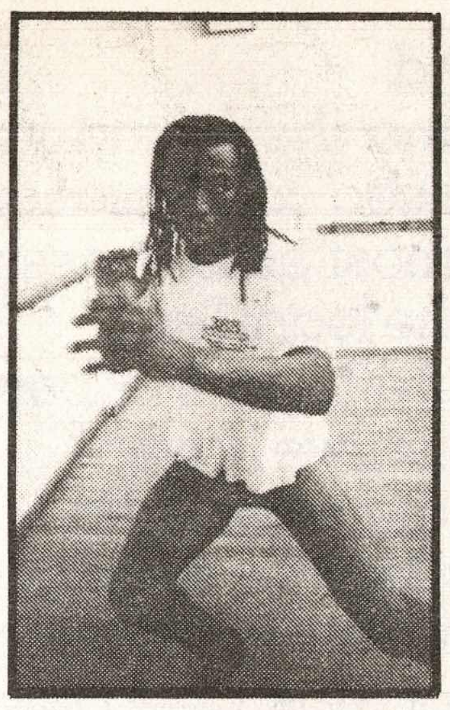
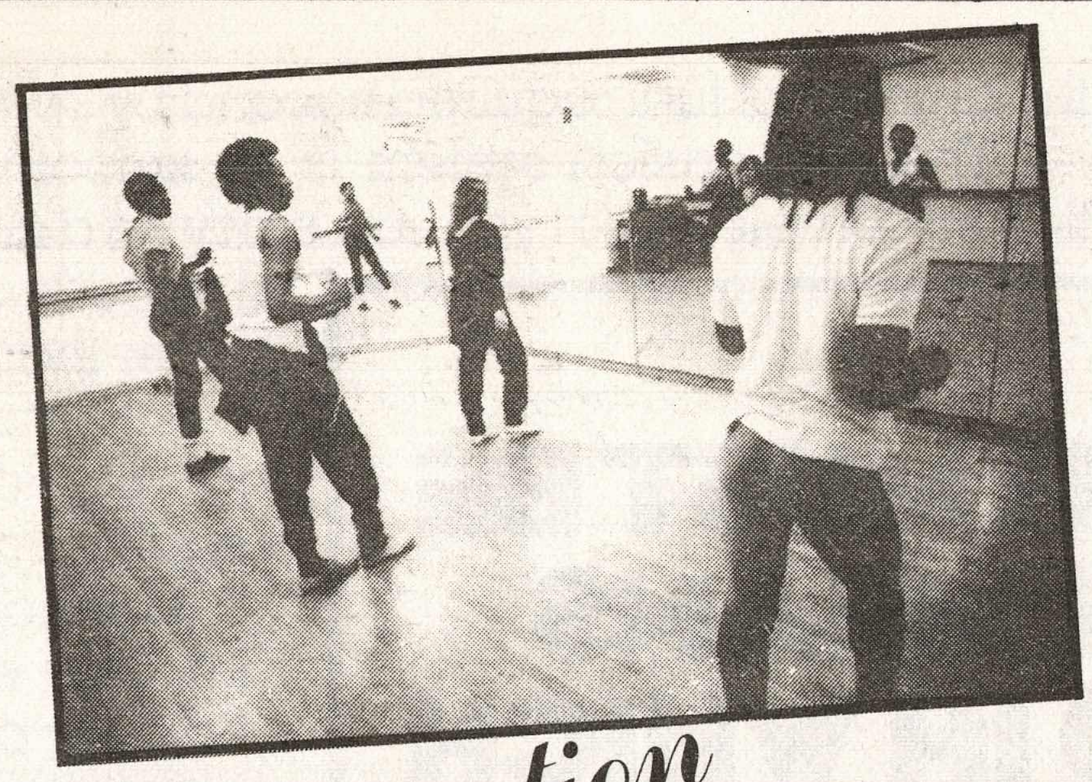
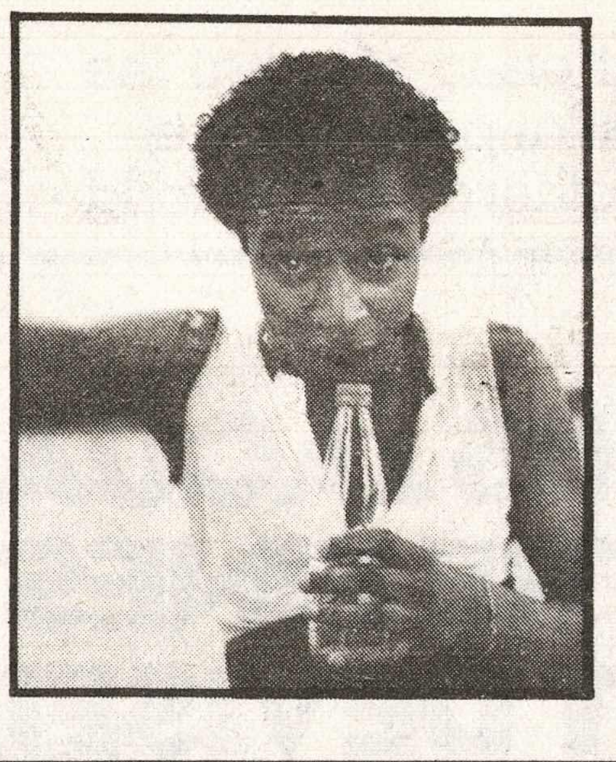
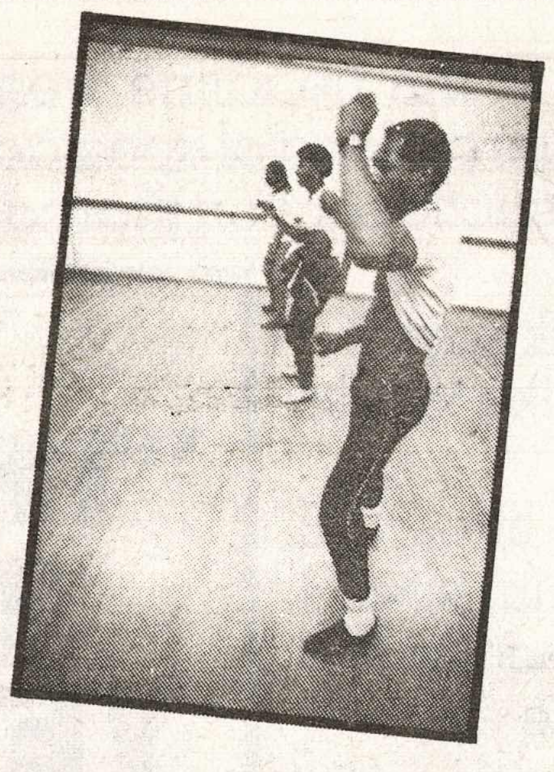
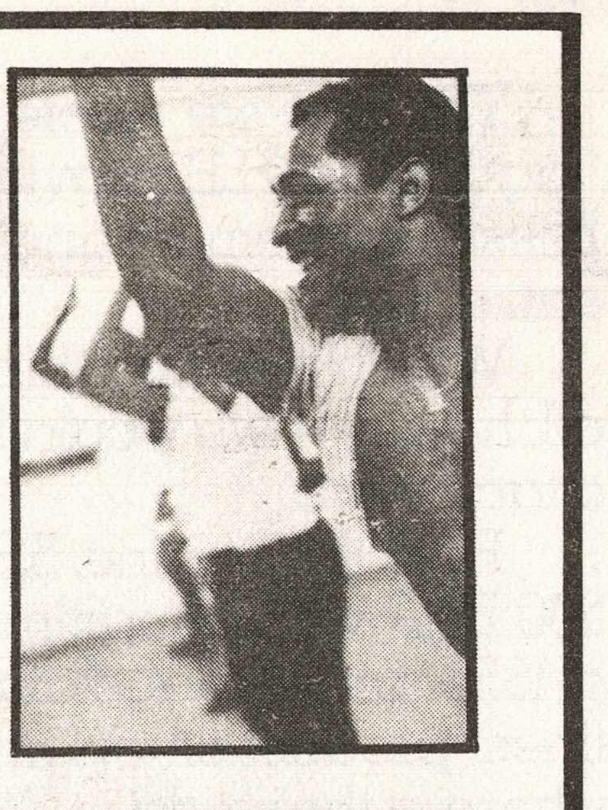
P.S. "All we're trying to do is destroy everything." Johnny Rotten.

BASF

NEXT WEEK: HEAVY METAL

BASF. THE BEST SOUND AROUND.

Issued by BASF in the interests of better listening.

THE *Imagination* MASTER CLASS

BARNEY HOSKYNS learns how Body Talk became an international language

LEEE: Your name's Barney Rubble. How long have you been interviewing? A year? So you're young, a spring chicken?

BH: Why, do I look well-seasoned?

Leee: Oh, baby, it's hard to tell with that Maze cap on . . .

BH: Well, Maze was the last interview I did, and I got this cap through the post today. Will I get an Imagination cap?

Errol: We could send you the Imagination chest wig . . . Leee's got the standard version, I've got the more . . . deluxe one. Ashley doesn't wear his.

BH: I think alternatively I'll send off for a pack of sex appeal . . .

Leee: You do that. Did you write the Junior Giscombe story, Barney Rubble?

BH: No, I believe that was done by Adrian Thrills.

Leee: Adrian *Thrill!* Ooooh, that sounds good . . . but listen, I'm keeping an eye on all the up-and-coming writers of this generation, it seems they're all trying to be Charles Dickens or Longfellow or something. You don't hear that much about the actual group, but you get to hear about the surroundings, how the table was laid . . . all of which is very nice.

BH: I'm not very good at that, but maybe this is the right opportunity to try it out. Didn't you come back from America yesterday? I understand you've done terribly well over there.

Leee: Yes, we did promotional work, it was a lot of fun and a lot of hard work. There was a show in Atlanta for 260 people, DJs and people from all across the country. You can't imagine the scale of the thing! And do you know, for a fact, that everyone thought we were American!

Errol: They kept asking us what state we came from.

BH: Well now, let me ask you how many top tens around the world currently feature an Imagination disc?

Leee: Must be every one . . . and almost a different track in each, like in Canada they have 'Tell Me Do You Want My Love', in Holland they've got 'Illusion' *and* 'Flashback', in Japan it's 'So Good, So Right', and in America it's 'Burning Up'. In some other places they even have the ballad 'I'll Always Love You'. It's really like the 'Off The Wall' album, every song on 'Body Talk' is a single somewhere.

BH: Isn't the success beginning to wear you out just a little, or were you tailor-made for stardom?

Leee: I define it like this: when you're an unknown and you're struggling to make it, the workload is heavy. Now that a lot of the weight's been taken off our backs we can get into what we really want to do. *But* the pace is just, like, ten times faster. That's the difference.

BH: Do you feel you've left the London soul scene behind?

Leee: Not at all, we're still part of it and it's a very great feeling to *be* part of it. I'd like to say to *all* the bands — Central Line, Linx, Light Of The World, Beggar & Co. — *thank you*, because they made it possible, they've opened doors for us, and it's put us in a stronger position. Hopefully we can reverse the situation now and help them.

Ashley: What I'd like to ask is — Can we stick together? You see, I'm not originally from London, and what I noticed when I first came up here was a very closed circuit. Everyone was striving for themselves. And now that a few of the bands are getting some success — Linx, Beggar & Co., Shakatak, Level 42 — I would like to see if we can stick together and work together, as a young family. It's the young family that is going to be the leaders in a few years' time. That's the way it is in America now, because there everyone worked with everybody else. It's not so over here, we've got a few years to catch up on.

Leee: Yeah, what I like about the States is that people aren't afraid to share ideas, or to bring different sounds together. Here they're very quick to jump on new bandwagons but they don't say well, let's try to do something original.

Ashley: Imagination wants to do everything, it may not be directly *as* Imagination, but we'll have ties with it.

BH: So you feel you've gone a few steps beyond yer average jazz-funk group?

Leee: Well, they went through different circles. We all came from the same streets, the same neighbourhood, but the difference between them and us is that we involved ourselves in something a little more, we took a little bit more time over our identity, like a lot of rock groups do. We wanted a bit more *theatre* in it. When you start combining music with the other arts, particularly theatre, you find different circles, different mentalities altogether. Sometimes I get pissed off with the musician mentality. For example, most of the American soul acts don't have a clue how to use video. When we took our video over there, they all thought we'd spent a million on it. Whereas we didn't, we spent less than that . . .

Ashley: Yeah, less than that . . .

Leee: I mean, they're so used to having everything on the box for them that they don't . . . look at 'Call Me' by Skyy, they're a *fantastic* group, *love* the records, dancing to them even last night, but the video was non-expressive. It was like a soap opera. I'm really impressed with a *lot* of British videos, like that one for 'Poison Arrow' and Steve Strange, Visage. I may not always be into the *music*, but a good video sells me . . .

(Conversation is momentarily interrupted as Odyssey's 'Native New Yorker' comes on in the background. While Leee mimes the exquisite vocal part, Ashley tries to tell me about the importance of melody).

Ashley: The reason Imagination works as a three-piece is probably because we're all very loud. Like Errol, for instance, plays like six people. And Leee, when he records, he'll have a good strong Special Brew —

Leee: Champagne, please!

Ashley: — and he'll sit there in his room, *inspired* . . . that's my word for it —

Leee: Makes me sound like some old blues singer!

Ashley: — and he'll record all these different vocal parts on different tapes and send them over to me, and I'll put bass, synth and guitar on it, and by the end it sounds like the Royal Philharmonic.

Leee: The best times are when we can all get round the piano and just let loose. That way it becomes a bit more autodynamic. We do *our own* backing vocals, so whatever you read in your local newspaper, it's not true. There are no girls in the band . . . we have *no blondes!*

Ashley: Yes, we have NO BLONDES!

Leee: But do you know, I think we're in the '60s again, in a way. The music is coming alive . . . I mean, I don't know that much about the '60s, I was a child, but what I can recollect from my sister's day, like Radio Caroline and all that stuff, it's like that. There's a certain force *within the youth*. People are not accepting silliness anymore.

Ashley Ingram (left), Leee John and Errol Kennedy relax after working out a new routine for 'Just An Illusion'. Note, in the top pix, Leee miming with a lemonade bottle and (second shot from right) Imagination's split-second syncopation!

Pictures: PETER ANDERSON

"THIS JAGUAR MUST BE THE FINEST MEANS YET DEVISED IN WHICH TO TRAVEL BY ROAD."

MOTOR 18.7.81

The test we quote in the headline went on to say that the "Jaguar XJS-H.E. provides a blend of spectacular performance, blissful refinement and subtle comfort that no other car in the world can equal."

Which you may think says it all: however, we would like to add a fact or two.

First, the engine. 5.3 litres, V12, 300 BHP with a maximum speed of 155 mph, and acclaimed as the finest production engine anywhere in the world.

Yet the XJS-H.E. delivers fuel economy comparable to many smaller engined cars. (On a run from Munich to Calais Motor Magazine's test car achieved an outstanding 21.9 mpg at an average running speed of 62.6 mph.)*

This remarkable achievement is made possible by the adoption of the unique 'fireball' cylinder head, combined with an advanced digital fuel injection system which precisely meters the amount of fuel required second by second.

The suspension system is so smooth and the sound insulation so complete that you can carry on a civilised conversation at speeds almost embarrassingly higher than the legal limit.

And naturally, in the best Jaguar tradition, we haven't forgotten creature comforts.

Connolly leather seating and trim, burr elm veneer dashboard and door cappings, deep pile carpeting, air-conditioning, and a four-speaker stereo/radio cassette system, together with many other features combine to give an unequalled level of interior refinement.

The overwhelming verdict of the motoring press is that the XJS-H.E. is the finest Grand Touring car money can buy.

We'd like to add that the few rivals for that title can cost up to twice as much as the Jaguar's price of £19,708.

Price, based upon manufacturer's RRP and correct at time of going to press, includes seat belts, car tax and VAT. (Delivery, road tax and number plates extra). Official fuel consumption figures: constant 56 mph 27.1 mpg (10.4 L/100 km); constant 75 mph 22.5 mpg (12.6 L/100 km); urban cycle 15.6 mpg (18.1 L/100 km); *Issue dated 18th July 1981.

JAGUAR CARS
In pursuit of perfection.

INTRODUCING

THE NME JIVE WIRE

21 TRACKS FOR ONLY £1·99

Dream baby dream . . . of those long spring evenings when the skies turn pinky-blue and a young person's thoughts turn to the warm sounds of the season — and another truly tremendous *NME* cassette offer!

Think baby think . . . back to last year when we gave you first the fab 'C81' and then the fingerpopping 'Dancin' Master'. Well, now we've come up with what we reckon is the tape to top the lot — The *NME* 'Jive Wire' — once again available exclusively to the readers of the world's most cassette conscious music weekly.

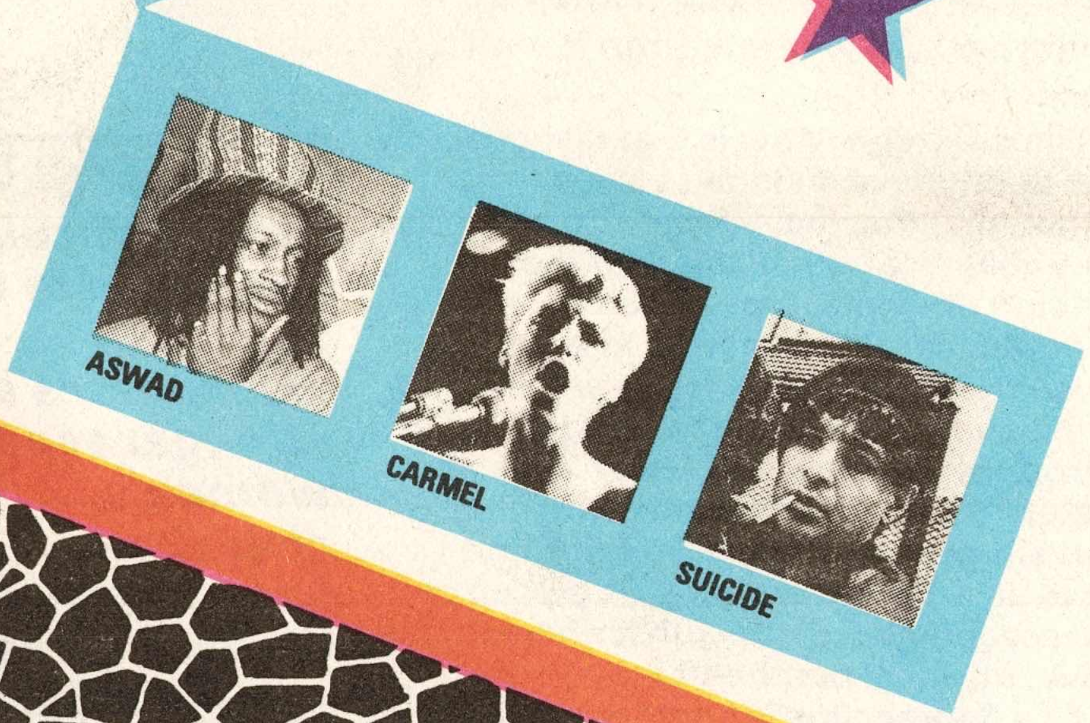
Look baby look . . . at what our panel of expert quality controllers have crammed onto this latest cool spool of sound. The 'Jive Wire' contains upwards of 80 minutes of modern music for just £1.99! And a more mixed bag of tricks would be difficult to compile — the hardest funk, the hottest rock, the coolest bop and the brightest pop, iced with some of the meanest reggaematic rhythms and the snazziest top brass of the new jazzers. A pretty potent package of primetime dance delights. Of course, if you'd rather just sit and listen, then that's entirely up to you. But we're sure that you will agree that this collection of rare or previously-unreleased tracks — and at such a bargain price — adds up to another tape fit to break the pound barrier.

Wait baby wait . . . for just a couple of weeks before you fast-forward your hard-earned wads over to us. A series of 'Jive Wire' coupons are scheduled to appear on these very pages over the next six issues — the first is included this week. All you have to do is collect a mere three of these vouchers and send them along to us complete with the money.

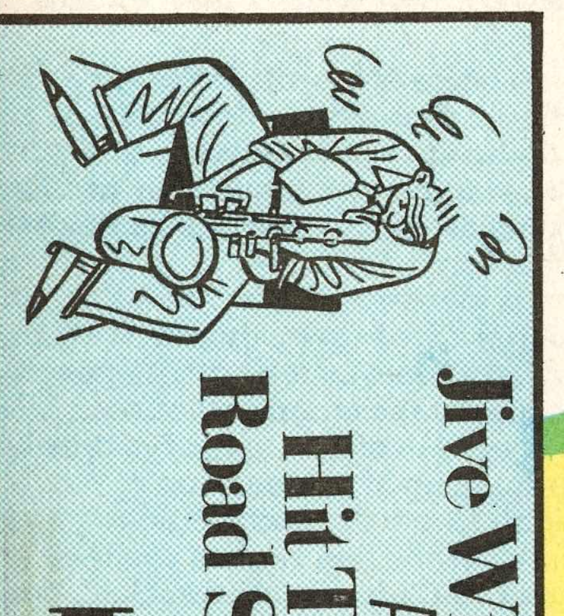
And remember baby . . . while the others just talk, we put our music where our mouth is!

HERE'S WHAT YOU GET

ALTERED IMAGES: Happy Birthday (Dance Mix)
ASWAD: Ghetto In The Sky (Dub Mix)
THE BEAT: Get A Stand-Down Job Margaret (Live)
BLACK UHURU: Happiness (Live)
BUZZZ: Tonight's Alright (Dub Mix)
CARMEL: Storm (New Version)
DEFUNKT: Illusions (Unreleased)
DAVID GANSOM: No Stop On Red (Dance Mix)
VIC GODARD AND SUBWAY SECT: Just In Time (Unreleased)
GUN CLUB: Ghost On The Highway (Album Track)
KRAFTWERK: The Model (German version)
LEISURE PROCESS: Love Cascade (Dance Mix)
PANTHER BURNS: Ms. Froggy (Unreleased)
PABLO: Madelaine (Unreleased)
PIGBAG: Live Orangutango (Live)
RIP RIG AND PANIC: Billy Eckstine's Shirt Collar (Unreleased)
SCRITTI POLITTI: Asylums In Jerusalem (Unreleased)
SUICIDE: Dream Baby Dream (Unreleased)
THEATRE OF HATE: Dreams Of Poppies (Unreleased)
THOMPSON TWINS: In The Name Of Love (Dub Mix)
GIL SCOTT-HERON: B-Movie (Special Mix)



HERE'S YOUR 1st COUPON
FULL ORDER DETAILS
FOLLOW WEEK 3



AS IF SUCH a highly-selective collection of contemporary contenders as 'Jive Wire' is not enough to keep any party cooking till dawn, we're going one better and offering the beaty bonus of some of the sassiest, sexiest, smooth and strident sweet soul music of the '60s in the shape of 'Hit The Road Stax'.

This bonus tape showcases seven of the all-time greats of the Stax stable, caught live in London on one of the legendary Stax-Volt tours in 1967. The star-studded revue, compered by Emperor Rosko, was recorded at the Finsbury Park Astoria, a venue that today's show-goers know better as the Rainbow.

Once again, all you need to do to secure this previously-unavailable but highly-collectable item is to send three of the 'Hit The Road Stax' coupons that will be appearing over the next six weeks and send them back to us with a remittance of just £1.40.

Should you wish, however, to purchase both the 'Jive Wire' and the 'Hit The Road Stax' compilations, we are also offering them jointly at the special cheap price of just £2.99 for the two cassettes, inclusive of all postage and packaging costs.

And just to prove that we're no nationalistic elitists, we're also opening these latest offers to Irish and other overseas readers. Prices, which include the slightly higher overseas postage and packaging costs, are as follows: Ireland: 'Jive Wire' — IR£2.59; 'Stax' — IR£1.82; Both tapes — IR£3.89. Overseas: 'Jive Wire' — £2.05; 'Stax' — £1.46; Both tapes — £3.05.

HERE'S WHAT YOU GET

BOOKER T AND THE MGS: Green Onions
Red Beans and Rice
ARTHUR CONLEY: Sweet Soul Music
EDDIE FLOYD: Raise Your Hand
Knock On Wood
CARLA THOMAS: B-A-B-Y
THE MAR-KEYS: Last Night
Philly Dog
OTIS REDDING: Respect
Try A Little Tenderness
SAM AND DAVE: Hold On I'm Coming
You Don't Know Like I Know

AND

HIT THE ROAD STAX

THE GREATEST SOUL SHOW OF THE '60s ON CASSETTE

Graphics by Hamish

THE CRACKERJACK DAYS

Squeeze's new LP is ready — and if last year's 'East Side Story' is any indication, 'Sweets From A Stranger' will be the best collection of songs released in '82. RICHARD COOK went to Sweden to hear the set live, and talk to them about their transformation from jolly pop kids to arguably the foremost songwriters of their day.

EIGHT BAR INTRO

FROM ROOM 632 in a polite Stockholm hotel, I look across the street at the numb uniformity of an appartment block above a Macdonald's. Many of the windows are lit; most have no curtains drawn. In some, meals are prepared. A tall young man ties his tie and brushes a blond mop. Another swings an arm to inaudible music. An old woman sits at one window, stares across, mute, oblivious. After a while an elderly man enters; he speaks to her. As she struggles to her feet I realise she is severely disabled. An everyday sadness is manifested. The box of existences continues, each a singular drama important (only?) to themselves. Sweden seems aloof, but its capital is a naked city too. It would be fertile ground for an observer of lives. Just like . . .

VERSE

SQUEEZE ARE IN Stockholm on this long weekend. After six years of records they have still never toured Europe: two club dates in Sweden and a TV show are all this trip is dedicated to. Not much of a sortie, but they seem content to be Englishmen temporarily abroad.

It is a poor era for songwriting in the classic sense and form. The mode that pop is presently selling its soul to is not much concerned with lyrical wit or constructive melodic ingenuity. It might be said that stylistic cyphers have come to displace substance, but then again it has always been so. If it isn't characterised by some twinkling ephemerality — well, then it isn't pop.

The difference now is that disposability and depth have changed places — or rather, that they have fused. Pop music is now valued, antithetically, for the limiting precepts imposed on it — glamour, confined energy, affected juvenilia, forced romance — and in consequence it's being inflated to introduce undercurrents of enigma and metaphysical import that for the most part simply aren't there. At the same time, an arrogant embargo is placed on the acceptance of non-subscribers to this privy, mystical pantheon.

To a degree, this is another echo of past times behind. As the glam-rock era was starting to wane, slumming intellects would hold up records like 'Ballroom Blitz' as examples of maligned greatness, as if readying kudos for the perennial resurgence of the trash aesthetic. Entertaining bits of fluff like 'Favourite Shirts' or 'Happy Birthday' see the cycle come round again, and this time we all seem ready to embrace it. The irony may be that our dispirited retreat into a pure pop dream may be stifling the germination of real advance which, as ever, lurks only on the periphery of this fabulous alternative mainstream.

All of which leaves a band like Squeeze out. Squeeze are hurtingly unfashionable. They're too old; they don't have any flip image to live on; they want to play a poppy rock music; they sing songs that live in a dolorous, wintry English landscape; they do well in conservative America. The English pop press has all but left them alone.

Last year, Squeeze put out their fourth LP, 'East Side Story'. Despite an initial flurry of good reviews and corresponding sales, its status as the one big shot never really cracked the English consciousness (although it tickled the Anglophile weakness of American ears) and Squeeze settled back into their middleweight standing at home. A record with 14 potential hits found itse.f without a significant chart single.

It was, though, a bad piece of timing. In the year in which their semi-kindred spirit Elvis Costello could only score with a shameless dollop of country molasses, Squeeze became the red-nosed lowlife worthies while the groomed gallery of unlined faces held the stage. Their dog-eared, grimy vista of seaside and midland romance — actually a good deal more sophisticated than that — was an intrusive, unglamorous and ultimately unwelcome offering: a drunk at the party.

So what was really a formidable achievement went largely unrecognised. 'East Side Story', as a sequence of songs, stands as a work of observation — of women, of domesticity, of the sweet traumas in keeping company — imbued with an uncanny insight. Chris Difford and Glenn Tilbrook have an eye and ear for the transition of life to music like no other English songwriters. Ditching Costello's wearying cynicism and ruthless contempt they instead examine other people's frailties — ordinary, workaday melodramas — with a lived-in warmth difficult to dismiss. You recognise Squeeze people. Sometimes they might be you.

'Is That Love', living in and walking out as part of a familiar routine; 'Piccadilly', a couple hilariously frightened out of adolescence; 'Tempted', an adultery song that clips romance's wings with perfect candour — it is an entire catalogue of what we could unapologetically call Modern Love.

"On 'East Side Story' I was particularly interested in writing about the weaknesses and the stronger aspects of women's characters . . . We have moved on from obvious romance."
— CHRIS DIFFORD

I think Squeeze, as Squeeze, are a rather drab group — yet their raw material is so strong that it hardly seems to matter. The misfortune is that the tag of music hall jollity which they picked up with their second LP 'Cool For Cats' has proved almost impossible to shrug off. The follow-up, the disastrously titled 'Argybargy', had enough in it (especially 'Another Nail In My Heart' and 'Separate Beds') for a more serious look, and 'East Side Story' should have nailed it.

It was at once classic pop music — pop as it was during the transition from beat groups to rock bands — and a properly compassionate commentary on the way we live now. Difford's writing looked over wasted lives, misplaced suspicions and awful guilt so penetratingly he seemed to make the protagonists step right out; pushed to match the cut o. the lyrics, Tilbrook responded with a melodic craft that made tune after tune stick.

As it was Squeeze — boring old Squeeze — who made the record, though, 'ESS' couldn't achieve its bigger splash, despite an often remarkable Roger Bechirian / Elvis Costello production. And now . . .

CHORUS

SQUEEZE ARE gamely playing up to their chores. In the afternoon they chatter amiably to the Swedish pop press in the basement club where they will play that evening, while I sit in an adjoining room and listen to their new LP, 'Sweets From A Stranger'. They have already played there the previous night; when Difford sidles my way I ask him how they got on. He tells me the audience were very responsive — "Not at all straight-backed and cadaverous, like I expected."

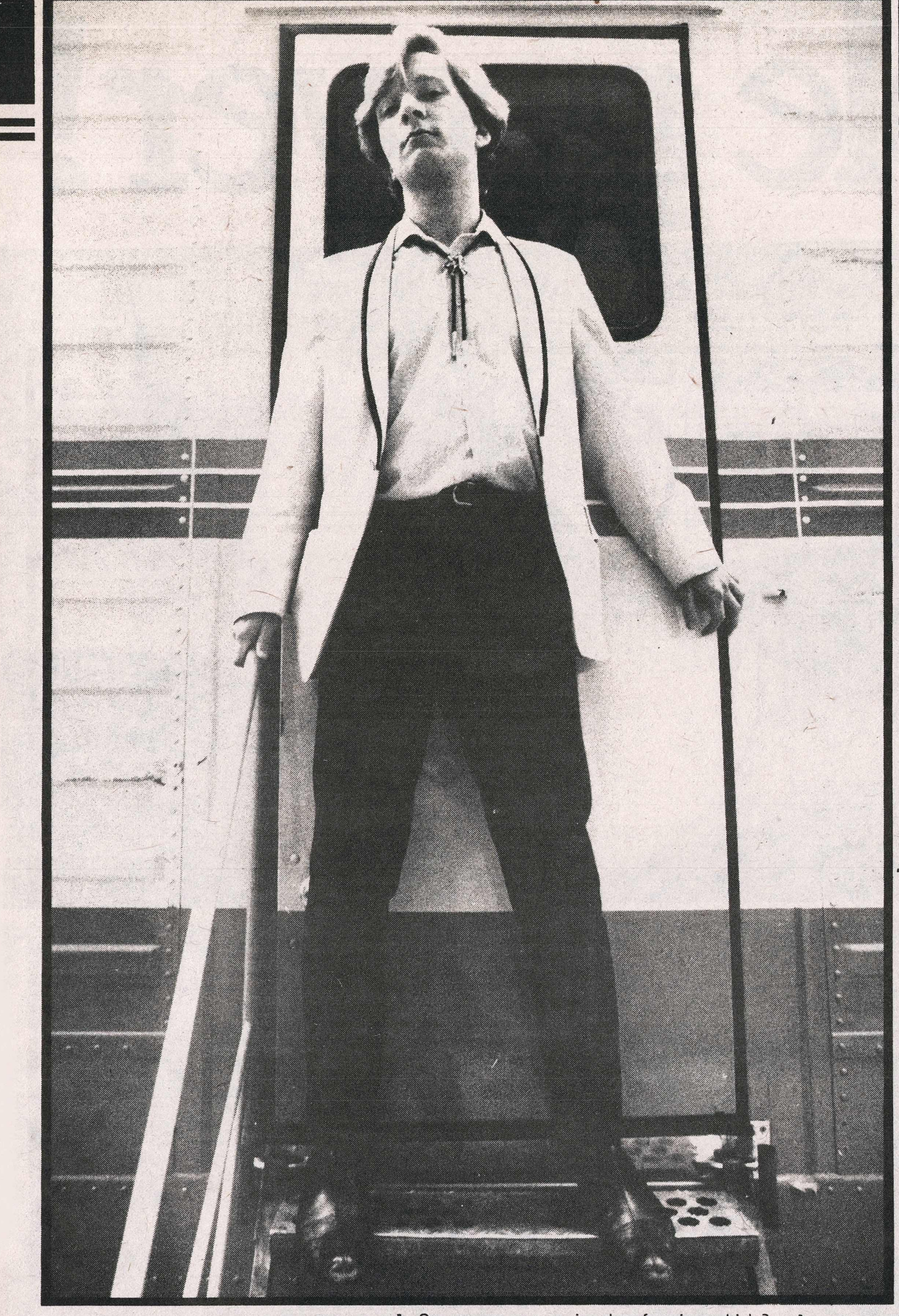
An unusual choice of words. Difford is an interesting figure. Running to fleshiness, a slightly drooping lip, a parted sweep of black hair, fingerless hand-warmers usually present, he is as Dickensian as the Sketches by Boz his writing aspires to.

Stockholm is low on nightlife. A walk round the older quarter of the town, dwarfed in the narrow cobbled streets by the smooth peach and pink facades of the stooping houses, brings little reward in places to be. Practically everywhere shuts up at ten, even on a Saturday night. Swedish youth begins queueing early for the few venues available to them, and the Ritz Club is packed by 9.30, two hours before Squeeze play.

It is a Scandinavian edition of the disco mating crowd that greets them, except disco music is absent. The Swedes seem to love half-danceable white rock above all else. Squeeze have picked their quarry well.

What they play is drawn primarily from 'East Side Story', plus half a dozen tunes from the new LP and sundry earlier memories. Their latest songs are more of the same: a continuation of Difford's tender insights into the human condition. If Squeeze's current single 'Black Coffee In Bed' is the obvious highlight, a rejection of regret built around a

ARE OVER



Portraits by PETER ANDERSON

"The point of writing for me is personal satisfaction . . . There aren't many people now who care about writing songs."
— GLENN TILBROOK

thrilling vocal by Tilbrook, then 'Points Of View' and the opaque melancholy of 'Stranger Than The Stranger On The Shore' run it very close. What they *have* done is drop Costello's experimental diversity in favour of a far more brusque approach hinging on a classic wide-bodied drum sound.

But it's Tilbrook's singing that makes Squeeze worth seeing: no risks with phrasing, but he pushes his tonsils hard enough to reawaken cold words.

Otherwise they simply play the songs without deviation from their studio form. My eyes keep straying to Difford: an uncomfortable penguin, a shyly industrious rhythm player. He struggles to sing in tune on 'Someone Else's Heart'. He's a little dazed by the greedy acclaim. Squeeze close with a very rock'n'roll band version of 'Rip It Up'. I close my eyes in a ghastly crush of bodies and wonder how much justice has been done. Is *that* love?

MIDDLE EIGHT

NOW WE SIT at a table on a Sunday afternoon, Chris Difford, Glenn Tilbrook, Peter Anderson and I. Let's talk about pop music. Is pop music the right medium for what Difford and Tilbrook want to do?

"It has been for the last four years," says Tilbrook, generally less forthcoming than his partner and mistrustful of anti-rock eulogies.

"I think things like touring are exactly what you make them. The songs we choose to do are what we chose as a band. Whatever we do has got our whole identity, our stamp on it."

"You don't feel cramped just because you're in a band," is Difford's view. "There are other projects we'd like to branch out into, writing for other people."

I wonder, though, how much point they see in playing live, when it simply sounds like the records. Nothing is really changed for the live context. Difford takes a consumer's line.

"I think if the audience goes out and buys the album and goes to a concert they expect to hear the songs done the same way."

"And playing live is enjoyable, anyway," adds Tilbrook.

You wouldn't like a Becker and Fagen role — Squeeze as an occasional performing vehicle? Not at all.

Difford: "Being on the road is like an apprenticeship in the Merchant Navy. For four or five years you've got a chance to see the world — I can't think of a better way of doing that than playing music. It's a very enjoyable career. If we get to be 40 and are still doing it ... we'd've branched out by then. Musicals. Films."

He grins at the entrepreneur's opportunism. Difford has his head screwed right on.

Some food arrives. I stay with coffee and cake and ask about the relationship between words and music.

"A good contrast is when the music expresses a different emotion to the lyric," opines Tilbrook. "But when you write a song there's no set approach. It's indefinable."

Do you write on an empirical or purely observational basis? Difford: "Intermixed. If I've got an idea about a romance or a relationship that I'd like to be involved in then I can sit down and write it out. Sometimes it only takes a minute and a half."

If something's personal, how do you retain that over the period of writing, recording and playing it over and over, sometimes for years? Does it still mean anything then?

"Yeah — it comes from a love of music, of being in a band. I like all the aspects of it," shrugs Tilbrook guiltless at the rock cycle.

You could concentrate on composing a body of songs for other people to perform.

"We do write with other people in mind," is Difford's answer. "That's also a challenge, saying you'll write for Dusty Springfield or someone. We recently sent demos to some people but it's a very slow process getting responses."

Is there a historical perspective at work — a concern to produce a lasting body of work?

Tilbrook replies simply. "No. The point for writing tunes for me was for personal satisfaction, for doing it better than other people."

Difford: "It's a bonus if someone else likes what you've written. Of course you want your credibility as songwriters to grow and to have it last, like Rodgers and Hart. But you don't have that in mind all the time."

"It would be an intrusion," says Tilbrook. "You can't *try* and write a classic. There aren't as many people now who take as much care in writing songs."

"It's like hamburgers," adds Difford, always ready with a metaphor. "New groups coming off a production line with a fresh image every two minutes. Going for the instant reaction — like, hey, that's weird! It's being based more and more around noise."

Is that disheartening or encouraging to you?

"Pop's probably reached the pit at present. After the climax and explosion when Johnny Rotten walked out his front door."

A lot of people are saying this is a golden age of pop.

Tilbrook: "Well, a lot of attention is being forced on young bands too soon. The Human League are in the forefront now but they've developed over four or five years."

Something else, then. Do you consider your outlook excessively melancholic? For all their humour and affection Squeeze records tend towards the downbeat.

"I don't particularly think so," says Difford. "Because they are very humorous."

A defence mechanism, perhaps. Certainly women are shown hopelessly trapped in Difford's lyrics: 'Vanity Fair' is singleton emotional drabness everyone can recognise, 'Woman's World' a Cinderella futility without prospect. Some of the saddest songs I've ever heard.

"Yeah?" mumbles Difford through a mouthful of food. "When we were composing the songs for 'East Side Story' I was particularly interested in writing about the weaknesses and the stronger aspects of women's characters. Those are two very different songs. But something like 'It's So Dirty' is an observation on other people's views on women. We have moved on from obvious romance."

Difford's insistence on real-life scenarios may be telling against Squeeze's greater success. If pop is escapism, who wants to hear about drudgery as it is lived?

"I can't understand that at all — I mean, 'Up The Junction' was one of our biggest hits. That was a *really* sad song to me. And a million people went out and bought it. I think people do want to hear about it and find a sense of humour in it. Things like the Mike Leigh plays — *Home Sweet Home* was the last one — I noticed that the critics who liked it most were the ones closer to suburbia. The Sunday papers all slagged it off.

"I think you're undersestimating the audience's intelligence. I think the audience is intelligent. Very intelligent."

Smart or not, they must surely regret the novelty hat their listeners stuck on Squeeze's head with 'Cool For Cats'.

"That was unfortunate," agrees Tilbrook, "but I don't think we've got that image any more. Not with the albums we've made."

"The *Crackerjack* days are over," grimaces Difford.

Are Squeeze fed up with waiting for a proper breakthrough at home?

Difford: "I've never really expected it that much. Having a hit with 'Cool For Cats' and then not having one with a brilliant song like 'Tempted' . . . you just have to put out a record and see how it goes."

Exactly. This is your intelligent pop audience?

Tilbrook: "There's no logical musical point that runs through all our records — that can mystify some people. Plus our lack of image. There's nothing visually you can latch on to with us. Selling ourselves through an image would belittle the group."

"It's a bit late now anyway," is Difford's morose comment.

How disappointed were you that 'East Side Story' never made the impact you obviously hoped for?

"It was a top twenty album," demurs Difford. "It did very well in America. And the response to our *sold-out* British tour satisfied me that it had been successful."

It was the fourth of a seven albums deal with A&M. In Squeeze's case it doesn't seem such a daunting figure.

"I like working under pressure," says Tilbrook. "Especially in writing. We do about 40 songs for each LP. We mixed 18 songs for 'Sweets From A Stranger' and picked 12 for the record."

When I mention Elvis Costello, Tilbrook agrees that his association did the band good.

"There is an affinity between his work and ours, more so than with anyone else. We're writing in a completely different vein to him, but he's one of the few people who care about writing songs."

Tilbrook sighs a craftsman's sigh. I ask him if there's anything that would make him give up.

"If I didn't enjoy it."

What would he do then?

"Start again."

"I don't think we'd ever give up *writing,*" says Difford. "As long as we have a basis for that we'll carry on. A play would be quite interesting . . ." His brow furrows. "Quite difficult as well." Chris Difford is working on a musical, *The Elephant Girl.*

What question do interviewers ask you most? Glenn Tilbrook smiles humourlessly.

"Last year it was, what is it like working with Elvis Costello? Three years ago, what is it like working with John Cale?"

There's nothing like a famous name. Were any of the 'East Side Story' songs written for famous names?

"'Someone Else's Bell' was. That was for Cliff Richard. We gave it to him but his manager said he doesn't like singing songs about negative emotions like jealousy."

SECOND CHORUS

ON THE MONDAY in Stockholm, Squeeze have to make a live television appearance. At the rehearsal they play four or five songs of which 'Black Coffee In Bed' is again the highlight. Tilbrook and Difford flank each end of the stage (the set is in a bulgingly opulent grand hotel dining room): Tilbrook's blonde waves make him look almost Swedish, Difford's portly demeanour makes him look beached. Rock . . . and roll.

Much later I watch the live broadcast in my room. After a couple of songs the giant Swedish comedian who acts as host walks on and puts a fatherly arm around Chris Difford's shoulders. "Do you write about your own life?" he asks. "Well, I like writing about other people's lives, actually," is Difford's reply.

CODA

THE BACK OF a van, returning from a trip to see Abba's grandiose studio in Stockholm's wan heart. Chris Difford is trying to remember something.

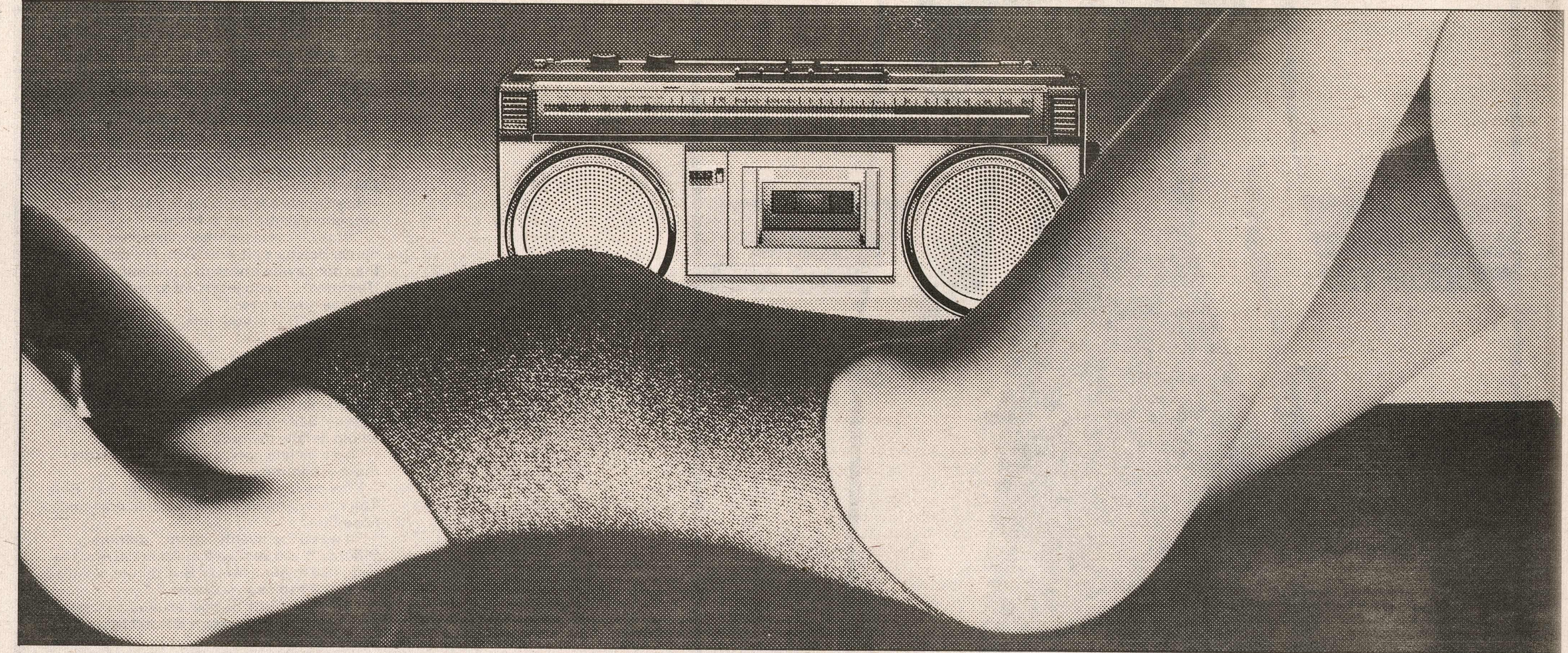
"I had this dream last night. We were all in *The Navy Lark,* right? Only there was this little bloke who used to be in *Crackerjack,* too . . . Peter Glaze. He was there as well. I dunno why. Now what were we doing?"

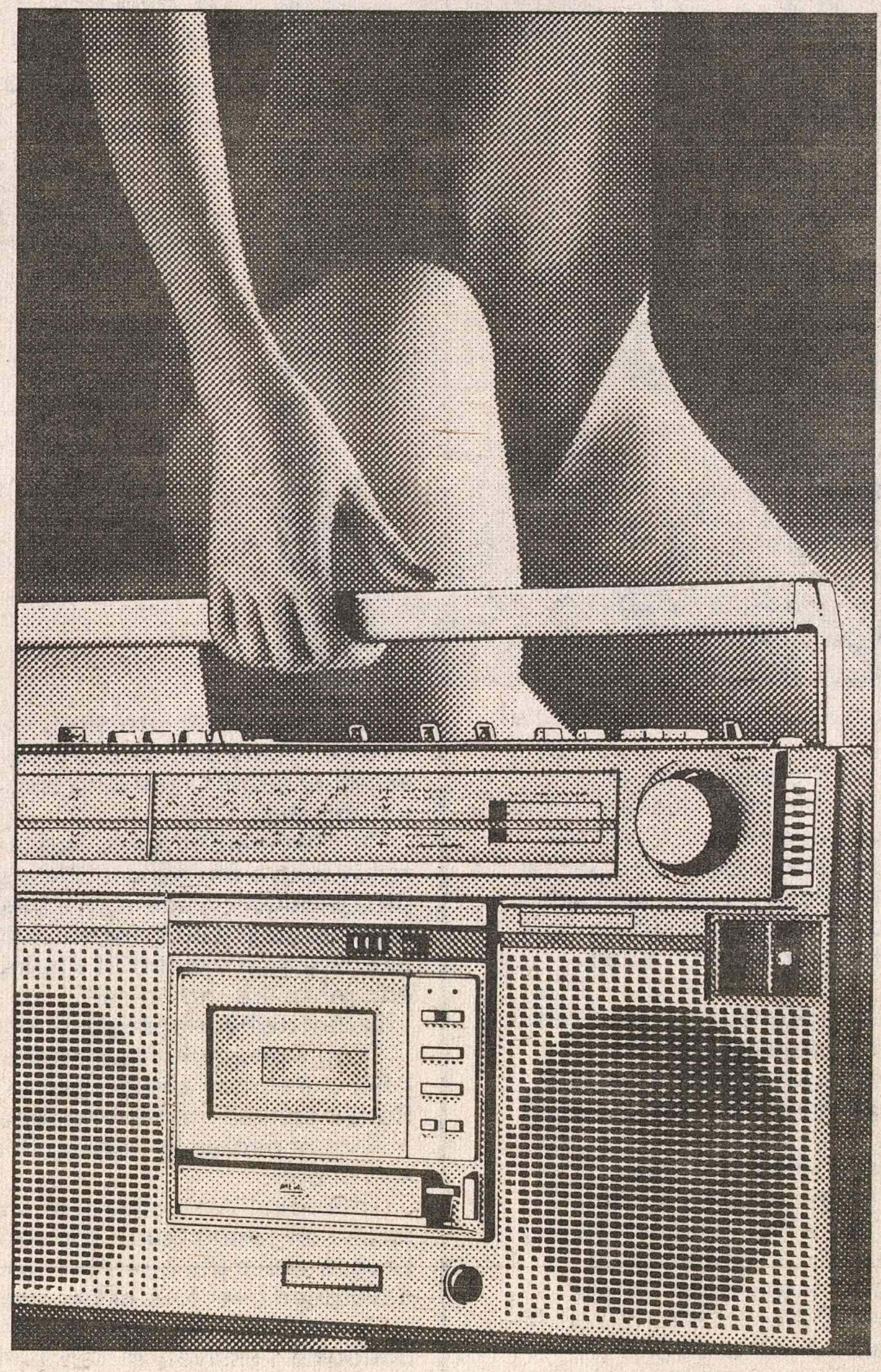
He stares at the buildings of toytown Stockholm.

"It's like Trumpton, this place."

Many miles away, but the same human folly within. With the whole world to draw on there are many songs to be written yet. I am gently prising the nails from my heart. Squeeze songs hurt me, sometimes. Now *that* is ...

Portable power!





The JVC guide to all you want in portables.

Portable radio cassette recorders have come a long way since the humble 'tranny'.

JVC have used all their expertise as world leaders in hi-fi to produce a range of radio cassette recorders that all feature the advanced technology and high performance you look for in a portable today.

In JVC's impressive line-up you'll find portables with metal tape compatibility, preset synthesizer tuning, 2-motor full logic tape transport, biphonic sound and noise reduction systems. Whether you've around £30 or £300 to spend, JVC have just the machine for you.

For the machine that has everything, choose the RC-M90L. With its 8-waveband tuner it puts the world at your finger tips.

Or take the RC-M80L. This ultra-sophisticated machine has a 2-motor full logic tape transport that gives superb sound quality backed up by amazingly low wow and flutter, together with feather light controls. If it's real power you're after, the RC-M70L is the one for you. It delivers a massive 30 watts. Keen radio listeners will fall for the RC-S7E with its preset synthesizer tuning. It locks onto stations and stays there.

JVC's metal tape compatible models provide a wider dynamic range, lower distortion and extended frequency response. And with the RC-M60L you can get it all on a budget.

With JVC's biphonic sound you can hear the precise distance, direction and movement of a sound source. It also gives a wide stereo effect to ordinary stereo tapes. Experience the difference on the RC-363L; or if you want Dolby* noise reduction as well, give an ear to the RC-656L.

For simple economy with JVC quality the RC-250L, with one touch recording ease, is the answer.

For full details of all the models in the JVC range, see your JVC dealer or write, enclosing a stamped addressed envelope to: JVC (UK) Ltd, Eldonwall Trading Estate, Staples Corner, 6-8 Priestley Way, London NW2 7AF.

VHS PAL

ESPAÑA 82
Sponsors of the World Cup.

JVC

JVC is the trademark of the Victor Company of Japan.

your guide to the best in portables.

*Dolby is a trademark of Dolby Laboratories Licensing Corporation.

SINGLES

REVIEWED BY DANNY BAKER

SPOTTY

BOW WOW WOW: See Jungle (RCA)

I shall never forget singer Annabella El Astonvilla floundering on *Tiswas* and trying to remember all those lessons about being free, wild and anarchic. Sally James asked where she was discovered and, quick as a flash, Anna blurted out something about a brothel. On *Tiswas*. Tremendous.

From then on she tried hard to remember everything about the Pistols/Grundy incident completely oblivious to the less than dignified surroundings she was already a part of. The interview was curtailed before nerves completely reduced Annabella to an even more vulgar state and since then we've heard of even more drippy examples of how banal this spotty little group are.

They ruined a thousand good jokes when their last single was the success they've been so desperate for — I mean a group can play The Lyceum just so many times before they start to get *really* jaded — but there's little point in denying how fine she looks when performing on *Top Of The Pops*.

This record sounds like their most coherent to date and will probably extend the outfit's success a few more feet and, in doing so, should enable their backers to recoup a few of the pound notes they've pumped into a group who, so far, have only been useful as the hollering backdrop to the latest World's End fashion show.

LUVADUCK

THE BUSINESS: Disco Girls / Smash The Disco (Secret)

The Business are allegedly in there fighting for the working class. In rock music, that's the easiest thing in the world. You see, almost *nobody* on this side *is* working class. The working class, in this group's case, are some handy third party that are both their staunchest supporters (money) and their gravest concern (help flush out the terrifying disco from my people.)

Their record begins with two actresses inanely discussing their plans to *"go down the Old Kent Road"* to get some *"thick soulboys"* to buy them drinks all night. Perfect. Reality takes too much research, *can* fight back, and really isn't needed here to set up the bluff.

So The Business construct a neat anti-world, chock full of all the things that their fans don't like, and then they trash it at will. The girls invented on this record DO NOT EXIST but The Business are so far gone in their rock'n'roll rebellion that these girls are as real as real can be. Smash Disco! Yeah, terrific!

New punk and Oi are two irrelevant rock'n'roll bloodsuckers that neither I nor anyone I know — our Euston Films Luvaduck ID cards can be produced for inspection — have the tiniest bit of time for. There can be two reasons for this: a) We're all thick soulboys with silly clothes and haircuts who can't wait to go down the Old Kent Road (?!) every night. Or b) We're not as stupid as Punk/Oi portray. But then again, boys — without the fantasy there is no enemy, without the enemy there is no war, and without this 'war' there would be no money. A smart racket.

BEST

SYREETA: I Must Be In Love (Motown)

The closest thing we have to a best record this short-term week is this. Its main strike depends on the last time you heard Syreeta's voice. I hadn't in ages and so I was getting quite nostalgic and not noticing the song. 'I Must Be In Love' is a packed little ballad, though, and perfectly picked for a single, great hook and a luscious performance from The Band. That's all and that's enough.

RANCID

THE CRACK: Don't You Ever Let Me Down (RCA)

The Crack were featured on the joint *Nationwide*/RCA Battle Of The Bands student competition, this being a public service to bring to our attention the 20 most dangerously wet and dippy groups currently at large in the British Isles. The groups are herded up and put on TV so we may note their faces well and thereby ignore them completely as we did so uniformly with last year's winners.

Highlight of a recent *Nationwide* was Sue Lawley interviewing Martin Rushent about the rise of synthesisers. Sue was armed with one question: Is this the end of the great Beatle songs we all know and love? She got quite rabid and made Martin answer it a 100 ways, shoving an accusing finger at his chest all the while.

The rancid Rushent didn't even have the humour to flatly tell her "Yes Sue, that's it. No more songs will ever be written or played on acoustic instruments". Then we could have enjoyed the sight of a luckless Lawley being stretchered away by uniformed St John's men humming the soothing 'Yesterday'.

POTATOES

SPLIT ENZ: Six Months In A Leaky Boat (A&M)

Split Enz are consciously very clever. That is, they appear to write all their pop songs on graph paper with very sharp pencils. Clear, note perfect, clever little tunes that are too squeaky clean to be the victims of *true* dislike. So white, as Bette Midler observed of the Queen, that they make everything else sound like the third world.

Their new single is remarkable mainly for its whacky title — a clever anagram of 'Kenya Boils Sax Man's Thistle' — and that one member of the group is sporting a curious beard, rather like the sort of growth you find on potatoes if they're left under the sink for two years.

LO!

JON ANDERSON: Surrender (Polydor)

As a member of Yes, Jon got through more piano players than The Last Chance Saloon. The reason for this turnover was Jon's evil and much feared 'Worthiness Test' that he would require of each new applicant for the job. The task was to set some of Anderson's outrageous and meaningless lyrics to music by sun-up or else forfeit your first born son and all royalties to the important North American market.

Imagine the wretched and terrified pianist, flung into a straw-floored cell furnished with only the rudest of tack pianos and asked to make a legitimate hit record out of: *"And Lo, Didst Persius visit teredication upon the ancient brow of Agamemnon and behold the seven terrific keys of Caracticus and his wondrous Gums/Mountains come out of the sky/And they stand there/Battleships confide in me and tell me where you are/Oh yeah baby/Rock it and roll it/Battleships oh yeah"* (From 'Battleships Oh Yeah' Words: Anderson Music: Tinpot/Logorhthym). No wonder Vangelis sent him on a bogus errand in order to whack out 'Chariots Of Fire' unhindered.

Today, Jon sings in his uniquely feminine way to his own music, best described as similar to a rejected jingle for a sparkling new brand of pineapple 'n' pear crush.

GOLF

ROY AYERS: Turn Me Loose (Polydor)

The jazz/funk preoccupation with octogenarian Ayers is incredible. He gets respect simply because so much of the genre is a snobbish game of bluff played out by a team of illiterate elitists who covet 'class' and legitimacy above all else in jazz/funk. Moronic mobs from good backgrounds all equating slickness and gloss with maturity and an advancement in tastes. A parallel to the current villains obsession with taking up golf.

Like lots of other bloodless cults, jazz/funk at base is nothing to do with music but actually about one-upmanship and the size of your collection. You find a lot of jazz/funkateers speak with absolutely no accent of any kind. They do this deliberately rather like a lizard can shed its tail.

HUMILITY

ANEKA: Ooh Shooby Doo Lang (Hansa)

I wonder how many times this makes it that they've tried to follow up 'Japanese Boy'? Everyone knows it was just one of those freak hits but corporations always feel obliged to keep punching away seeing if there's the teensiest bit of mileage left in their vehicle.

Imagine poor old Aneka's face when her advisers told her: "This time we got it. A sure-fire hit. It's called 'Ooh Shooby Doo Lang'!" Ooh Shooby Doo Lang!

For humility, every pop group should be forced into making at least one song called 'Ooh Shooby Doo Lang'. Let's see if Bishop Peely could wriggle out of that one.

DIN

DONALD BYRD: Love For Sale (Elektra)

The popular Byrd, last surviving member of the once influential West Coast band, creates a din so contemptuous of Cole Porter's original song that I'm drawn to respect it. It's a stock disco rhythm just hammering away at a new throwaway lyric and represents Porter in the same way Cubby Broccoli represents Ian Fleming. It merely retains Cole's name under the title. I'm all for it.

GARDEN HOSES

LLOYD CHARMERS: If Leaving Me Is Easy (KR)

The wee little amounts of time that I find myself giving over to druggy draggy old reggae are usually spent with this sort, the sweet cover version lilts like Rudy Grant's exquisite 'Lately'. Otherwise I'm strictly Pluto Shervington.

Lloyd's choice of song cannot be faulted here. It's Phil 'Frankly In Genesis' Collins' gorgeous 'If Leaving Me . . .' which was so grand an original that Lloyd can add little to it. What Lloyd does add here is a fascinating touch to the tortuously high-pitched title refrain.

Ignoring the advantages of modern studio 'cheating', the lads in the chorus attempt to attain the pitch by natural methods. Lost dogs from all over the county bounded into my room as Lloyd Charmers' gallant troupe scraped their vocal chords higher and higher. Eyes cross, ribs crack and veins bulge out on foreheads like garden hoses: *"Iiiif leeeeving meee is eeeeeeeesy"* they wheeze, gasping for air.

Alas, the effect is ruined as falsettos snap in mid syllable creating a sound like wet balloons slowly losing air played at 78. All in all a valiant try . . . but a cruel release.

AROMA

ALVIN STARDUST: Weekend (Stiff)

I don't think his hair will take much more dyeing. Soon he'll have to start bleaching his body instead. Alvin sings a curdling twee tale of having a date at the weekend with all the muster of a freckled 12-year-old Haircut 100-style vocalist. The music is like any one of those mid-'70s production line minor hits that, say, 5,000 Volts or Polly Brown might've had.

Put this record inside a Berwick Street Deli and it's forthright aroma would still win through to assault a queue of seasoned noses. Written, I see, by D & W Post which gives rise to another very funny joke.

DANDY

BAD MANNERS: Got No Brains (Magnet)

I don't want to appear an over-zealous reggae basher this week — I rarely touch the stuff — but how I hate the recent crop of chart hits that pull on it as an influence. Forget patriotism — Reggae, sir, is the last refuge of a scoundrel!

Oh, hold on. Half way through it's changed direction. Banjoes? On this record there is reggae, bluegrass, Stax horns, blues harmonica, regular pop and disco hi-hat. Mixing a Bad Manners single must be like trying to tile Mount St Helens. Cluttered? Why no! Just find yourself some space between the double basses and the Swiss alpine horn and get in the groove.

So long as nobody breathes out everything's dandy. I like this.

WATFORD

PATRICE RUSHEN: Forget Me Nots (Elektra)

Oh yes. I've heard this one. (Opening filched from rare Champion Jack Dupree Blind Date 1966.) If you like Change, if you like the sweeter end of Chic, if you like BB&Q and most every other professional Rodgers'n'Edwards cash in, then this is mustard to spread thickly across your honeydew ham. (Poetic eh! Meaningless, glib stuff but poetic.)

I ask you to buy this one. Me, who never dreamt he'd ever endorse someone with so boldly a bizarre name. Patrice? Didn't he used to be an Irish full-back? Rushen? Pat Rice a Rushen? Have we, in all our innocence, stumbled across some complex language of international coding? The Soviet Rice is, in this title, asking County to stop pursuing him. Why? *(This might just as well be in bloody code — All Who Have A Shaar Murray-style Disinterest In Associated Football.)*

Oh yes, I apologise. Buy this record, it's good. But listen out for clicks on your phone-line later . . .

HA! HA! HA!

GWEN GUTHRIE: It Should Have Been You (Island)

Is that it? Is this what Island Records are supremely confident will be a huge international hit and make them hundreds of millions of pounds? If not, why are they releasing it? Did it just escape?

Gwen gets a glossy sleeve and 12 inches along with the ubiquitous Sly and Robbie. (Technical Note: The names Sly and Robbie must at all times be prefaced with the words 'the ubiquitous'. See *Music Hacks Guide To Lazy Writing Vol. '81.)* All parties concerned would want this sound to be a disco smash except new punks who would like to (altogether now) Smash Disco and who really have no business barging into another records review.

Now then. Gwen's stab at stardom is inconsequential and a ruddy hopeless song. Limping around grizzling it is. The ubiquitous Sly'n'Robbie — the sectioned off letter 'n' is awaiting copyright — are very weak judges of material, as are most rastas. This is why most tailors in Trenchtown tend to be Jewish. You know what Jewish tailors in Trenchtown sing whenever they fit a rasta for his traditional three colour suit? They sing: *"Abe, It's Gold Outside"*. That was a good joke.

D'YE KEN?

THE DANSE SOCIETY: Continent EP (PAX)
IN CAMERA: The Fatal Day (BBC Sessions) (4AD)

Scene: Euston Station. A bewildered bunch of struggling young northern musicians arrive in London without a clear plan of what is to become of them. In the shadows lurks one of Britain's most evil men. This man approaches the gangly bunch of young boys and asks them if they're 'fixed up'.

He then tells them he has just the place, it won't cost them a penny, but they might be asked to do a few 'favours' for him. The man, known simply to them as Bishop Peely, leads them all to a shabby recording studio in North West London where they become horribly corrupted.

Gone are the rosy cheeked idealistic pop musicians that set off to 'the Smoke' to outshine The Beatles and in their place is a dishevelled group of boring musos, improvising and jamming dreadful old rock riffs. All the while Bishop Peely is rubbing his hands and encouraging them to sink lower and lower.

There are currently *no laws* against the practices of Bishop Peely. Will you wait until one of your children is in his greasy clutches before *you* act? Write now to: The Sensible Campaign To End Awful BBC Sessions, c/o Rough Trade, London W7.

STATUS QUO 1982

INCLUDING THE HIT SINGLE · DEAR JOHN · FOR £3.99 OR LESS FROM

LONDON
Selfridges, W.1.
Price Buster, W.1.
D.H. Evans, W.1.
K. C. Records, S.W.3.
Leather Lane Records, E.C.1.
Fenchurch St. Records, E.C.3.
Sounds Right, E.17.
Simons, W.1.
Oliver Crombie, N.W.11.
Arcade Music, N.12.
Harum, N.10.
Harum, N.8.
Harum, N.19.

MIDDX
Loppylugs, Edgware
Kingdisc, Greenford
Lightning Records, Ruislip

HERTS
Harum, Barnet
Tracks, Hertford
Tracks, Ware
Tracks, Hoddesdon
Tracks, Royston
Old Town Records, Hemel Hempstead
Record Room, St. Albans
Kithairon, St. Albans
J & J Records, Hemel Hempstead
J & J Records, Hatfield
J & J Records, Berkhamstead
Diamond Stylus, Harpenden
F. L. Moore, Stevenage

BEDS
Andy's, Bedford
Discoround, Luton
Horace Gale, Biggleswade
F. L. Moore, Dunstable

LINCOLNSHIRE
Pride, Lincoln
Pride, Newark

NOTTINGHAMSHIRE
Uni Tapes, Long Eaton
Revolver, Mansfield
Arcade Records, Nottingham
Fox's Records, Nottingham
Pendulum, Nottingham
Revolver, Nottingham
Selectadisc – 2 shops, Nottingham

HUMBERSIDE
Peter Hall Music, Goole
Sydney Scarborough, Hull

STAFFORDSHIRE
Phonograph, Alsager
Bevans, Longton
Tony Denson Records, Newcastle-under-Lyne
Mike Lloyd Music, Newcastle-under-Lyne
Replay Records, Tunstall
Tracks, Uttoxeter

WEST MIDLANDS
Inferno, Coventry
Goulds, Wolverhampton
Record & Tape, Sutton Coldfield
Graduate, Dudley
Taylors, Kingstanding
Inferno, Birmingham
Incredible, Birmingham
Cyclops, Birminham
Lewis', Birmingham
Rockers, Birmingham
Audiosonic, Shrewsbury

YORKSHIRE
Bradleys, Doncaster
Fox's Records, Doncaster
Bradleys, Halifax
Mr Dobbs, Halifax
Sound of Music, Harrogate
Bradleys, Huddersfield
Discount Records, Keighley
Bernard Dean, Scarborough
Studio One, Scarborough
Record Village, Scunthorpe
Bradleys – 3 shops, Sheffield
Feelgood Records, York
Red Rhino, York

NORTH WEST
Discount Records, Altrincham
PJ Swales, Altrincham
Music Centre, Ashton
County Records, Bangor
Reidy's, Blackburn
Bond St. Coin Co., Blackpool
Ray's Graffiti Records, Blackpool
Emyr + Elwyn, Colwyn Bay
E. P. Lees, Bolton
Save Records, Bury
Vibes, Bury
Robdog Records, Buxton
Ames, Chester
Penny Lane, Chester
Martins Records & Tapes, Chorley
Cobweb Records & Tapes, Cleveleys
Spin Inn, Crewe
Crown Records, Crosby
Darwen Hi Fi, Darwen
Sounds Great, Eastham
Quirks, Formby
Dins, Heswall
Music Centre, Hyde
Soundtrack, Fleetwood
Dins, West Kirby
Penny Lane – 2 shops, Liverpool
Bradleys, Manchester
Spin Inn, Manchester
Yanks Records, Manchester
Cobweb Records & Tapes, Poulton
Ames, Preston
Brady's, Preston
Lasky's, Preston
Save Records, Rochdale
Discount Records, Sales
B G Records, Stockport
Nield & Hardy, Stockport
Ames, St. Helens
Town Records, Southport
Ames, Warrington
Dawsons, Warrington
Music Shop, Widnes
Smiths Bookshop, Wigan
Roy Hurst, Wigan
Bradleys, Rochdale

CHANNEL ISLES
Palmer, Guernsey
Camera Centre, Guernsey
Rediffusion, Guernsey
Inner Sleeve, Jersey
Lady Jayne, Jersey
Regent Radio, Jersey

ISLE OF MAN
Music Box, Douglas
Castle Sounds, Castletown

SOUTH WEST
Saffron, Truro
Hocking, St. Austell
J. Oliver, Redruth
Radio Rentals, all record depts.
Left Bank, Exeter
Pitts, Exeter
Lawes Radio, Exmouth
Soundz, Paignton
Soundz, Torquay
Acorn, Yeovil

AVON
Music Market, Bath
Sound Seekers, Staple Hill
Sound Seekers, Bedminster
Rival, Bristol
Radio Rentals, Bristol
Kays, Yate
Kays, Brislington
Records Unlimited, Bath
Rival, Bath

SOUTH WALES
Roxcene, Newport
Tracks, Cwbran
Spillers, Cardiff
Buffalo, Cardiff
Rainbow, Pontypridd
Pulsar, Caerphilly
Soundwave, Cwmbran

GLOUCESTERSHIRE
Music Market, Gloucester
Disco Centre, Gloucester
Storm, Cheltenham
P. Nutt, Cheltenham

HEREFORD & WORCS
Music Market, Worcester
Chadds, Hereford
Sounds Around, Kidderminster

DORSET
Record & Tape, Weymouth
Groomes, Bournemouth
Uptown, Bournemouth
Record In, Bournemouth
Disco Music Centre, Bournemouth
Setchfields, Poole
Square Records, Wimborne

BUCKINGHAMSHIRE
Record House, Aylesbury
Record House, Chesham
Record House, Amersham
Record House, P. Risborough
F. L. Moore, Bletchley
D. J. Holland, Leighton Buzzard
Venus, High Wycombe

CUMBRIA
Pink Panther, Carlisle
Clydesdale, Carlisle
Smythes, Bowness-on-Windermere

LANCS
Ear Ere, Lancaster
Disco Music, Morecambe

NORTH EAST
Windows, Newcastle
Bergs, Sunderland
Sounds Nice, Birtley
Music Box, Blaydon
Music Box, Prudhoe
Thompkins, Wallsend
Olivers, Ashington
Fearnley's, Middlesbrough

LEICESTERSHIRE
Sound Centre, Hinckley
St. Martins, Leicester
Ainley's, Leicester
Revolver, Leicester
Discovery, Market Harborough
Randles, Coalville
Castle, Loughborough

DERBYSHIRE
Fox's Records, Alfreton
Records, Burton-on-Trent
Hudsons, Chesterfield
Records, Derby
Richards Records, Derby
Siren, Derby
Uni Tapes, Derby
Reynolds, Ilkeston
Hudsons, Matlock

OXFORDSHIRE
Music Box, Wallingford
Slip A Disc, Didcot
Haken & Bell, Abingdon
Music Market, Banbury
Disco Discounts, Bicester
Music Market, Oxford
Astley Audio, Wallingford

WARWICKSHIRE
Shooting Star, Nuneaton
Fat City, Rugby
Bonel & Curtis, Warwick
R.V.S., Stratford

Carousel, Bedworth
Discovery, Leamington

WILTSHIRE
Red Carpet, Swindon
Music Man, Trowbridge
Music Man, Frome
Music Man, Chippenham
Music Man, Warminster
Music Man, Westbury
P. R. Sounds, Melksham
P. R. Sounds, Devizes
Sutton, Salisbury

SURREY
Tracks & Grooves, Dorking
Discount Records, Dorking
Bonaparte, Guildford
Venus Records, Guildford
Subway Records, Guildford
Venus Records, Farnham
Aerco, Woking
Beggars Banquet, Kingston
Bentalls, Kingston
G. Knight, Croydon
Bonaparte, Croydon
H & R Cloake, Croydon

NORTHANTS
L.N.A., Rushden
Spin A Disc, Northampton
John Lever, Northampton
Discovery, Corby

SUSSEX
Flyright Records, Bexhill
Max Records, Eastbourne
Grays Records Shops, East Grinstead
Subway Records, Brighton
Record Centre, Worthin
Rounder Records, Burgess Hill
Rediffusion, Shoreham

BERKSHIRE
G. Knight, Friar St., Reading
G. Knight, Broad St., Reading
G. Knight, Caversham, Reading
G. Knight, Woodley, Reading
Quicksilver Records, Reading
P & M Music, Reading
Opus One Records, Maidenhead
The Record Centre, Slough

DEVON
Subway Records, Plymouth
G. Knight, Plymouth

ESSEX
Kellys, Basildon
Golden Disc, Southend
Fives, Leigh
Fives, Rayleigh
Pop Inn, Chelmsford
Downtown Records, Brentwood
Disco System, Rayleigh
Video Disc, Elm Park
Downtown Records, Romford
Hi Tension, Stanford le Hope
Lion Records, Colchester
Parrot, Colchester
Parrot, Chelmsford
Parrot, Southend
Parrot, Braintree
Lion, Clacton
Adrians, Wickford
Rival, Basildon
Godfrey, Basildon

KENT
Barnaby, Gillingham
Gower & Jones, Herne Bay
Gatefield Sounds, Faversham
Gatefield Sounds, Whitstable
Music Room, Tonbridge
Challenger & Hicks, Dartford
Challenger & Hicks, Chatham
Challenger & Hicks, Maidstone
Challenger & Hicks,
Stoneborough Centre, Maidstone
O.K. Records, Bexley Heath
O.K. Records, Dartford
O.K. Records, Welling
O.K. Records, Gravesend
O.K. Records, Gillingham
Cloud 9, Bexley Heath
Spinning Disc, Sevenoaks
Twisted Wheel, Bexley Heath
Longplayer, Chatham
Longplayer, Maidstone
H & N Leisure, Orpington

NORFOLK
Robin's, Norwich
Top Deck, Norwich
Andy's, Norwich
Outlaw Diss
Hi Tension, Thetford
Lewks, Downham Market
Bayes, Kings Lynn
Wheelers, Kings Lynn

SUFFOLK
Hi Tension, Mildenhall
R & D Watts, Mildenhall
Harpers, Newmarket
Record Shop, Sudbury
Discoround, Ipswich
Andy's, Ipswich
Andy's, Bury St. Edmunds
Andy's, Haverhill
Parrot, Ipswich
Parrot, Sudbury

CAMBRIDGESHIRE
Discoround, Huntingdon
Andy's, Mill Rd., Cambridge
Andy's, Market Hill, Cambridge
Andy's, Peterborough
Beat Goes On, Cambridge

HAMPSHIRE
G. Knight, Basingstoke
Foyles, Basingstoke
Subway Records, Southampton
Owen & Owen, Southampton
Gemeni Records, Southampton
Jack Hobbs, Eastleigh
Disc Discount, Eastleigh
Marvo Music, Andover
New Milton Records, New Milton
Subway Records, Portsmouth
Landports, Portsmouth
Portsea Co-op, Portsmouth
Focus Records, Waterlooville
Porters, Alton

SCOTLAND
Stereo One, Paisley
Grapevine, Stirling
Orbit, Falkirk
Rainbow, Livingston
Tom Russell, Bishopbriggs
Tom Russell, Duke St., Glagow
Soundtrack, Glasgow
Tom Russell, Shettleston Rd., Glasgow
Impulse, East Kilbride
Lost Chord, Glasgow
Fiesta, Renfield St., Glasgow
Fiesta, Sauchiehall St., Glasgow
Listen, Renfield St., Glasgow
Listen, Byres Rd., Glasgow
Bloggs, Glasgow
Round Sounds, Wishaw
Other Record Shop, Edinburgh
Phoenix Records, Edinburgh
G.I. Records, Edinburgh
Allans Record Shop, Edinburgh
Sweet Inspiration, Edinburgh
Record Exchange, Edinburgh
Concorde Records & Tapes, Perth
Melvens Bookshop, Perth
Goldrush Records, Perth
E. Donaldson, Glenrothes
E. Donaldson, Kirkcaldy
Bruces, Kirkcaldy
I & N Records, Dundee
Bruces, Dundee
Taste Records, Penicuick
Other Record Shop, Aberdeen
Other Record Shop, Stirling
Other Record Shop, Inverness
Road Runner Records, Elgin
Road Runner Records, Fraserburgh
A. F. Yule, Peterhead
Elena Mae, Aberdeen
Newmarket Tapes, Aberdeen
Mackinnons Record Centre, Aberdeen

VERTIGO

marketed by phonogram

Third World shoot videos: l. to r: Cat Coore, Carrot Jarrett, Ruggs Clarke, Ibo Cooper, Richie Daley.

LIVING ON THE FAULT LINE

Neil Spencer (words) and Joe Stevens (pix) join Third World in 21st Century City, for a dual between roots rock and Reaganomics at the grass roots of Southern California.

DOWN AT VENICE BEACH you can actually see the high tide mark left on California by the storms of the late '60s. It runs along the seafront in the form of a raggedy street market which sets up its stalls at weekends to ply a trade in roller skate hire, second hand clothes and records, and the sundry familiar paraphernalia of low key hippie enterprise — used copies of '461 Ocean Boulevard', items of garish home-made 'craft' jewellery, 'antique' thrift shop tat, even, I swear, tye-dye T-shirts — the flotsam of a culture that ran out of steam a decade back and which today finds itself stagnant or transmuted into the '80s Californian lifestyle of exercise, health foods, take-away *T'ai Chi,* sports wear, and easy-going 'me generation' affluence.

To the errant Brit abroad, a stroll along this particular promenade could almost evoke a summer's day down the Portobello Road of the early '70s were it not for the seaside setting, the squadrons of muscular skaters pirouetting gracefully to the unheard rhythms of their Stowaways, and the refugee Salvadorean folk singers playing to the anti-Reagan demo up the road.

Venice is one of the small, pleasingly scruffy seaside communities that mark the meeting of the great Los Angeles urban sprawl with the Pacific Ocean, and it's here that Third World are currently lodged in the Marina Pacific Apartments, rehearsing for an upcoming European tour and for a giant reggae package show being mounted by an LA radio station as the west coast's introduction proper to the delights of live reggae, with Third World appearing alongside such other Jamaican luminaries as Dennis Brown, Burning Spear and Toots.

It's here at Venice Beach, too, this particular Saturday morning, that the group are shooting the video to accompany their new single, the Stevie Wonder scripted and produced 'Try Jah Love', a side which they hope bears the mark of an international smash hit, a feat the group last accomplished a couple of years back with their inspired cover of Harold Melvin & The Bluenotes' 'Now That We Found Love'.

AS THE FIRST streams of Californian sun slant through the palms and the first waves of skateboarders, roller skaters, cyclists, tennis players, (American) football players, swimmers, joggers and the handful of mere pedestrians hit the tarmac of the front to go about their weekend recreational business, the unmistakable throb of reggae begins to pump from the small beachside open air venue that has been located for the videoshoot. This has been chosen, I am told, for the healthy mixture of peoples and races it is likely to provide, in keeping with the group's determinedly international outlook.

The form for the video is that the group are filmed stepping out against the backdrop of the several varying murals that adorn the perimeters of the tiny arena, all smiles, handclaps and locks amidst a gaggle of multi-racial youth. They also get to perform onstage to a leaping happy crowd outfront.

The director — big, beefy and bearded, and looking like he's escaped from a Martin Scorsese clone project in his cowboy hat and boots — barks through a megaphone for everyone to look happy as the Jamaican sextet go through their paces. A cluster of passers-by hang over the fence checking what these dudes in the crazy braids and colours are up to.

"What's happening man?" ask a couple of black teenage skaters in basketball tops, shorts and kneepads. "These guys are a reggae group right?" Right.

I ask what reggae means to them. "Yeah, we heard some of that shit on the radio . . . kinda *wee-irrd* . . . it's getting more popular though — Stevie Wonder had a reggae hit. Say, are you English?"

Loud record company whispers have, in fact, insinuated that Stevie himself would be present for the video filming, but as it happens the man is 3,000 miles and several time zones away in draughty old New York, preparing for a benefit concert for the mighty Count Basie, one of the godfathers of the great musical tradition of which Wonder is now such a prominent figurehead.

In recent years Wonder has seemed to try and extend that tradition to include reggae, which so far has found itself largely locked out of American charts and hearts. Even Marley, the music's premier ambassador, found himself unable to conquer the insular US market convincingly and plant the red, gold and green flag firmly in the nation's cultural heartland. Ironically, it's American blacks who have paid least attention to the calls of reggae.

"Bob was trying really hard to break reggae here when he went," says guitarist Cat Coore as we recall the Wailers' Harlem Appollo shows and the group's bizarre support slot to the glib Commodores. "We're trying to carry on the works," he adds.

Their task has perhaps been considerably aided by their involvement with Wonder, who met the group last summer when he played the annual 'reggae Sunsplash' festival in Montego Bay (he had already appeared alongside Marley at a similar show in Kingston in '76), having also last year released the phenomenal 'Master Blaster', his tribute to Marley. Together with its follow-up, 'Happy Birthday' (Wonder's tribute to another fallen black leader, Martin Luther King), it was the most inspirational chart music to come out of America in 1981.

The group all talk in awe of their experiences with Wonder. "I was expecting a whole album of reggae like 'Master Blaster', says Cat Coore. "But when we met him I got the vibe that he wanted to continue with his own thing and just help Jamaican artists to get their sound across here, which showed me the inner wisdom of the man.

"The whole time we worked with him I never saw him lose his temper or get impatient, which was real inspiration to me, it makes you stop and cool down yourself."

"What amazed me was the level of the man's concentration," continues Ruggs, the group's gimcrack lead singer. "He was able to just shut off and, whup, find the exact right note or word. And then the man has *a voice!* Stevie reminded me of Bob — he creates the atmosphere and vibe and energy that people feed off."

In any event 'Try Jah Love' is an outing of some moment; even though its disco setting is somewhat weak-kneed for these days of the new super-heavy bass'n'beat funk there's the Wonder melody and the warm, soulful vocal it excites from Ruggs.

"It's a funny thing with Stevie because now he's hooked up with Paul McCartney," says the singer. "And *he* was thinking of recording one of our songs that he really liked, 'Irie Ites'."

McCartney could do with a decent song, I add; if only he'd release something as good as 'Master Blaster'.

"Well probably just the madness of how John left the earth has moved him," hazards Cat. "Although he's really good on earthly things — love and stuff — when he hits something deep he really hits it."

THE AMERICAN EMBARGO on reggae has meanwhile continued apparently unabated, if not unchallenged. After all, since Marley's breakthrough in the heady, dready days of 'Natty Dread' reggae has penetrated just about everywhere round the globe. There are now Aborigine reggae groups, Japanese reggae groups, French, Swedish and Italian reggae groups — and Tanzanian dub can't be far away.

Even Stateside immunity could be on the point of caving in; of course, New York, with its huge Jamaican expatriate population, long ago found room in its ethnic variety of reggae (Rap's origination there doubtless owes some of its inspiration to reggae DJs), while Boston and Canuck Toronto have likewise maintained healthy centres of activity and assured ports of call for visiting stars.

Third World's solution to the impasse was, from their outset in the mid '70s, to attempt a crossover beat, an amalgam of funk rock and roots that at its best has excited and at its worst has been understandably attractive of the 'rock for Eagles fans' taunts. They have at least been quietly consistent and modest in their exposition of Jah works, and have spurned the crasser tactics adopted by others. For example the late Jacob Miller and Inner

Continues over

THIRD WORLD

From previous page

Circle (who share a common schooldays origin with Third World) played up to the ganja 'n' mystic exotica image with which Jamaican music and culture were first packaged for the US rock audience in the mid '70s (cue *High Times* cover stories on Marley sporting smouldering sno-cone and garbled expositions of Rasta in every rock zine from Marin County to Yale).

Peter Tosh tried much the same for a while with the added rebel credibility (if such it can be termed, if not taken seriously) of the Rolling Stones sticky tongue poking out above his head. Presumably Tosh is now nursing his ego back a yard, veiled in silence.

Then there was Bunny Wailer's abortive disco album 'Protest' with its doomed exhortations to *"get up you black yankees/don't be on follow fashion monkeys,"* Max Romeo's samewise attempts, Scratch Perry with The Terrorists; a whole catalogue of errors.

Signs are, though, that the continued knocking might finally secure a crack in the door — many of the US funk outfits have started to feature reggae rhythms in their repertoire and visiting Brit acts report a distinct change of attitude among audiences, black and white.

Drummy Willy Stewart puts it this way: "If you watch the pace of American life it's fast — in Jamaica it's slower, and so are the rhythms. But it's just a matter of time before people catch onto that beat and realise it's part of them — and they're beginning to. They know more now, it's had a lot of exposure."

Bassie Richie Daley: "Jamaican music is very political. Now Americans are becoming politically minded about the conditions people live under so reggae's lyrics start to relate to people here."

Cat Coore: "The thing that moved me was when we were playing in Pasadena Rose Bowl with a heap of slick soul groups and the crowd was very funk-oriented. Rugs made some dedications to various black leaders — Malcolm X and such — but when he mentioned Bob's name the place went insane and that showed me something. I started to see a definite link between the Caribbean and blacks here."

The video world's answer to Martin Scorsese hollers and the South California crowd tries Jah Love.

Rugs: "In the last five years I've seen how much reggae has influenced world music — to me, it's been the main influence since disco."

It seems ironic that reggae may be on the verge of breakthrough there while in this country it has become so totally taken for granted — and deserves little more in the light of what's originated in the Isle Of Springs this last year or two. Aside from the determined inventions of Sly'n' Robbie and their willingness to effect crossover without compromise with the likes of Uhuru, Grace Jones, and, one hopes, James Brown — aside from them and the ever majestic talents of Bunny Wailer (himself with a rap tune out at present), the creativity of reggae seems to have been in steady decline, the more so if you're unmoved by the current wave of toasters.

Richie Daley: "One problem is that a lot of the music's messages have been told, have been put in every form. A lot has been said to a small number of people in Jamaica. Now the music has to go to America or wherever . . ."

Rugs: "The musicians themselves realise that something has to be done; a group like Casualty have tunes that could hit anywhere. But the music is still re-enforcing black people throughout the world, saying that there is a light available, and they're beginning to accept us. It's true that white youths here have latched on to reggae first, but whichever way, whichever colour, as long as the message gets through — to people of *all* calibres.

"The funny thing about reggae in America is that no money was put into it — in fact I feel that money was put in to kill it — and that it still comes through anyway, through the doors and ceilings and every little crack."

Why would anyone want to put money in to kill it?

"Well if you have a music like that, with a message for people to come together, and 'Piss off Babylon' and the rest of it . . ."

BUT FOR all that it's till Junior Giscombe's 'mama Used To Say' that the LA radio stations are powerplaying up the national charts, and I can't help but recall Junior's words to *NME* last year that he quit the reggae scene precisely because he felt he could never make it to national prominence from that area.

Just how far reggae is a separatist culture looms large in the reasoning session I have with Third World back at their apartments, where the cook in residence is dishing up plates of ital fish and rice that shame the usual room service fodder.

Few subjects daunt a Rasta conversation, and our session gallops madly around the customary areas of music, politics, and the spiritual and material welfare of the world's population to pleasing if inconclusive effect. Third World feel that "things are getting better" and I play devil's advocate, insisting that things are, in fact, getting worse, citing the predictable list of nuclear peco and totalitarian ills that face humanity.

"The reason things are getting worse is because people are getting more aware," insists Ruggs. "We're half way down the road now. The ones who are oppressing us are the ones who are telling us things are getting worse." At least now the black man wake up and starts to sight Africa . . ."

Sure, but what use is that to someone living in Boston or London? At the back of my mind is a conversation with a black music writer who told me that "the ones I feel really sorry for are the Rasta kids who are being brought up to think that they're going back to Africa when they grow up — and they ain't going nowhere, except maybe down the dole queue."

Surely black Americans or Black Britons have as much an American or British culture as an African one?

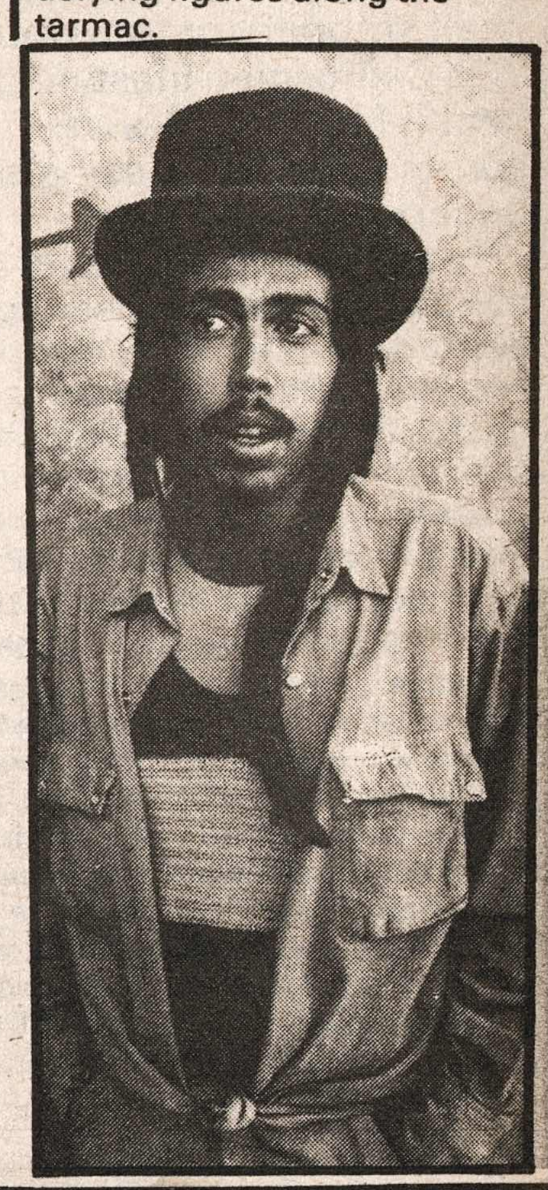
"Cho, what kind of culture England have?" asks Ruggs disbelievingly, and I try to delineate the many wonderful things that Albion may boast of — including its reggae scene.

In the end we agree on a stalemate. Cat: "I think I'd agree that part of that culture belongs to a black in England, but part of Africa belongs to you too . . . you just have to walk in that light."

Third World have been walking in that light for several years and so far it hasn't served them badly; their check list of seven LPs and a roster of hit singles doesn't look unhealthy in the light of the flickering pop candles of the '80s.

Certainly they have a musical expertise and tightness that fears few live reggae units today, though the English taste for roots, the whole roots and nothing but the roots has meant they've been passed over in favour of heavier home grown outfits here. That perhaps will change after their forthcoming visit.

Down on Venice Beach, as I left, the skaters were still out in force, cutting disaster defying figures along the tarmac.



The first time you put on Sony MDR 4T headphones you won't believe your ears. For a start you'll hardly know you've got them on, they're so light. The lightest headphones in the country, in fact.

But whatever they lack in weight they more than make up for in their amazing sound quality. They can out-perform most headphones ten times the size.

The same applies in all our new range of headphones, ranging in price from around £12 to £40. All extremely light and comfortable to wear. And all with our new 'Unimatch plug,' making them adaptable to any type of socket from the cheapest transistor radio to the highest priced hi-fi.

So if you want a pair of headphones that are big on performance, think small.

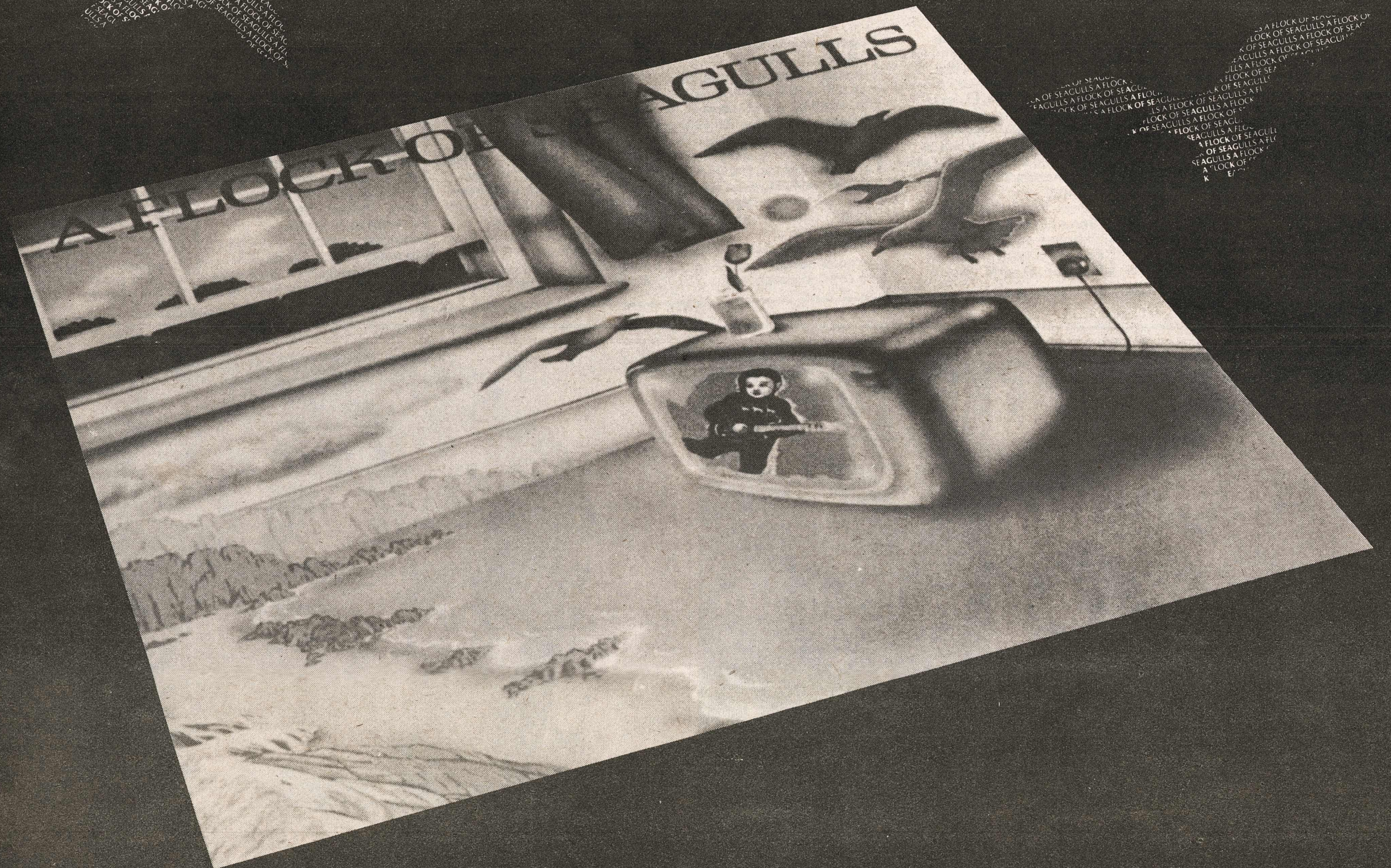
Because the best sounds don't have to be heavy.

The new MDRT range of headphones is available from all Sony authorised dealers at prices around:-

MDR 1T £11.95, MDR 4T £16.95, MDR 50T £22.95, MDR 70T £28.95, MDR 80T £39.95. SONY

For further information visit the Sony showroom, 134 Regent Street, London W1 or telephone Sunbury-on-Thames 80411.

SEAGULLS GOING CHEEP



THE DEBUT ALBUM FROM **A FLOCK OF SEAGULLS**
INCLUDES THE SINGLES **I RAN** AND **TELECOMMUNICATION**

PRODUCED BY **MIKE HOWLETT**
RECORDED AT **BATTERY** STUDIOS

AVAILABLE FROM ALL **VIRGIN** STORES

Virgin — ONLY **£3.29** ALBUM OR CASSETTE — JIVE

STIGMATA IN THE SUBURBS: John Waters' Bids for Bad Taste

John Waters

"Jayne Mansfield was always a tremendous inspiration".

STIGMA IN THE SUBURBS: RED JOHN REED once remarked to a radical artist friend that "the only weapon feared by the Philistines is the jawbone of an ass". Low-rent film-maker John Waters — whose radical tint is flaming pink — has, in his 18-year career, proven the shrewdness of that ass-essment.

Waters' films from '64's *Hag In A Black Leather Jacket* (8mm, never commercially shown) have had two aims: to establish himself as a sleazoid Warhol, complete with entourage of doomed misfits, and to shock the middle class from which he came ("What a compliment to be asked to become a negative role model for a whole new generation of bored youth").

Waters doesn't actually rate a high evaluation by any real 'trash aesthetic'; he tries far too hard and his films *are* consistently amateur, with stringbean budgets and terrible acting. The exception, of course, is Divine, in real life an ex-hairdresser named Glenn Muldoon, who began to work with Waters on his '62 *Chelsea Girls* ripoff, *Roman Candles.*

Divine is one reason for Waters immense popularity; the *Animal House* nature of their humour (at heart, extremely bourgeois) is another. Glenn says that he and John "never really got along when we were growing up, although we lived on the same block and were exactly the same age.

"He had a very strong Catholic upbringing and I was Protestant — it was like Ireland! We also had different likes and dislikes ('Glenn really *was* the girl next door', says Waters); I was always fat and he was always one of those real skinny ones. Every time, he was the first to call me fat."

John Waters Sr ironically runs a fire extinguisher company and he funded his son's first two full-length features *(Mondo Trasho,* named after the infamous *Mondo Cane* series of pseudo-documentaries, cost $2,000 and *Multiple Maniacs,* inspired by the Manson killings, totalled up $5,000).

But, says Glenn: "they're old Baltimore society people, aristocrat types. His Dad thinks he'd rather be dead when anyone brings up John's movies — they won't see them".

Mrs Waters has, however, needlepointed her son an 'X' to commemorate the customary ratings his works receive.

Glenn Muldoon has been a lifelong Elizabeth Taylor worshipper ("I could always count on her — I didn't care what she said or what the movie was about. I could just sit and look at her for two hours"). So Waters seduced him into *Mondo Trasho* with the offer of a costume complete with Frederick's of Hollywood heels, a 'platinum slut' wig and a '59 red Cadillac Eldorado with which to run down nude hitch-hikers.

Glenn was game, even when it came to being raped by a 15-foot fake lobster *(Multiple Maniacs)* or eating dog poop *(Pink Flamingoes).*

"Because," he says now, "I always wanted to be a movie star and when you're a kid in Baltimore you *know* it's never gonna happen. Of course, then you think all they do is wear emerald earrings and go to parties. But it's not like that; anybody who has those emerald earrings deserves every carat because they've worked their asses off to get 'em."

In Waters' latest offering *(Polyester,* whose cast includes Stiv Bators) Glenn says he sports "a completely new look — I play a frumpy suburban housewife, and I'm so good it's like Jesus in drag. Everybody takes advantage of me — even the dog hates me! Then I meet a man I fall in love with . . . Tab Hunter! He looks a bit older but he's still recognisable as the Tab Hunter who's made 40 movies and lived all over the world."

"*Polyester* is like a soap opera gone beserk," says Muldoon. "But it has a happy ending for me. It's very realistic, you know? That's why I wanted to play in it — because I was getting typecast. I've never played a dowdy character before. I was always the one with the most make-up and the sharpest heels and the most ratted hair. In *this* one I have the flattest shoes and the flattest hair!

"You should see these movies in their order," he stresses, "because in the beginning we were just a bunch of kids having a good time. The movies were written to be vulgar, shocking, outrageous — and to make people laugh. But *Polyester* doesn't have a dirty word in it, not even 'hell'. It's just become too everyday. When we made *Pink Flamingos* it was done so that people would think it was *so-o* vulgar. Today it could be on primetime TV."

Polyester is completely about the suburbs: "We grew up there; we would drive out to our set — this little house — every day and when you weren't filming, you could watch the neighbours. And they were living the life we were filming. It was weird. They would come over and laugh at it, but I thought they were laughing at themselves in a way. Which is sort of what John's done — that strong Catholic upbringing. . .all of that really came out in his movies. I think he was fighting that all along."

Or, as Waters puts it: "Being Catholic always makes you more theatrical."

Cynthia Rose

Filmography:
1964: *Hag In A Black Leather Jacket,* 17 min.
1966: *Roman Candles,* 40 min
1968: *Eat Your Makeup,* 45 min
1969: *Mondo Trasho,* 95 min
1970: *Multiple Maniacs,* 90 mins
1972: *Pink Flamingoes,* 93 mins
1974: *Female Trouble,* 92 mins
1977: *Desperate Living,* 90 mins
1981: *Polyester*

John Waters' first two full-length features, *Mondo Trasho* and *Multiple Maniacs,* can be seen for the first time in the UK at London's Scala Cinema from April 18-24. *(Mondo Trasho,* a 'silent', boasts an all-musical score recently lauded by rock critic and sleazophile Richard Meltzer).

Waters' highly entertaining autobiography *Shock Value* is now available on import for £6.95 from the ICA Bookshop in London (ICA, The Mall, London SW1), from the National Film Theatre bookstall, and at most gay bookstores — or direct from publisher Delta at the price of $9.95 (address: Dell Publishing Co, 1 Dag Hammarskjold Plaza, New York, New York 10017).

Polyester will open late this month or early next month at London's Screen on the Green.

With more fighters like Stuart Henry, we just might beat Multiple Sclerosis.

Four years ago, Stuart Henry was diagnosed as suffering from Multiple Sclerosis, a mysterious, crippling disease with no known cause or cure.

Four years later, Stuart is still fighting back. With Radio Luxembourg's help, he's made the disease a regular talking point on his nightly show. And last year, he launched the Stuart Henry/MS Society Research Appeal, and opened our new research laboratory in London.

The MS Society would like to say thank you to Stuart Henry and Radio Luxembourg. Thanks for helping to bring the day of the cure a little closer.

If you too would like to help, please send what you can to the:
Stuart Henry/MS Society Research Appeal, 286 Munster Road, Fulham, London SW6 6AP.

MULTIPLE SCLEROSIS
WE CAN ONLY FIND THE CURE IF WE FIND THE FUNDS.

POWER TO THE PEOPLE
(But Don't Let 'Em Have Your Last Name)

S.A. Punters rush newsstands

AMANDLA NGAWETHA means 'Power to the People' and it's one password in a place where the alternative to the 'alternative scene' is genuinely frightening: apartheid South Africa. A place where the underground stays underground out of fear; where musicians write that they are 'worried about sending foreign mailings'; and fanzine editors apologise for not being able to give their contributors' last names. The multi-racial SA music scene is, however, very much there despite *"the negativity engendered by apartheid laws, lack of venues, astronomical studio fees and constant fears which intrude on the awareness of the general public"* — to quote one participant.

In fact, the communication engendered by these constraints is amazing: almost every struggling group helps spread the word about others (if not actually gigging, jamming or recording with them) and vital info such as the names of sympathetic studios circulate via cassette. Originally, the main documenter of the punk side of the scene was Jon Roxi's mag *The Palladium,* but as it approaches its 20th issue, it has gained an ally: Luke Alfred's *Spotless Oblation.*

There's even an *i-D* for SA . . . *Snake In The Grass,* whose second issue comes complete with appropriate Haines-y and MacLarenesque slogans (like 'Don't Worry — Panic!') and a *real* 'See Jungle' section. *Snake* is a sharply executed photo-report which makes incisive political points through its fashion and clubbing coverage. Because yes, SA has clubs too, such as the popular Scratch in Cape Town.

The scene's newest spokesmen are David and Steve, who have launched a cassette mag called *Surplus Value,* an aural introduction to both the pluses and minuses operative Down Under The Thumb. Its impassioned editorial makes clear how large a part politics play in all SA art *("Anybody interested in art, culture, whatever — we have got a role to play in society here")* and mentions the death of detainee Neil Agett (as does *The Palladium).* SV also say they *"want to act as an outlet for whoever feels stifled by the conservative bias projected by ABC or Capital Radio".*

Take you by surprise? Well, it shouldn't. We may not be able to find out the truth about what's going on in South Africa, but they certainly are aware of our 'musical influences' and their scene is every bit as broad a spectrum as anywhere else.

Surplus Value, for instance, carries interviews and music from two bands whose work and views showcase quite different quarters: the punk thrash of Riot Squad (mentioned in Christmas *Thrills,* they're a big fave of Crass') and the bubbly synth-pop of the fashion-conscious Bionic Automatons.

Another slice of SA musical awareness is provided by the Kwela bands all over the country, who play uptempo township music and sing in Bantu vernacular. One man who hopes to make their stuff an inspiration outside as well as inside the borders is Lloyd Ross, guitarist with rock band Happy Ships and would-be studio manager (he's working on his own recording set-up.) Ross has already helped with an EP by art/sound experimentalists the Kalahari Surfers.

'Burning Tractors Keep Us Warm', the Kalahari duo's EP, illustrates the typical SA recording difficulties. The two Surfers both play with Happy Ships in happy times; this EP represented a long-desired solo-ish project for them. Side two of it had to be taped in one of their bedrooms on a portable cassette and the title cut in a warehouse where an eight-track film tape recorder was briefly available. With the help of Harry Rag from German band SYPH, the rest of the bush-Beatnik jamming was laid down at the 'sympathetic' C&G studios — which required a trek to Durban, where they're sited.

The result is patchy — it moves from transistor-type confusion through semi-dub percussion and fades out in the end with mysterious voices joined ever-so-faintly in harmony. Executors Warric and Hamish say they think of it as 'stifled art', but the underlying sense of militancy (as well as the trademark of cutting each track off quite suddenly) is unnerving.

Hamish and Warric are not alone; the Empty Set, Asylum Kids, Pett Frogg, Desert Moves, National Wake, Radio Rats and others are in the same position — yet they all regularly make the pages of the scene's alternative press, just as do reviews of LPs by groups like The Roadworkers (Trutone) or Sweet Soweto Songsters (RPM).

Surplus Value offers a start if you want to lend some support to a musical underground committed enough to smuggle out cuttings about the Nyanga hunger strikers with their demos and embryonic press releases. *S.V.* are *"more interested in serving as an outlet than in creating a market"* — they want your contributions, and they also plan to run their letters section on upcoming cassettes. Their address is Box 1142, Parow-East, 7501 South Africa.

Other contacts: 'Burning Tractors Keep Us Warm' by the Kalahari Surfers can be ordered by contacting Warric and Hamish at 7 Margo Flats, Chelsea Ave, 8001 Cape Town, South Africa. (Address enquiries about Happy Ships to the same address.) *The Palladium* is at PO Box 10287, Strubenvale 1570, Springs, South Africa; *Spotless Oblation* at 20 Pretoria Street, Highlands North Ext. 2192 South Africa; and *Snake In The Grass* is available from Frankie and Jane at 88 Shortmarket St, Cape Town, South Africa.

Cynthia Rose

DAT OLE ART SCHOOL BOOGIE

Jean and Gene: Clothes from Western Rubber Fetishists Co.

FIRST HORNSEY College of Art in London cashes in on Antfame with the inclusion of 'works' by Stuart Leslie Goddard among its centenary exhibits. Now, from the same vocational environment that brought you Talking Heads and The Tits (The Rhode Island School of Design) come Rubber Rodeo, an "exercise in commercial art" recently recruited to EatRecords by Bostonian Don Rose.

Rubber Rodeo, says Rose (or 'Roze'), are "packaging and marketing a product that's a calculated reflection of American pop culture — combining the newest R'n'R with those elements of the cowboy tradition reflected in the TV and comics of the '50s and '60s." Rose (who also likes 'urban chili') calls the concept 'Prairie Modern' which, with *Women's Wear Daily* telling us the future lies in 'Prairie Chic' and British *Vogue* spending 14 precious fashion pages telling us to 'Wear Plains Clothes' to become Pioneers of '82, sounds timely.

Their *roots,* though? "Gene Autry and Devo; understanding the reference points requires some sophistication" says their manager. (Cult comedian Martin Mull, of course, also hailed from Providence).

In reality, lead singer Robert Holmes and brother Barclay Holmes are the sons of an Ohio Supreme Court justice, and astronaut John Glenn was their next-door neighbour growing up in the suburbs. "We're slightly satirical," says Holmes the elder, "but we don't make fun of C&W." Bob Holmes has a huge collection of cowboy toys and comics; previously, he performed with the Asphalt Cowboys and before that with Blind Gary And The Foggy Vision Boys. Brother Barclay is a refugee from "Boring Music, a French band".

Other Rubber Rodeo personnel include Patrician Milliken (who mans both Farfisa and vocal mike in a Partonesque platinum wig which would make Morricone — another "influence" — want to strangle her), Doug Allen (vocals, bass, string bass), Gary Leib (synthesisers!), and Mark Tomeo (pedal steel). Inspired by a reverie which occurred during the playing of a Hank Williams record, but which reminded lead singer Bob of the equally existential lone plains of the New Wave, Rubber Rodeo caused a critic from the *New Yorker* to remark that the singers *"preserve an evil aloofness during the sentimental ballads".* Prairie Perversity maybe, or isthat next week's thing?

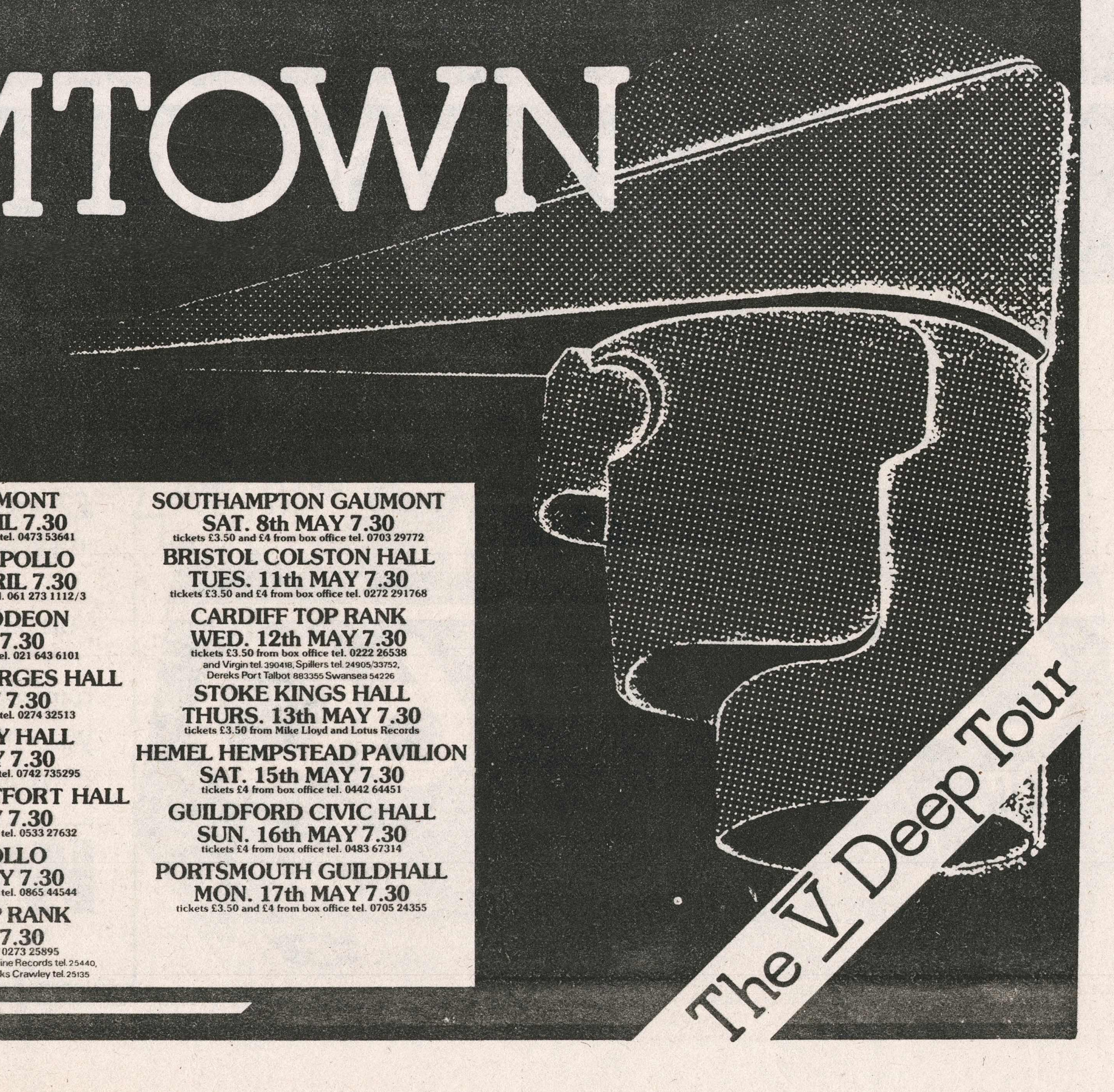
Coming up: Cool It Reba, contracted to Steel Magnolia management and already giggling!

Beverly Hills

Kiltorch presents

THE BOOMTOWN RATS

plus support



DERBY ASSEMBLY ROOMS
FRI. 16th APRIL 7.30
tickets £3.50 and £4 from box office tel. 0332 31111 ext 2255

NEWCASTLE CITY HALL
SAT. 17th APRIL 7.30
tickets £3.50 and £4 from box office tel. 0632 20007

GLASGOW APOLLO
SUN. 18th APRIL 7.30
tickets £3.50 and £4 from box office tel. 041 332 6055

ABERDEEN CAPITOL
MON. 19th APRIL 7.30
tickets £3.50 and £4 from box office tel. 0224 23141

EDINBURGH PLAYHOUSE
TUES. 20th APRIL 7.30
tickets £3.50 and £4 from box office tel. 031 667 3805

LIVERPOOL EMPIRE
THURS. 22nd APRIL 7.30
tickets £3.50 and £4 from box office tel. 051 709 1555

LANCASTER UNIVERSITY
FRI. 23rd APRIL 7.30
tickets £3.50 from box office tel. 0524 65201

HAMMERSMITH ODEON
SUN. 25th APRIL 7.30
tickets £4.50, £4, £3.50 from box office tel. 01 748 4081 and usual agents

IPSWICH GAUMONT
TUES. 27th APRIL 7.30
tickets £3.50 and £4 from box office tel. 0473 53641

MANCHESTER APOLLO
THURS. 29th APRIL 7.30
tickets £3.50 and £4 from box office tel. 061 273 1112/3

BIRMINGHAM ODEON
SAT. 1st MAY 7.30
tickets £3.50 and £4 from box office tel. 021 643 6101

BRADFORD ST. GEORGES HALL
SUN. 2nd MAY 7.30
tickets £3.50 and £4 from box office tel. 0274 32513

SHEFFIELD CITY HALL
TUES. 4th MAY 7.30
tickets £3.50 and £4 from box office tel. 0742 735295

LEICESTER DE MONTFORT HALL
WED. 5th MAY 7.30
tickets £3.50 and £4 from box office tel. 0533 27632

OXFORD APOLLO
THURS. 6th MAY 7.30
tickets £3.50 and £4 from box office tel. 0865 44544

BRIGHTON TOP RANK
FRI. 7th MAY 7.30
tickets £3.50 from box office tel. 0273 25895 and Virgin tel. 28167, Polysound tel. 691012, Fine Records tel. 25440, Record Centre Worthing tel. 203529, Cloaks Crawley tel. 25135

SOUTHAMPTON GAUMONT
SAT. 8th MAY 7.30
tickets £3.50 and £4 from box office tel. 0703 29772

BRISTOL COLSTON HALL
TUES. 11th MAY 7.30
tickets £3.50 and £4 from box office tel. 0272 291768

CARDIFF TOP RANK
WED. 12th MAY 7.30
tickets £3.50 from box office tel. 0222 26538 and Virgin tel. 390418, Spillers tel. 24905/33752, Dereks Port Talbot 883355 Swansea 54226

STOKE KINGS HALL
THURS. 13th MAY 7.30
tickets £3.50 from Mike Lloyd and Lotus Records

HEMEL HEMPSTEAD PAVILION
SAT. 15th MAY 7.30
tickets £4 from box office tel. 0442 64451

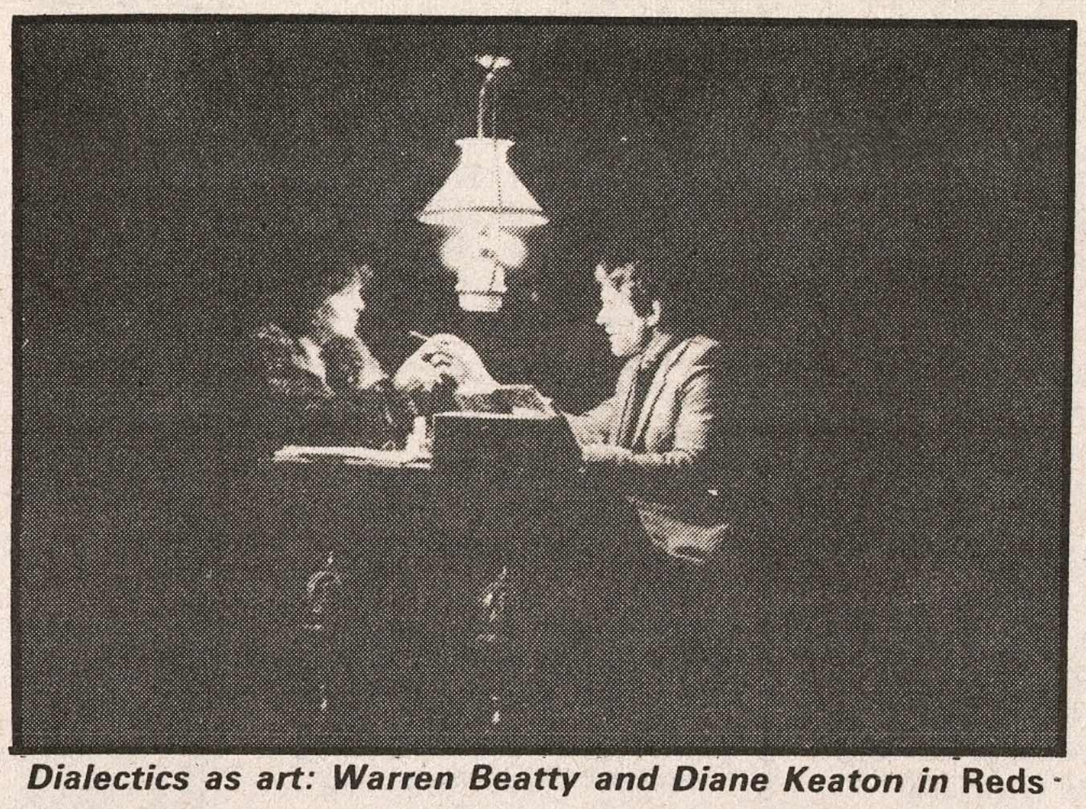
GUILDFORD CIVIC HALL
SUN. 16th MAY 7.30
tickets £4 from box office tel. 0483 67314

PORTSMOUTH GUILDHALL
MON. 17th MAY 7.30
tickets £3.50 and £4 from box office tel. 0705 24355

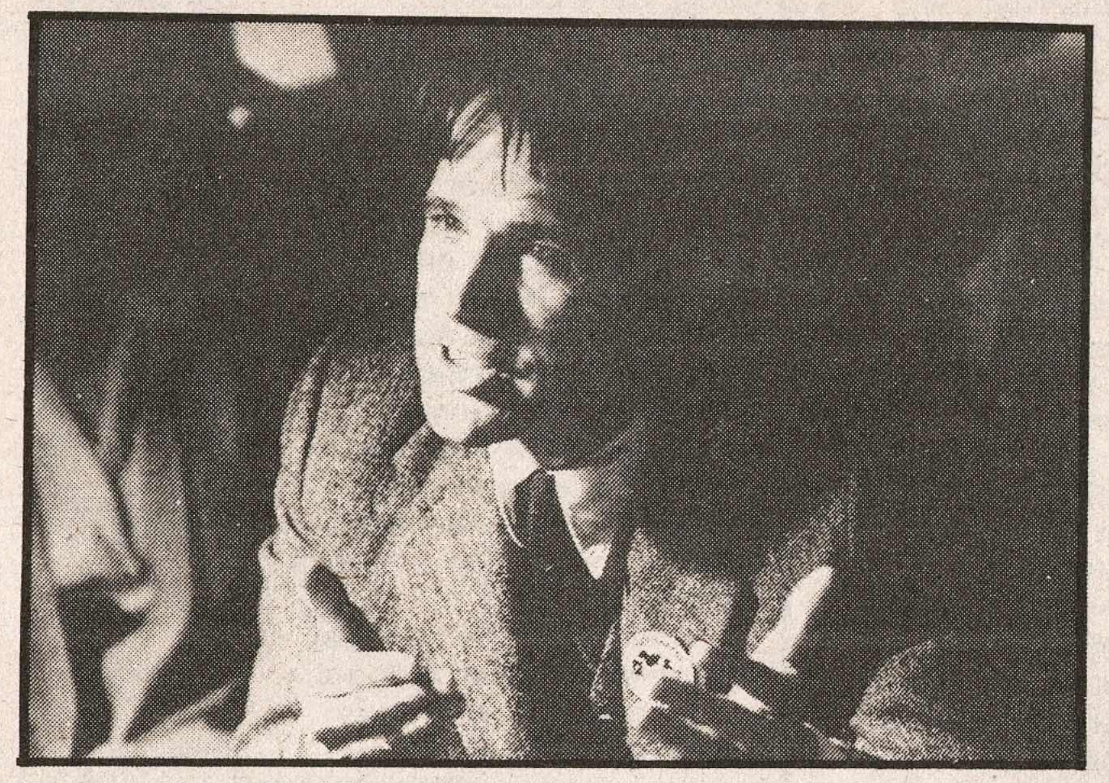
Paul Tickell talks to TREVOR GRIFFITHS, co-writer of *Reds*, about class, culture and his new play *Oi For England*

REDS,

WHITE AND BLUE: THE POLITICS OF COLOUR



Dialectics as art: Warren Beatty and Diane Keaton in Reds



"UNDOUBTEDLY IN THE '60s the drive to comprehensivisation was progressive, but subsequent events have demonstrated that comprehensives are no social panacea, are in fact large bureuacratic units in which equality of opportunity is a bull-shit idea. High flyers are what school is about — the rest become a discipline problem."

It's Trevor Griffiths talking — co-author of Warren Beatty's Oscar-festooned Russian Revolution romance *Reds*. but better known in this country as the writer of plays and TV series (*Comedians, Bill Brand, Country,* etc) and adapter of DH Lawrence's *Sons And Lovers* for the small screen. He's talking about *The Love Maniac,* a play "about a liberal hippy anarchist school-teacher", which — against the grain of the times — he wrote in the late '60s. The script was bought for BBC TV by Tony Garnett (now best known as a producer of docu-drama, notably the *Law And Order* series) but never actually went into production.

However, it did mark the start of a full-time writing career for Griffiths (originally from Manchester and still living up North) who had previously worked as a teacher in a college of Further Education in Stockport.

Since then he's never looked back. Or maybe he has. Because for all the variety of his writing, his most recent work, a play for Central TV called *Oi For England* — about a skin band, seen rehearsing in a Moss Side basement, who are invited to play at a fascist rally by The Man, a BM/NF type organiser — is easily recognisable as the product of the writer who gave *The Love Maniac* its sour but vibrant perceptiveness all those 15 years ago.

In fact, *Oi For England* was originally conceived as a classroom drama (perhaps a little in the manner of Barrie Keeffe's *Gimme Shelter*) when, over a year ago, Griffiths spoke at a teachers conference examining the question of racism in schools.

"The picture we jointly developed was a bleak one — of racist recruitment of working-class kids going on at a fair lick in the classroom, the playgroup, and outside school on the football terraces.

"It seemed to me as an active playwright that there was a job to be done. Now the play I'd worked on before was a subtle, layered critique of ruling class power in 1945 — *Country,* sub-titled *A Love Story.* I wanted to do something hotter and more polemical.

"Just at that time the streets erupted in riots and I decided to take the play from the classroom, a detention class of 14 and 15-year-olds, and re-locate it amongst older kids."

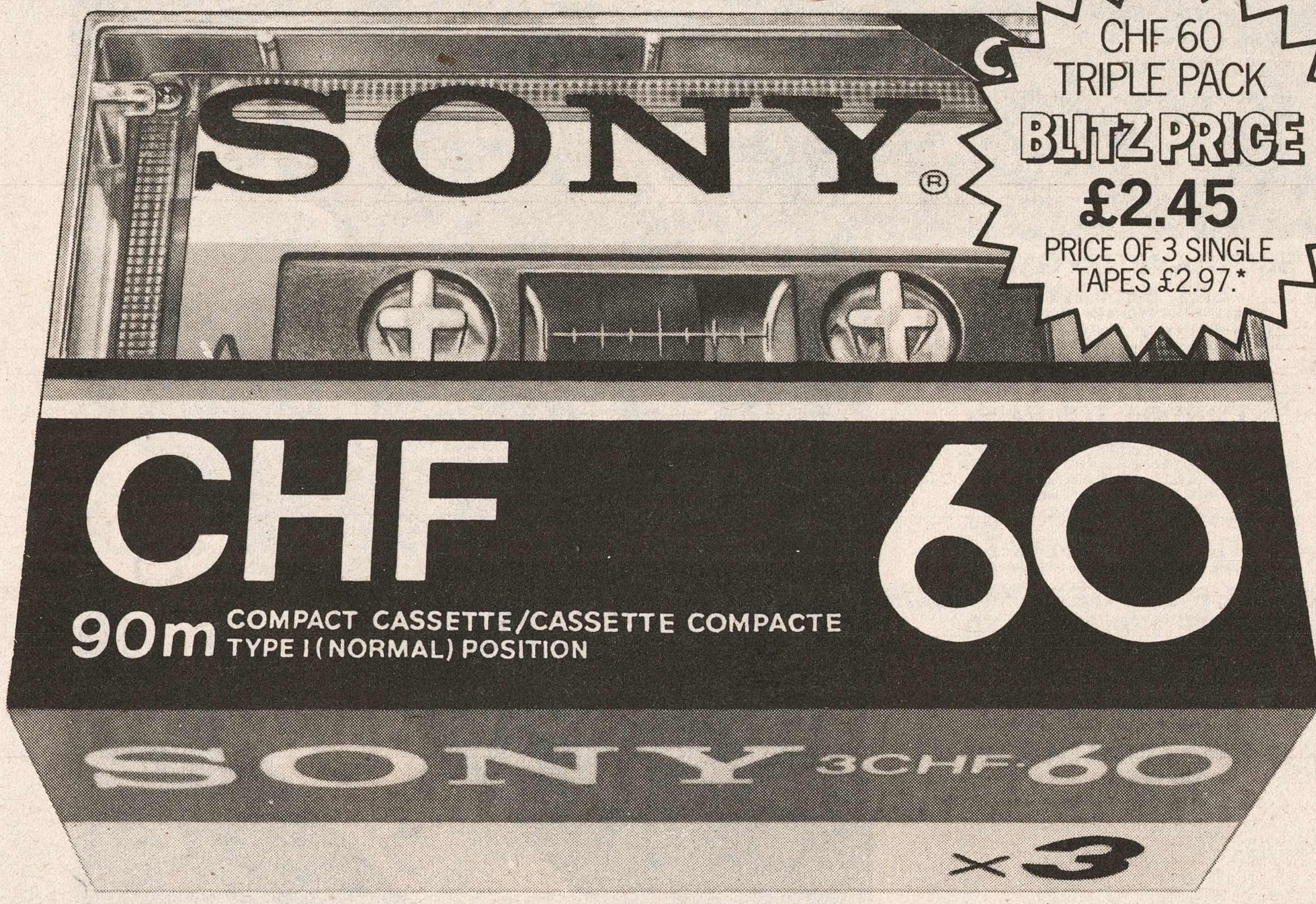
The result is a play which deals with racism and youth unemployment in specific terms and through concrete characters, not cliches. The skins in the band (they debate whether it should be called Ammunition or White Ammunition) are each individuals in their own right, from Swells (nothing to do with Seething) and Landry who don't hold very strong opinions, to Napper who isn't averse to mugging Pakistanis and who's all for playing for fascists, to Finn who comes to the conclusion, not in any glib fashion, that this idea is repugnant.

There's no doubt that Griffiths' sympathies lie with Finn, but by giving all his characters breathing space he moves away from the usual skin stereotypes.

"The play is arguing that the anger of white proletarian kids about this hulk of a society is wholly justified, but what needs to be looked at is how this anger is used. The solution for skins is certainly not confrontation with black youth and other proletarians — that is a complete diversion which will lead them back upon themselves. Working-class youth simply has to make a common cause — to fight for jobs and fullness of life. And that's nowhere near under Thatcher.

"Moreover, the play is saying that the media stereotype of the skin is too unsubtle to be of any use. The skin has his tap roots in the working class. He shaves his head and makes himself distinctive, but that to some extent is cosmetic because he hasn't lost his moral relationship with his class. If we separate him as some kind of demonic tendency, we miss

NOW, SONY EVEN MAKE YOUR POCKET SOUND BETTER



CHF 60 TRIPLE PACK
BLITZ PRICE
£2.45
PRICE OF 3 SINGLE TAPES £2.97.*

Thanks to their precision mechanism and sensitivity, Sony tapes bring out the best in any machine.

And at the Woolworth Blitz Price of £2.45 for a CHF 60 Triple Pack, they'll even improve the sound of your pocket.

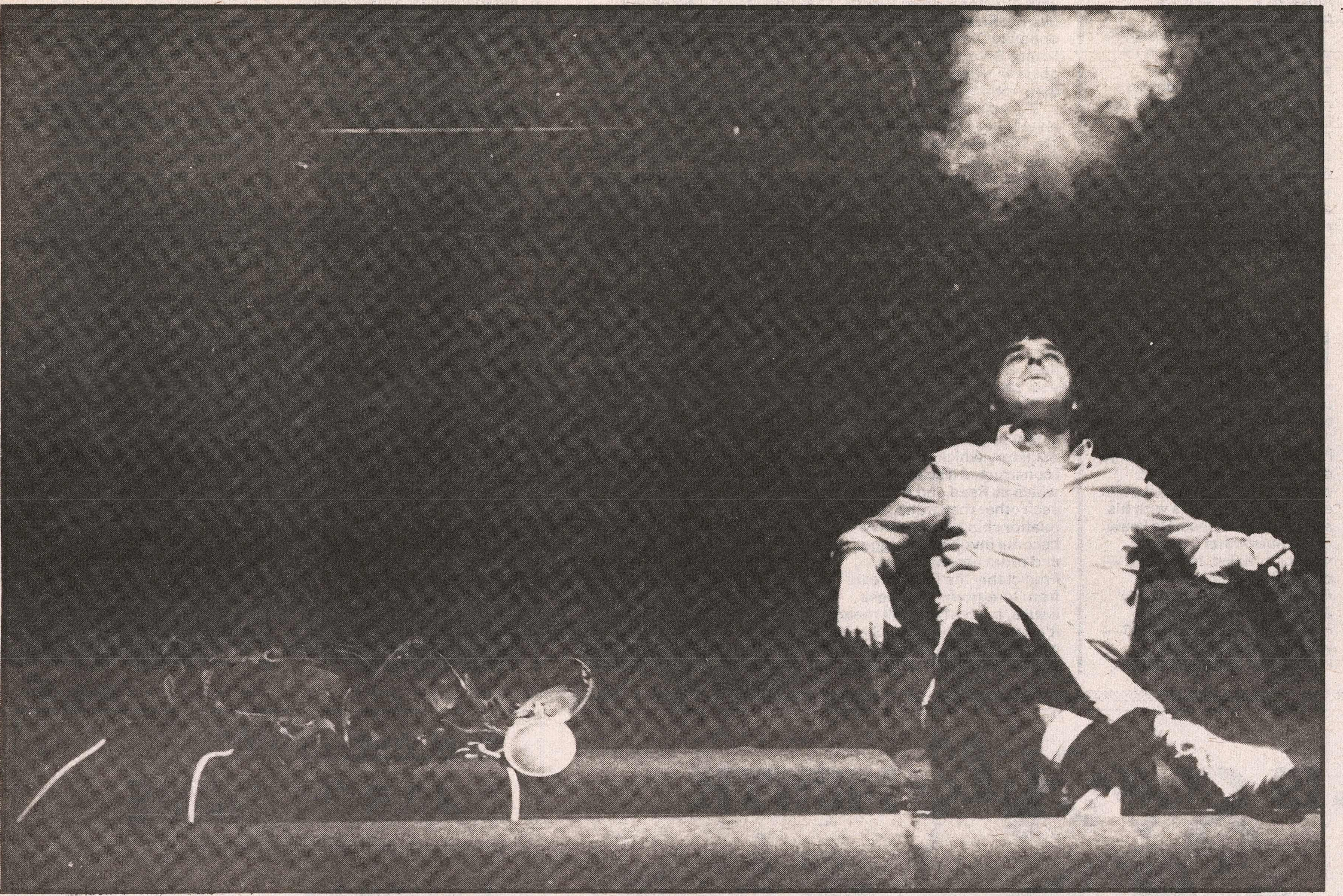
Namely, the sweet jingle of the 52p you save on the price of three single tapes.*

And with Woolworth's other famous-name tapes chiming in with low, low prices, your pocket could end up sounding as good as your music.

WOOLWORTH

And Woolco

*As sold at our Leeds store. Items subject to availability. Price and availability of advertised products may be different in Northern Ireland, the Republic of Ireland and the Channel Islands.



Trevor Griffiths . . . theatre for youth culture — *Pic: Pennie Smith*

the point and tell a lie.

"Racism is endemic to this society. It's a white problem, not a black one. And in so far as skinhead culture evinces that racism, it reflects the broader society.

"But skins are available to the political process and I'd like to give them a hearing. Skins are making their choices every day just like the earliest ones — and where are the '60s skins now? Married with kids probably, unemployed, living in Hackney, Sheffield or wherever, probably grown their hair, as confused as they ever were. I don't see that fascists have any automatic right to the skinhead, and if there's a struggle for his consciousness then one has to engage in it."

AS SOMEONE originally from the working class, Griffiths feels that he can get inside the skinhead's head. He also did a lot of research for the play, immersing himself in Oi music. Not that his was any kind of duty; he's very interested in pop and rock anyway, and picks up on a lot of what's going on from his three teenage children. The household is gently divided, though, with Griffiths wondering why his son listens to The Human League ("I'm not knocking the band — they have some strange talent") when there's the choice of Oi and punk.

Oi For England is a more authentic portrayal of young lumpen life-at-the-bottom than we normally see on TV, so much so that its author tells the tale of technicians visibly wincing when it was being made in Birmingham ("The moral majority heartland"), in the studios where *Crossroads* is usually done.

However, the play's gritty attempt at authenticity (Pixie, one of X Moore's Red skin chums, assures me that this is short of the mark) isn't its mainstay; because towards the end there's a move into the realm of metaphor, when Finn (a bit reminiscent of the skin clown in Griffiths' *Comedians*) ritualistically tools up like an American footballer, smashes the band's gear, smashes a radio playing Planxty's Irish folk music, and takes to the riot-torn streets (though this is left open-ended) to fight with Asians who, as in Southall, are taking on racists, many of them skins.

"It's very bleak, smashing Planxty on the radio, because for Finn, being of Irish extraction, it's his life-line into lyricism and tenderness, qualities which if we deny them in this macho society leave us diminished as people. And smashing the band equipment is just as bad, because it could be, as another character puts it, his way out of the pig-hole of joblessness and hopelessness.

"All this is done in favour of some sort of martial confrontation on the street which isn't an enormously positive answer, but maybe in the economic crisis the only one for someone like Finn. It's not his fault, but the over-arching society's, the government's and the bureaucracy's fault."

Although Griffiths is very obviously a socialist, he sees this as an enhancing not a narrowing proposition for a writer because it should lead

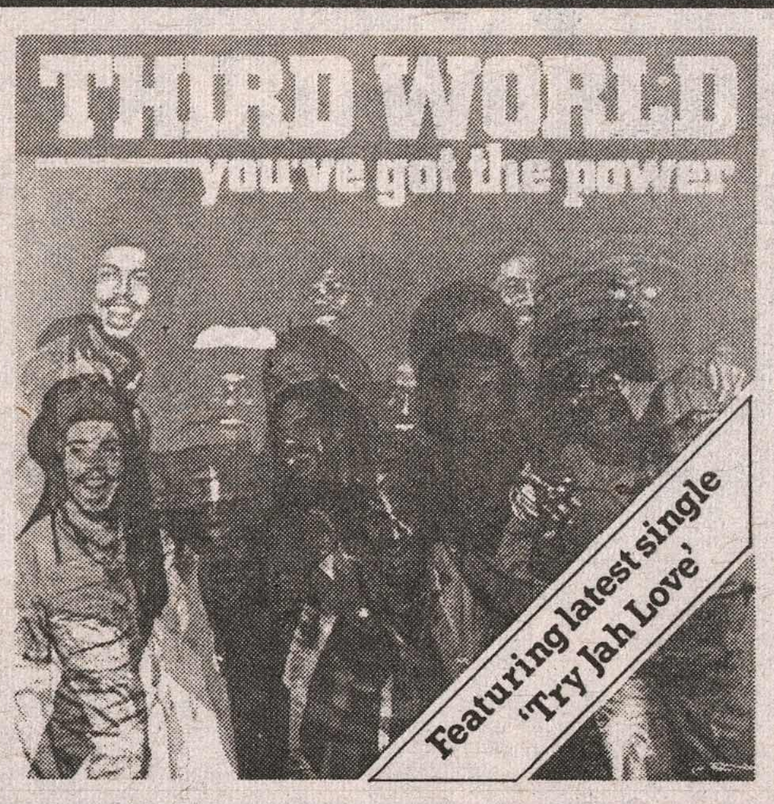
□ CONTINUED OVER

THIRD WORLD

you've got the power

new album and cassette.

Featuring Third World's latest single, 'Try Jah Love' – out now in picture bag – and 'You're Playing Us Too Close', alongside tracks written and produced by Stevie Wonder.
It all adds up to another powerful album from Third World.



Album: CBS 85563
Cassette: CBS 40/85563

Third World on tour

MAY

Sun. 2 Poole Arts Centre
Mon. 3 Brighton Centre
Tues. 4 Bristol Locarno
Wed. 5 Manchester Apollo
Thurs. 6 Birmingham Odeon
Sat. 8 Edinburgh Playhouse
Mon. 10 Liverpool Empire
Tues. 11 London Hammersmith Odeon
Wed. 12 London Hammersmith Odeon

Tour presented by Derek Block

OI! TREV.

□ FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

to an interest in the whole of society, both high and low, and to a treatment of the question of Power — who does and doesn't hold it, and why?

Complementary to this, he sees his work as a form of infiltration, a cultural entryism into the mainstream which entails the "critical" use of popular genres, realism, and conventional narrative.

"I don't see why the whole immediate historical context of Britain shouldn't be open to you — and as many genres as you can handle, which necessarily takes you from class to class, location to location as it were.

"Brecht managed it with Germany. He wasn't some sort of magician — it's based on experience, imagination, analysis, thought. A very unfamiliar concept to British writers: Thought."

Like Brecht, Griffiths is fond of a cigar. He also shares with him a wily refusal to be pigeon-holed.

"In the mid-'70s I spent two years doing *Bill Brand*, a TV series about a left-wing Labour MP. But that doesn't make me the chronicler of the Labour Party. Compartmentalising is this culture's favourite device for de-fusing, de-limiting, what you have to say. The best advice Noel Coward ever gave a playwright was — Never come out of the same trap twice."

BRECHT WOULD'VE approved: a committed playwright quoting a reactionary like Coward to his own advantage. You use whatever you can . . . And just like Brecht, a Communist Party supporter, was prepared during World War Two to work the Hollywood system in exile, so has Griffiths with his screenplay for *Reds*. He knew at the outset that his script about journalist John Reed — one of the founders of the American Communist Party and an eye-witness of the revolution in Russia in 1917 — would be very much a Hollywood version of events, with director Warren Beatty playing Reed and starring opposite Diane Keaton as Louise Bryant, Reed's obsessive love; but better this than nothing at all.

"An active part of American history has been recovered. The US silent majority are now being confronted with images of a period which historiography has not treated well.

"Socialists cannot afford the purity of impotence, especially if you're involved in a collaborative art form which requires huge investment. If you want to make far-reaching strategic cultural penetrations, then you have to deal with capitalism and take your chances.

"Beatty always saw it as a love story, and I'm interested in that too, but also the forces of history which drive people. I constructed a scenario in which as Reed and Bryant find each other they transcend that relationship because they become involved in bigger and more urgent issues. Predictably the film retreats from foregrounding these issues, but that doesn't mean it's a waste of time. It's 30 per cent progressive. Simply to show Lenin in a Hollywood movie is extraordinary."

Griffiths relished the stir which *Reds* has caused in America, Oscars and all. Over here the response has been more lukewarm, predictably from know-it-all metropolitan critics.

"Overnight these critics have become historians, saying whether this or that detail is right about Bryant. What bullshit. Where did they ever hear of her before this movie, which has re-created her from a totally covered-over life?"

In a different kind of way *Oi For England* 'recovers' the riots of last summer. It says much more about them than what passed for journalism (Trotskyist motorcyclists as the cause of unrest, etc) at the time. And certainly there are few writers around who could attempt an *imaginative* grasp of the situation last summer (and this?) in Britain's rotting city innards. Most authors are too busy scribbling about adultery in Hampstead, doing reviews for Lit Supplements and *New Statesmans;* and when they do attempt something relevant or youth-orientated, they just sound patronising and out of touch like Stephen Poliakoff (eg the *Bloody Kids* tele-film).

After *Oi* has been transmitted on TV (the IBA permitting, who've already stipulated that it be shown at 10pm on a weekend and not at 9pm on a weekday), it will be performed on stage by various theatre groups throughout Britain. The play will be 'translated' from its Moss Side location to whatever region it happens to be playing in. Already the Royal Court are preparing for a youth-club tour of London.

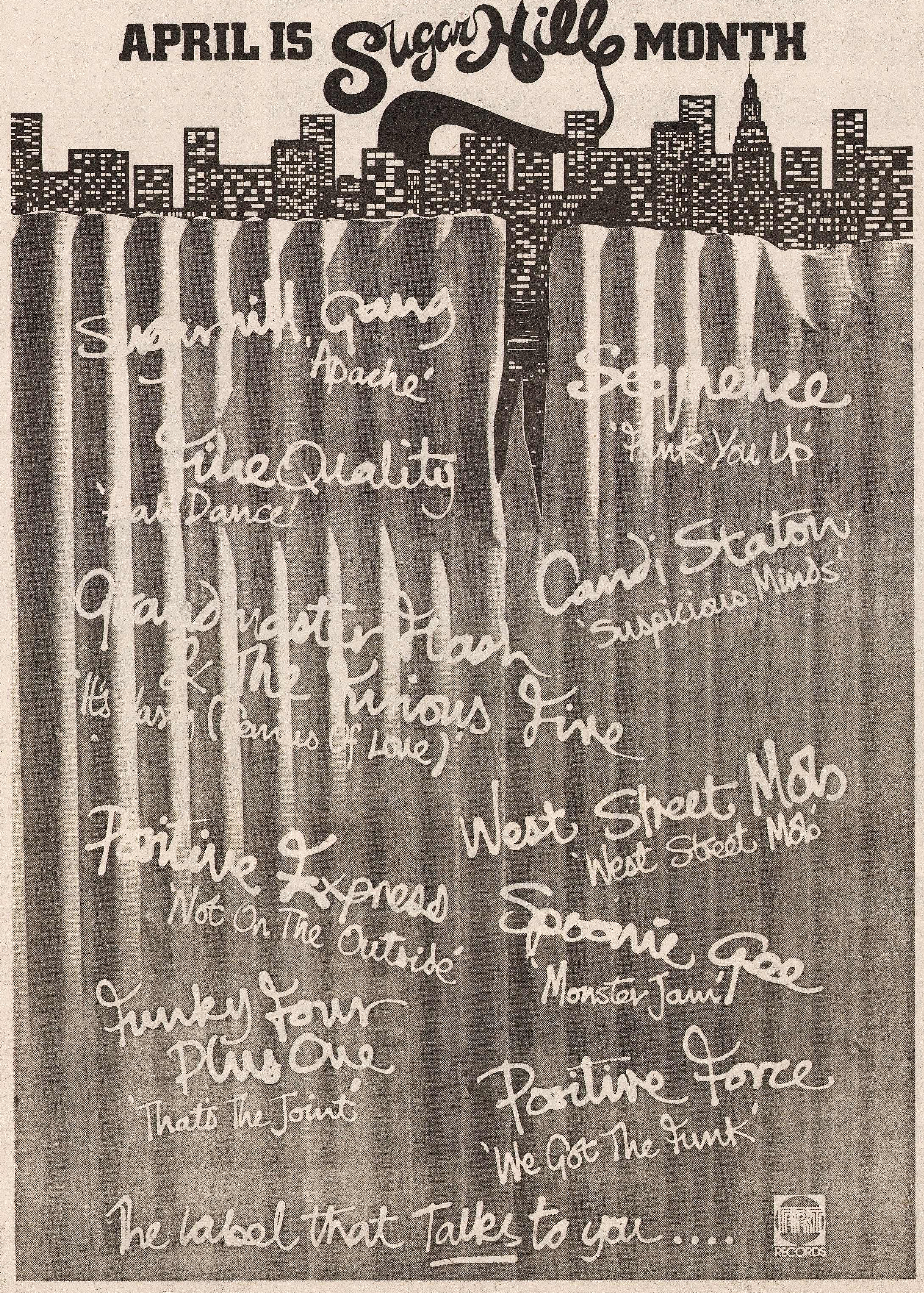
Griffiths wants the play performed in "non-theatrical sites" so that "theatre goes to the youth culture" and not the other way around. Hopefully, time for discussion will be structured into the evening's entertainment.

In spite of his politics, Griffiths doesn't belong to any political party. Not that he's against political organisations; rather he's suspicious of the dangers of ossification or institutionalisation for any party. He's particularly down on the Labour Party ("young people will join it when it genuinely offers them something") and the way in which its post-war stance has unwittingly given the ultra-right, and people like The Man in *Oi*, room to manoeuvre. In order to convey this, The Man is presented as sinisterly attractive, not because he's a fascist and racist, but because, in a very distorted fashion, his sentiments are close to the heart of the working class.

"His ideology has some very powerful truth in it, a buried critique of parties left and right. He clearly has no analysis of imperialism, of slavery and world-wide pillage, but what he says about society since the 18th century being built on the sweat and bone of the white working class is true.

"It's what the Labour Party could've been saying in the Wilson-Callaghan years, but chose not to, avoiding all class analysis in this political discourse. Consequently, some workers have turned away towards more attractive solutions: smash the Yid and Paki . . ."

Oi For England confronts the problem of racism and sees it as part of the very fabric of our society, not some pathological excrescence. Most plays, even supposedly left-wing ones, just politely avert their gaze.



Next week in NME

CHAS 'N' DAVE

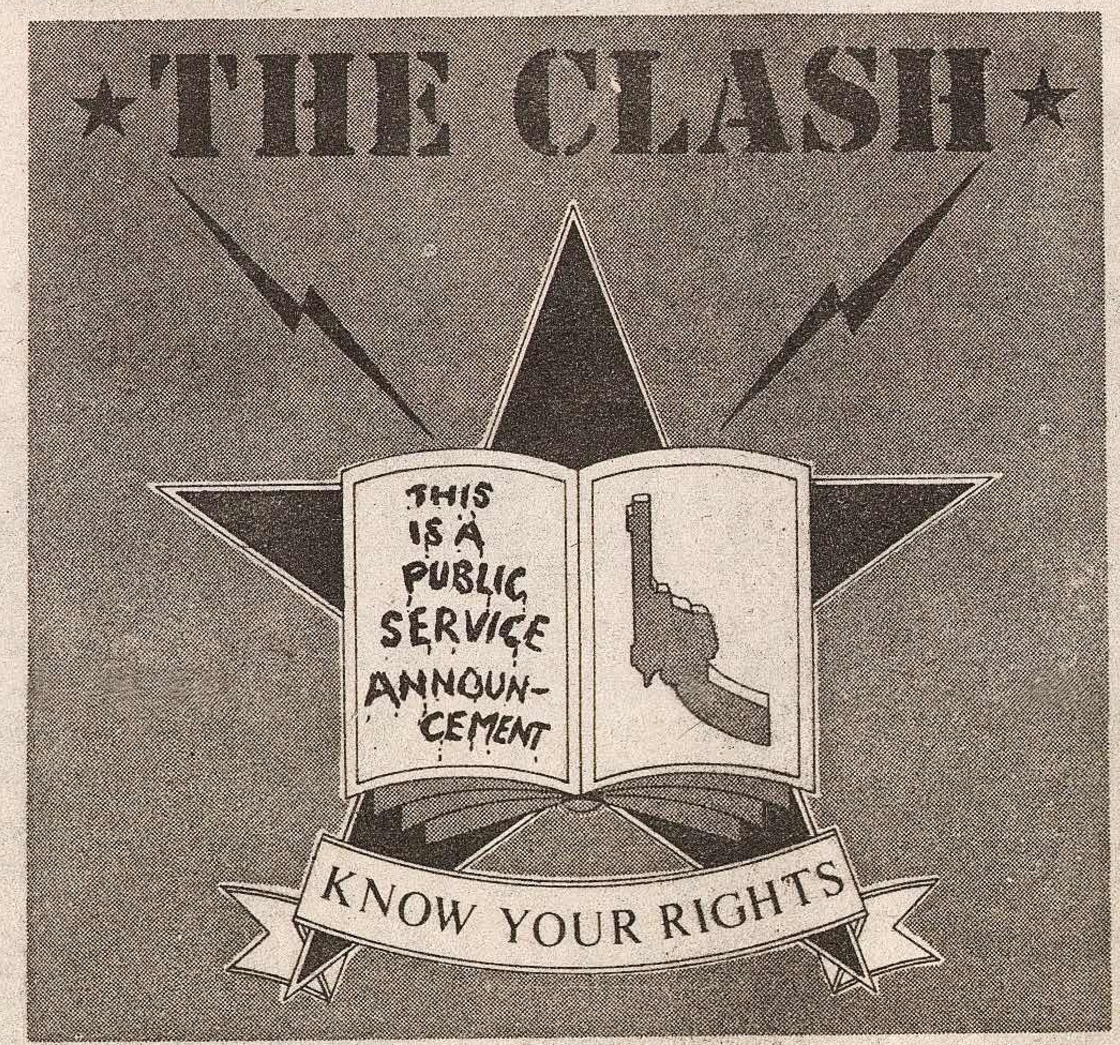
Danny Baker plays professional cockneys.

ANIMAL NIGHTLIFE

Adrian Thrills on 'Badger Watch' in decadent southern niteclubs.

TODD RUNDGREN

Is there life after 'Utopia'? We despatched Paul Morley to the States to find out.



50 WATTS OF POWER!

COMPREHENSIVE PUBLIC ADDRESS SYSTEM

Seven inputs — Mic (4); Disc; Tape; Auxilliary . . . full mixing of all inputs . . . VU meter . . . 8 ohm and 166 ohm (line) outputs . . . operates from either mains or 12V car battery . . . two unit construction.

SOUNDS ELECTRIC!

Everyday Electronics frequently provides designs for a wide range of equipment for music fans, whatever their tastes, including phaser, tremolo, waa-waa and fuzz effects units; also Sound To Light Displays and "Chaser Light Displays" — plus other projects covering motoring, photography, disco, radio and games!

EXTRA 8-PAGE SUPPLEMENT A constructors Guide to discrete and integrated devices.

Everyday ELECTRONICS

MAY ISSUE OUT NOW

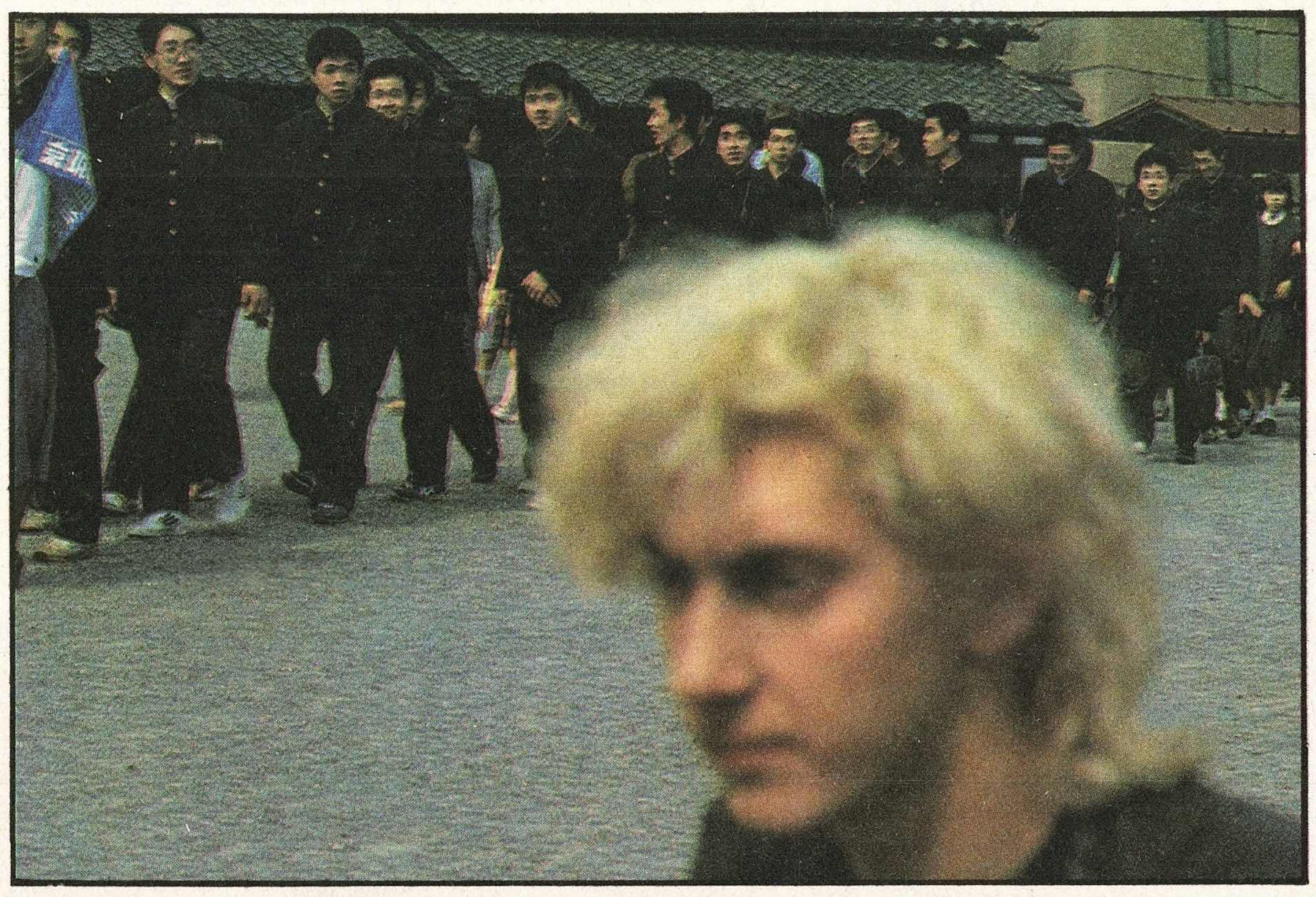
I Love Rock-n-Roll
'I Love Rock 'n' Roll' the latest album and single from Joan Jett And The Blackhearts.
Having smashed their way to the top of the American charts —both are now available in the U.K.
JOAN JETT
& the blackhearts
I LOVE ROCK 'N' ROLL
Listen to Joan Jett on the latest issue (No. 11) of SFX.
Epic
Album: EPC 85686
Cassette: EPC 40/85686
Single: EPC A 2152

BANSHAI!

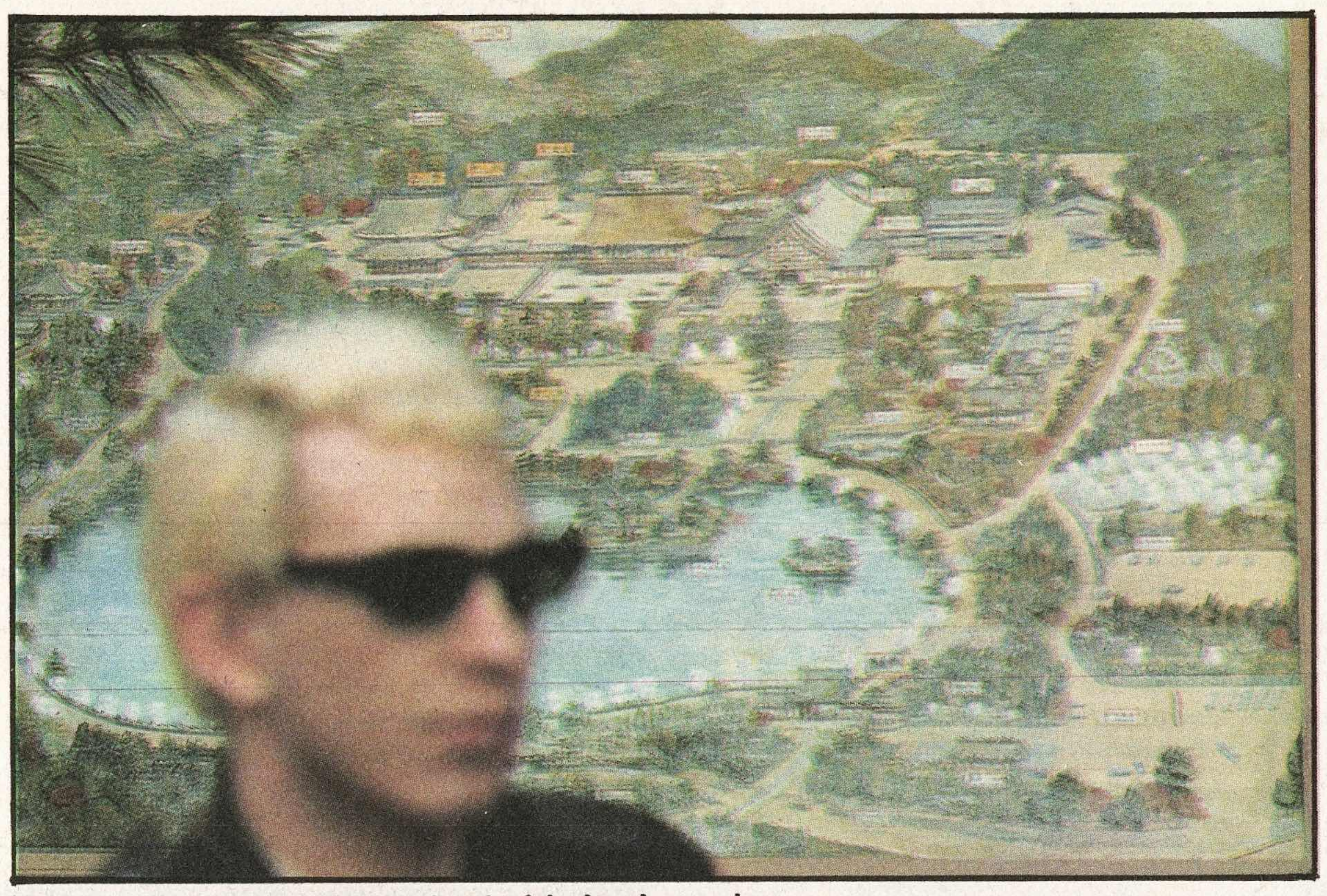
Don't cry Kyoto, it's only Siouxsie And The Banshees taking Mount Fuji by strategy on their first Japanese tour.

Despatches: Paul Du Noyer

Photography: Anton Corbijn

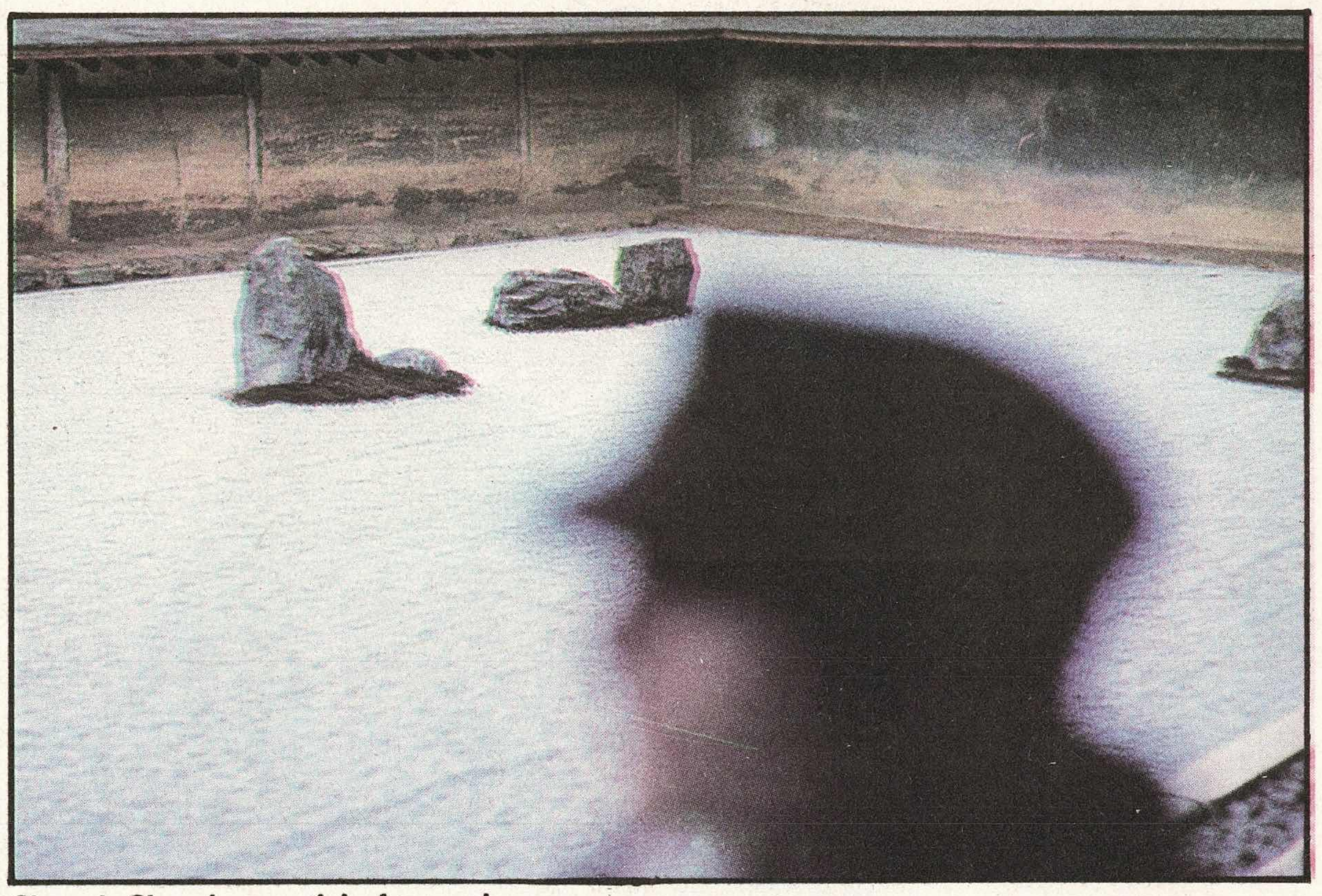


Budgie sets an example to the high school cadet corps.



Steve Severin makes a lightning sketch of the hotel grounds.

John McGeoch scribbles a postcard home.



Siouxsie Sioux buys a stick of zen rock.

BEAUTIFUL BUT BRIEF, the Japanese cherry blossom trees are in bloom for only two weeks of the year. And, with that quietly impeccable politeness for which their country is rightly renowned, this year's blossoms have timed their splendour precisely, to coincide exactly with the first visit to these shores of one Siouxsie Sioux, and her Banshees three. And me.

Arriving with a weirdly mysterious reputation before them — "we thought of them as the group from the dark side of the moon" as one girl put it to me — Siouxsie And The Banshees appeared on stage four times, and answered 3000 interview questions, signed a million autographs (it seemed), and posed for enough fans' camera-snaps to reach all the way home to London.

And more than that, in their short stay, I saw and felt them make that electric pop contact: the magical instinctive link which we grow old, or too cool, to forget about, or bury under too much needless theorising.

Their audience was young, and very largely female, and beneath its native restraint it tingled with fresh naive excitement. Let me remember.

The first show was in a little club in a big neon-lit city. I arrived five minutes before the start (and travelling from Tooting to Tokyo, that was pretty neat timing, I thought) and found myself in an atmosphere charged with a delicious tension. The instant reminiscence was of the 100 Club, summer '76 — I know that if everyone who *says* they were at those Pistols gigs really did go, then the audience would have resembled some '70s version of the 'Sergeant Pepper' cover, but I *was* there — the same strange silence, the un-complacent anticipation, the wondrous sense of 'what the hell's about to happen in this small and crowded room?' . . .

The club date, and the big concert shows which followed it, were successes on every level, tempting the Banshees' camp to speculate that Japan might become the first country outside Britain where the group make a large and lasting impact. The tour is short — in keeping with their resolve that each appearance be a special event, instead of one more stop on a grinding schedule — and it's run with the brisk efficiency the Japanese apply to any enterprise. (Financial help comes via a sponsorship deal with Yamaha). A band member confides how it's useful the way local laws keep the road-crew away from drugs — and the roadies, meanwhile, say much the same about the group. Either way, morale is high.

Row on row of well-scrubbed, open-mouthed oriental faces stare up, enchanted by the onstage spectacle the Banshees present — Siouxsie moving, superbly-dressed, commanding and prancing like some particularly malicious goblin; the still sentinels of Steven Severin and John McGeoch flanking her at either side; and behind, head down, drummer Budgie's blond muppet mop flopping. Given the obvious lyric/language barrier, visual image is inevitably crucial to the Japanese consumer. But as a total show, the Banshees and their music do communicate more than fashion and glamour.

I understood more about the group, too. Always an admirer of theirs, more especially of the new era, 'JuJu' incarnation, I couldn't pretend to be "a fan" pure and simple. But getting away from England, with its inescapable preconceptions, I got a refreshing reminder of what the group would really mean to a fan. You drop all the conceptual luggage, all the words which conceal more than they illuminate, and you rediscover the plain attraction underneath. A pop group, no more, no less. And no wicked thing to be, in these or any other days.

THEY'VE BEEN a rather silent pop group lately, or so it's looked from the home country's point of view — apart from the Sioux/Budgie Creatures EP, only the singles-compilation (LP and best-selling video) has kept their name around since last summer's 'Arabian Knights'. They say that playing around the world explains their UK absence. But then there was that announcement that the big '81 British tour would be their last . . .

"What we were basically saying," offers John McGeoch, "was that we weren't going to slog around — and immediately we got this come-back of 'oh, the band are splitting up'. That, coupled with the fact that we've consciously been concentrating on our overseas markets, simply because we haven't been there before, and they're more interesting than playing the Top Rank Bognor Regis."

Steven Severin: "I don't know if we'll play in England (a couple of possible one-off's excepted) until the new album is ready, which should be early autumn. But that last UK tour was definitely the last tour of that size. We're gonna try and work out some new places to play."

What kind of things have put you off the standard tour, then?

Budgie: "Familiarity with the motorway service stations."

McGeoch: "It just becomes hard to be motivated, something that we always try and find within ourselves when we do a gig. It's hard to find that motivation if you're playing somewhere, and it feels like you've just been there a fortnight before — and you didn't even like it the first time. Siouxsie and Steve, Budgie and I, in different bands, have slogged around that circuit *x* amount of times."

Siouxsie: "I like the feeling of looking forward to playing a gig, and if it gets to 'oh God, I've got a gig to do', then that's the wrong frame of mind, and you can push youself out of that but it gets harder to do over a longer period of time."

Relatively simple affairs, the Japanese dates, she feels, are a challenge and a tonic: "Once you get to a certain stage, and the lights get better, and the sound quality, and the halls get bigger, you need to reassure yourself that

NIP OVER ▶

BANSHAI!

CONTINUED

you can still do it in a very bare situation as well, without having to rely on the bigness. And to know that we *can* still do it, well, it makes your head big!"

LAST NOVEMBER, in fact, should have seen the release of a new Siouxsie And The Banshees single, called 'Fireworks'. They recorded it in a rush, between tours, and according to Sioux, "it just wasn't good enough". The plan now is to re-record it this month, with current whizz Martin Rushent producing, for imminent issue. On top of that, they're gathering material for the next LP, follow-up to the impressive 'JuJu', their first set with the settled line-up that brought in John and Budgie.

"I think we've opened up the valve now," suggests Budgie. "It's all coming out now. The ideas had been bottled up."

Severin: "We did that on purpose, we consciously didn't push any new ideas for a long time. We just let it rest because we thought 'JuJu' was such a strong concept between the four of us. That came together very slowly, but when it did the understanding of that concept in the band was very strong. So we just left things for a while, until that influence from yourself had died away."

As for the new songs, some of which they're performing already, McGeoch suspects "there's an inkling of a thread between them. But in the same way as 'JuJu' ended up having a strong identity, it should be said that we didn't write that identity into the songs. The songs gave birth to the identity of the album, rather than the other way round. A lot of people think you go in with an idea for 'the concept', and of course some people do work like that, but once we start having new material it suggests its own identity. And the new stuff is in a slightly different vein, both in lyrical and musical terms."

Pointless, though, to ask the Banshees to explain *how* different. By no means the 'difficult' or unco-operative band some writers have called them, they still keep interview answers resolutely specific. Which is quite fair: their job is music.

"Questions like 'musical direction'," says Severin, "only get answers like 'looser', 'sexier', really ill-defined things like that, because that's all the germs are at the moment."

John: "There *is* a thread, which is the personality of the writers, and how they reflect on their situation at the time of writing. But we can't pin it down to any one word or sentence of how it's going to be. We're as interested as you are in seeing how it's going to go."

Of the new numbers I saw them play — like 'Fireworks', 'Coal Mind' and 'Cascade' — one called 'Painted Bird' sounded especially dramatic. It's based, they tell me, on the book of the same name by Polish/US author Jerzy Kosinski (writer of *Being There;* he also acts the part of Zinoviev in the film *Reds*). Set in Eastern Europe during the war, it follows the life of an orphaned boy.

"A very violent book," says Siouxsie. "But there's also like an abstract theme in that this guy used to collect birds, and when he was feeling really aggressive, or frustrated, he'd paint this bird with different colours, and then throw it to its flock. And it would recognise its flock, but because it was a different colour, they would attack it."

At which point, Budgie is struck with a parallel close to his heart, or rather his name: "D'you know that if a budgerigar escapes into the wild, after captivity, the sparrows kill it?"

"So don't go wild in the country then, Budgie," warns McGeoch.

"No it's true! They don't like all the colours, and they beat it up."

BUDGIE FLEW his particular cage, and lived to tell the tale, some time ago: it was that notoriously claustrophobic menagerie, the 'Liverpool scene', which he graced by drumming for Big In Japan, a group whose chaotic origins bear coincidental resemblance to those of the 100 Club Banshees. And now, via a stint with The Slits, he's a Banshee and *really* Big In Japan.

Immediately likeable by nature, he takes the most open pleasure of the four members in living the itinerant pop star fantasy, and with his stooped loping walk, beercan in hand, and leather trousers, most looks the part. At the same time, his personal contribution to the group is as valuable as his drumming: relaxed, down-to-earth, and self-skitting as you've got to be when telling how you skived off school judo lessons through a phobia about breaking your "roman" nose — "roamin' all over me face".

John McGeoch, 26, married, is a Greenock-raised Scotsman who lends the band some welcome musical scope, as well as a personal air of solidity and thoughtfulness — a steadiness only marginally undermined by his healthy native enthusiasm for a pint or eight now and again. He made his name, of course, as guitarist in Magazine (having met Devoto while at art school in Manchester). His plans for the months ahead include making a solo LP, co-produced with Severin. But heavy tour commitments prevented him doing any further work with Visage (whose first album he played on) — "much to my accountant's disappointment, no doubt."

Siouxsie and Steven, the two founder-members, move inside the Banshees' world-within-a-world — a kind of mobile bubble — sharing a long friendship and a common air of studied stylishness. Both I'd describe, appreciatively, as cool — without being cold, as their initial reserve might, off-puttingly, appear on first acquaintance.

Although born in the sound of Bow Bells, Siouxsie is witheringly scornful of oi-oi Cockney heartiness. Still there are plenty of glimpses of a feisty South London girl, with a passion for funfairs and Betty Boop, beneath the near-Garboesque poise of her public self. (Incidentally, while Budgie was dodging school judo, Sioux was practicing the javelin — a skill she's preserved with the mike-stand, as one or two early gig trouble-makers discovered at the cost of bruised heads).

Severin, like McGeoch, has plans for some solo work, or rather collaboration, with The Cure's guitarist Robert Smith: "First thing we're gonna do is, we've written a song that we're gonna record as a single, and we'll audition people to sing it. That'll probably lead to an album with just me and him, probably some guest singers. It's all a hangover from the friendship of when he played guitar for the Banshees" (as emergency stand-in on the tour where John McKay abruptly left).

But Siouxsie's careful to point out that all the extra-curricular activity does *not* signify any tensions within the group: "It's surprising that after The Creatures' EP, a lot of people thought that the band had split up. People were saying 'What's going on?' But it's really important to put across that because we *have* loosened up like that, and we do go off somewhere, that's why we're together so long. It's the difference between being married to someone and being in love with someone."

The Creatures project — five numbers which Sioux and Budgie did together, using just voice and drums — *was* an interesting diversion, arising spontaneously out of the 'JuJu' sessions, and it's an experiment they intend to repeat. At the time of the EP's release, though, more attention got focussed on the cover pictures: action photos of the two Creatures, cavorting naked in a shower. "Wet, exhausted and pissed" is Budgie's summation of their state during the shooting session.

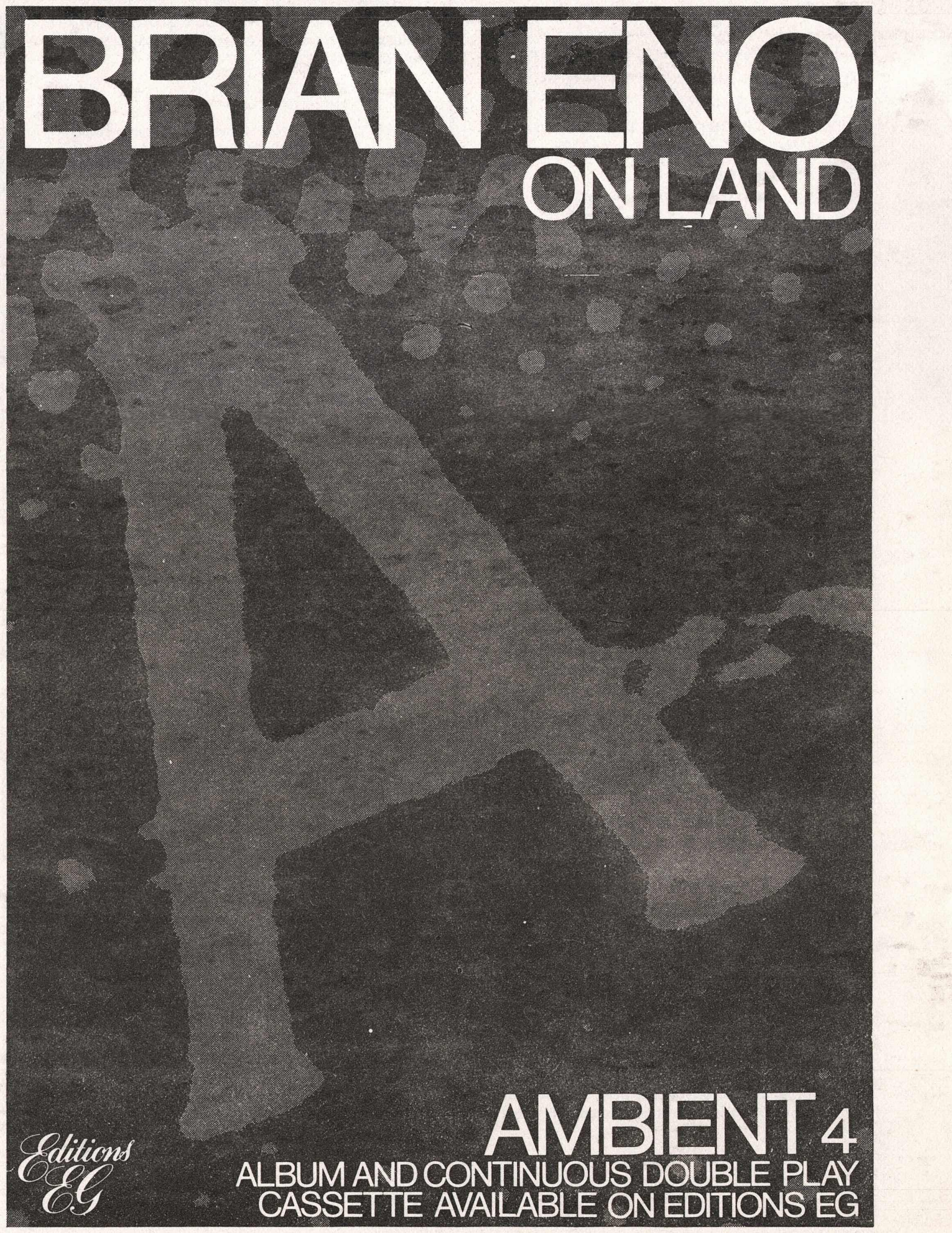
It very nearly cost them their trip to Japan, as well: at the visa application office, a magazine with the shots in was offered as the required pictorial evidence, causing instant consternation among embassy officials — "Do they do this on stage!?"

TOKYO IS endless, and often ugly — in contrast to the delicate beauty of the traditional Japanese aesthetic — like an American city built inside out, with all its pipes and wires on the outside, and a billion billboards battling for eye-space. Yet for all its impossible sprawl and crawling congestion, its people appear to have preserved some measure of courtesy and mutual respect — a rebuff for the saloon bar know-all who'll regale you with laboratory tales of too many white rats in a cage, driven to madness and murder.

I'm inclined to the view that there's no such thing as travel nowadays, only tourism, and these instant observations are necessarily glib — but somehow, Japan seems to work, instructively well. Eastern cultures, whether socialist like China, or corporate-capitalist like Japan, are collectivist by heritage, and it's doubtful if disintegrating Western societies could ever attain that same orderliness, that cohesion, so wedded are we to an ethic of unchecked individualism. But the Japanese pattern of civility — never lapsing into mere servility — suggests that there's much the West could usefully learn.

Unfortunately, to date, the cultural influence is all one way: west to east. True, Japanese style enjoys a vogue-ish appreciation (which Siouxsie has long shared, recently doing a kimono-clad fashion spread in *The Face)* but that's a relatively superficial thing. Partly, too, our fascination with Japan is narcissistic, because, as that country adapts to massive westernisation, its our own eccentrically-distorted reflection which intrigues us. Our curiosity, if sincere, needs to extend into what's left of the ancient soul.

For the moment, though, that reflection *is* inescapable. Cars and coca-cola, garish *kitsch* and rampant consumerism, girls in bobby-sox and pony tails, boys in bowling shirts and rockabilly quiffs — I kept thinking Japan was re-living the American 1950s, at exactly that same stage of its development. Curiously, the



date in Japan now *is* actually 'April 57' — meaning, by their calendar, the 57th year of the Emperor's reign. Underneath the gloss and prosperity, though, the turmoil of values may be frightening.

Oddities abound; like the exquisitely patterned, antique-styled gift which Budgie was given — it was a smog-mask. (Little gifts are an appealing mania among the Japanese. Anton Corbijn was given a tiny toy tortoise, for his wallet, "to make the money go slower" — but no contest, alas, for an American Express card). And, in a land of customarily strict female primness and servitude, that new species known as the Japanese groupie deserves a doctoral thesis all to itself.

Both more innocent and more fanatical, not to say numerous, than their western counterparts, these alarmingly young girls suggest some desperate restlessness inside the psyche of the new generation. Either that or chronic randiness, I suppose. (But let the visiting muso beware: scandal and kamikaze fathers are never far behind, and who'd be the the victim of a Sho'gun wedding?)

"REGIMENTATION," says Siouxsie, is the thing that's impressed her most about this visit. "I really notice it. They do obey."

"It's like repressed hysteria or something," thinks Budgie. "It's like they're all really bubbling under this tight skin they've got. It seems like they're dying to let rip, the younger ones anyway."

John McGeoch: "But I don't think it's as easy as repression — y'know, the thing about the nail sticks out and you have to hammer it back in again. I think there's a genuine innocent idealism. People really do believe in the Japanese Dream."

Siouxsie: "Have you walked the streets? You've never seen anything like it. It's just a sea of black heads, they don't walk very fast. It's very claustrophobic just to walk the street, because of all these slow-moving locusts with black heads, just crawling along. And they *always* wait for the right time to cross the roads.

"They seem to accept what they've got, even the most boring jobs. I was sitting in a bar and there's this guy in his uniform, just there to open the door for people when they look like they're going to come in. He didn't once slouch, he was very straight, accepted it. Westerners just aren't perfectionists to that extent. It's very disciplined, they're never spontaneous nutters, and in some ways it's very admirable."

John: "I think it's interesting in the light of the amount of Americanisation that goes on, that there's a few Japanese musicians who are turning back to the traditional music, rather than looking to America for inspiration. You must have seen these silly Japanses bands playing heavy metal and singing in American accents, trying to sound like The Doobie Brothers. At least now there's a little bit that's interested in Japanese-ness.

"Actually, I think what we've anticipated, in England, is the prelude to a return to Morris Dancing. It's the next thing. We could probably make a lot of money on this."

Budgie: "Yeah, I mean, that Toni Basil's really got it sussed, hasn't she?"

BUT WHAT, on the other hand, did Japan make of the Banshees? Steve Severin recollects one particular reaction he'd had.

"This girl was saying her impression of the concerts in Tokyo, from the audience response she felt that a lot of the girls had been inspired, not only by the band, but more specifically by how Siouxsie was on stage — there was a kind of independence that they might have been looking for."

And it's true that while girl singers are common in Japanese pop, their role is nearly always stereotyped — the cute little poppet. Sioux's strength and fierce lack of coyness must provide a startlingly different model for her young admirers to adopt, one that's inevitably at odds with both Japanese tradition and present pop practice.

John McGeoch agrees: "As much as English women complain about being badly done to, Japanese women seem to have a far harder time." (The wife of your average Tokyo Joe businessman, for instance, appears to live a life of semi-widowhood — to the company, to whisky-bars, to golf — with an unpleasantly high incidence of violence in the home, the dark alternative to all that public politeness). "And one particular girl was saying that while the Japanese rock audiences tended to look to America for the happy-happy-happy, crappy-crappy-crappy music, the sunshine and wonderfulness, she felt that with the Banshees, the reason for the kids' enthusiasm was that they identified with the fact that we were dealing with some of their problems, rather than being purely escapist — especially Sioux, as a female figurehead with that attitude she has, that had a strong heavy impact."

Budgie takes the matter of the Banshees' influence a step further: "Always the question that comes up over here is, how do you cope with the language barrier? But they got off on the emotion, the mood."

Sioux: "It's the projection of the band."

Budgie: "They seemed to look very studious, the audience, they were really listening and watching. And we were getting through, maybe more so than to somebody who's jumping about and shouting."

Siouxsie: "I think that maybe people who've played here before us, there's a certain amount of patronisation in making sure they're 'having a good time', and they can sing along to a chorus that they know. And I think, it was explained to me, that maybe why they were so quiet was because there was some intensity in the set. Like we did 'Night Shift' when they might have expected us to play 'Happy House' and all the uppy ones."

In Japan or anywhere else, it's worth remembering (especially by rock writers, perhaps) that pop music moves its listeners hearts and minds, as well as feet, in a variety of ways that aren't always obvious. Very often, the specific lyrical content might not be at all important, and hardly ever deserving of the primary attention that we analysts tend to lavish upon it. The key messages, highly personal, and difficult to articulate even when you're aware of getting them, will just as likely reside inside the look and the sound, the non-verbal. The universal.

John McGeoch: "I don't think that people should look at a band and think 'that's the life I should lead'. Cos we're not up on stage playing music to people and being in a band just so everybody can go 'oh right, I'm gonna leave my job and start up a band, *that's* the life to lead'. But if you can *inspire* — lyrical content aside, cos that's always a problem abroad, especially in the East, or even at home.

"We're not saying, Put down your tools and everybody start a fucking punk band or whatever. It's just, something I say quite often, it's like the jazz scene in the '40s was really rebel music, y'know? There were no lyrics to say to people, vote for the left or do this or do that. It was just giving them some kind of insight, that other people share their problems and they were able to be dealt with, or discussed. So, over here, it's not a case of all the girls want to be Siouxsie — they just see, and feel, and *know* something."

THE DISCO-CLUB in this provincial city — we're in Osaka, a kind of oriental Birmingham — has closed down for the night. Even so, the weary staff are willing to stay on and re-open the place when Siouxsie puts in a late appearance. There's nobody else, just Sioux and Budgie and a couple of the Banshee camp, with a private disco-club all to themselves. I make for the deserted DJ kiosk.

The floor is hers, and hers alone, and there are few sights I'll remember so well, even through a by-then considerable alcoholic haze. It's four in the morning, and laughing in delight, Siouxsie Sioux is dancing to all the Greatest Hits of T. Rex. Her only partner is her own grotesquely, hideously deformed reflection, thrown back at her from off the trick-mirrored wall . . .

"Dirty and sweet — clad in black . . ."

Don't look back.

If you're not using Sennheiser you're not using your head.

Have you ever tried on a pair of headphones and felt your head should be square, or pointed?

If so, you'll be pleased to hear that at Sennheiser we design our headphones to fit the *human* head.

Therefore, wearing a pair isn't like putting your head in a vice, or as sloppy as wellies without socks.

Our headphones are designed to be featherlight, extremely comfortable and practically indestructible.

What's more, they sound as good as they feel. Their sensitivity, uniform frequency response and low level of distortion combine to produce a natural open sound with great clarity and definition.

And the price won't be over your head.

HAYDEN

SENNHEISER

HAYDEN LABORATORIES LIMITED, HAYDEN HOUSE, CHILTERN HILL, CHALFONT ST. PETER
GERRARDS CROSS, BUCKS. SL9 9UG. TELEPHONE: GERRARDS CROSS (02813) 88447/89221

JUST A FEW OF THE TOP VIRGIN ALBUMS AND CASSETTES* YOU CAN GET 'ON THE CHEAP' AT HMV.

		USUAL HMV PRICE	OFFER PRICE
Toni Basil	Word of Mouth	£5.29	**£3.99**
Phil Collins	Face Value	£4.99	**£3.49**
John Foxx	Metamatic	£4.99	**£3.49**
John Foxx	The Garden	£4.99	**£3.99**
Heaven 17	Penthouse & Pavement	£5.29	**£3.99**
Human League	Reproduction	£4.99	**£3.49**
Human League	Travelogue	£4.99	**£3.49**
Japan	Gentlemen take Polaroids	£4.99	**£3.49**
Japan	Tin Drum	£5.29	**£3.99**
O.M.D.	In the Dark	£4.99	**£3.99**
O.M.D.	Organisation	£4.99	**£3.99**
Simple Minds	Sons and Fascination	£5.29	**£3.99**
Adam and the Ants	Dirk Wears White Sox	£4.99	**£3.99**
Black Uhuru	Black Uhuru	£2.99	**£2.29***
DAF	Gold Und Liebe	£5.29	**£3.99***
Derek & Clive	Ad Nauseam	£4.99	**£3.99**
Derek & Clive	Come Again	£4.99	**£3.49**
Devo	Q. Are we not men A. We are Devo	£4.99	**£3.49***
Gillan	Double Trouble	£5.99	**£4.99**
Gillan	Glory Road	£4.99	**£3.49**
Linton Kwesi Johnson	Dread Beat and Blood		
Magazine	Magic, Mur...		
		£4.99	**£3.49***
	2nd Edition	£6.49	**£4.99***
Sex Pistols	Great Rock 'n' Roll Swindle (dbl)	£6.49	**£4.99**
	Never Mind the Bollocks	£4.99	**£3.49**
Gillan	Glory Road		
Linton Kwesi Johnson	Dread Beat and Blood	£2.99	**£2.29***
Magazine	Magic, Murder & The Weather	£4.99	**£3.99**
Mike Oldfield	Hergest Ridge	£4.99	**£3.49**
Mike Oldfield	Tubular Bells	£4.99	**£3.49**
P.I.L.	Flowers of Romance	£4.99	**£3.49***
P.I.L.	Paris in the Spring	£4.99	**£3.49***
P.I.L.	2nd Edition	£6.49	**£4.99***
Sex Pistols	Great Rock 'n' Roll Swindle (dbl)	£6.49	**£4.99**
Sex Pistols	Never Mind the Bollocks	£4.99	**£3.49**
Sex Pistols	Some Product	£3.49	**£2.79***
Skids	The Absolute Game	£4.99	**£3.49**
Tangerine Dream	Phaedra	£4.99	**£3.49***
Tangerine Dream	Ricochet	£4.99	**£3.49***
Tangerine Dream	Statosfear	£4.99	**£3.49**
Peter Tosh	Legalize it	£4.99	**£3.49***
Various	Methods of Dance	£2.99	**£2.29**
The Who	My Generation	£2.99	**£2.29**
XTC	Black Sea	£4.99	**£3.49**
XTC	Drums and Wires	£4.99	**£3.49**
XTC	Go 2	£4.99	**£3.49***
XTC	White Music	£4.99	**£3.49***

*Not available on cassette.

VIRGIN TERRITORY. EXPLORE IT AT HMV.

We've cut the price of hundreds of top Virgin releases. From Toni Basil to XTC they're all reduced at HMV Shops.

With each of these albums, you'll also get the Phil Collins single 'I Missed Again' absolutely free.

Plus a flexi disc of tracks from Hambi and the Dance and Shakin' Pyramids forthcoming albums.

So come to the HMV shop from this Thursday and get Virgin on the cheap.

the HMV shop

The product on offer may not have been sold for 28 days in the last 6 months at the previous HMV selling price shown.

All offers subject to availability.

More records. More tapes. More video. More discounts.

363 OXFORD ST. (NEXT TO BOND ST. TUBE) TEL: 629 1240. BEDFORD: SILVER ST. TEL: 211354. **BIRMINGHAM:** NEW ST. TEL: 643 7029. **BOLTON:** EXCHANGE STREET TEL: 394934. **BRADFORD:** CHEAPSIDE TEL: 28882. **BRIGHTON:** CHURCHILL SQUARE TEL: 29060. **BRISTOL:** BROADMEAD TEL: 297467. **COVENTRY:** HERTFORD ST. TEL: 21001. **DERBY:** ST. PETERS ST. TEL: 364700. **EDINBURGH:** ST. JAMES CENTRE TEL: 556 1236. **ENFIELD:** CHURCH ST. TEL: 363 0184. **EXETER:** GUILDHALL SHOPPING CENTRE TEL: 35804. **GLASGOW:** UNION ST. TEL: 221 1850. **GLOUCESTER:** KINGS WALK TEL: 32231. **HULL:** WHITEFRIARGATE TEL: 226160. **LEEDS:** TRINITY ST. TEL: 35598. **LEICESTER:** KEMBLE SQUARE TEL: 537232. **LEWISHAM:** RIVERDALE TEL: 852 3449. **LIVERPOOL:** LORD ST. TEL: 708 8855. **LUTON:** ARNDALE CENTRE TEL: 35290. **MANCHESTER:** MARKET ST. TEL: 834 9920. **NEWCASTLE:** NORTHUMBERLAND ST. TEL: 27470. **NORWICH:** HAYMARKET TEL: 25490. **NOTTINGHAM:** BROADMARSH CENTRE TEL: 52841. **NOTTING HILL GATE:** NOTTING HILL GATE TEL: 229 1476. **OLDHAM:** TOWN SQUARE SHOPPING CENTRE TEL: 6337332. **PLYMOUTH:** NEW GEORGE ST. TEL: 20067. **PORTSMOUTH:** COMMERCIAL RD. TEL: 29678. **SOUTHAMPTON:** BARGATE TEL: 32654. **STRATFORD:** BROADWAY TEL: 555 0312. **STOCKTON:** HIGH ST. TEL: 66174. **SUNDERLAND:** HIGH STREET WEST TEL: 41267. **SUTTON:** HIGH ST. TEL: 6420084. **SWANSEA:** THE QUADRANT CENTRE TEL: 462094. **WOLVERHAMPTON:** THE GALLERY, MANDER SQUARE TEL: 29978.

LPs

PALMING OFF THE PAST

ROBERT PALMER

Maybe It's Live (Island)

ROBERT PALMER'S roguish dilettantism will get the better of him one of these days. It might have been anticipated that the pre-set routines of a live album would be the noose to string up those British blues band skeletons for all to see; 'Maybe It's Live' instead keeps the closet door pushed to, if not exactly locked.

For a start, only the first side is live (plus an odd track rather needlessly tacked on to the end of side two), recorded in London in November 1980. And there's nothing in the rough-cut revamps of Palmer chestnuts to suggest the habitual slack exaggeration of in-person interpretation which ballasts most live rock records into the depths of boredom. Five songs are despatched inside twenty minutes and none are allowed to overstay their welcome.

I could charitably describe the selection of songs as a refashioned slant on Palmer's progress, from vacationing white dude high on gumbo'n' beans to chameleonic neu-funk sharper. Certainly the running order turns out most of his wardrobe, the belting New Orleans thud of 'Sneakin' Sally Through The Alley' (though one misses the killer 'Sailin' Shoes'/'Oh Julia' build-up of the studio version), the light-skinned reggae skein of 'What's It Take' and 'Best Of Both Worlds', the beautiful New Providence fantasy on Philly balladry of 'Every Kinda People' and the reversion to hard-rock brawn on 'Bad Case Of Loving You' — only the 'Johnny And Mary' mode is absent, saved for the studio side.

I could also point to the reserved choice of a five-piece group or the grainy texture of the mix, which often buries the vocals and lends a booming stadium dimension to the overall sound, as a disavowal of boastful peformance indulgences and a concern for feel over gloss; but I rather suspect that the artiste was more concerned with padding a handful of studio tracks with a functional fillip of live hits. Robert Palmer is not a man I would accredit with a high modesty rating. Still, the choice amounts to a virtual run of winners and the excision of flab is a pleasure in itself.

Given that there are only four 'new' tracks, then, what clothes is Robert trying on now? 'Some Guys Have All The Luck' you already know — actually a rather sunny melody with its belly blown out by Palmer's self-caricaturing vocal and the disjointed screen of effects. It dips into 'Style Kills' — a title to cue up repentance, surely? — which is the latest Palmer/Numan collaboration. Two men in search of credibility, *artistic substance* except Palmer's already there and Numan never will be.

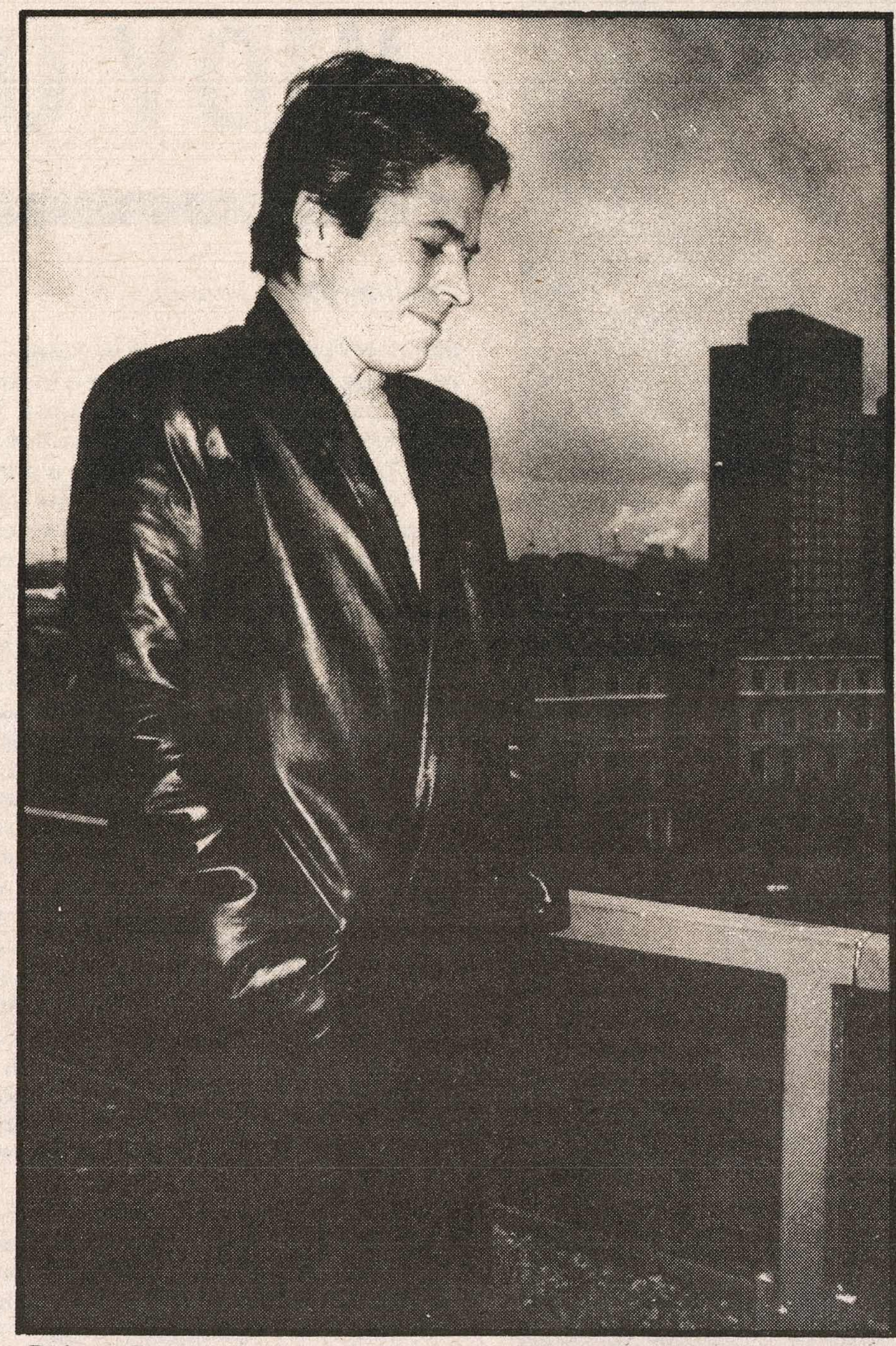
'Style Kills' is a joyless choker of mad-dog guitar ratcheting, detail and finesse chewed up and discharged: not very exciting. The following 'Si Chatouilleux' sounds far more in the cast of 'I Dream Of Wires'. A blipping grid of synths is the deceptively centrifugal element of a song Palmer won't submit to, choosing instead an elliptical French rap for his part: more interesting.

Which leaves 'Maybe It's You', which is Palmer back in his third-gear R&B streamliner, which is . . . OK. Just OK.

As a Robert Palmer record, 'Maybe It's Live' disappoints — though as a characteristic Palmer outing it's certainly in key with its predecessors. He'll never escape his inconsistencies — the feeling that at the back of every record lies a fraudulent treatise on slumming in music he can't be a *real* part of, be it mardi gras funk or moderne dance — and much of the interest in any Palmer LP is in hearing which stylistic niches he is squeezing into now and how well he fits them.

It shouldn't be forgotten, though, just what a great singer Palmer is. His treatment of the song can be wholly startling on occasion, and the most annoying aspect of the live tracks is that his vocals never come through as they should. On a track like 'Every Kinda People' that's frustrating — and it makes me wish he'd cut a set that relied solely on his voice, untangled from fashionable frills. Some guys should push their luck.

Richard Cook



Robert Palmer — *Pic: Alain de la Mata*

The Sugarhill Gang — *Pic: U.P.P.*

RAP THAT SOUND AROUND!

THE WEST STREET MOB
The West Street Mob (Sugarhill)

THE SEQUENCE
Sugarhill Presents (Sugarhill)

THE SUGARHILL GANG
8th Wonder (Sugarhill)

VARIOUS ARTISTS
Greatest Rap Hits Vol II (Sugarhill)

Rap to the rhythm of 'Genius Of Love' by Tom Tom Club. Please feel free to insert catchy phrases such as "Say What!", "To The Beat Y'all", "What's The Deal, Andy Gill?" or even "On The Count Of Three Say NME!" as and when you like . . .

TAKE WEST Street first, these kids are the worst
The kings of cringe, violators of verse.
A girl and two dudes who haven't a clue
They don't even rap
They can't even sing
And the songs they choose have got no swing!
Now that's quite shocking
If you wanna start rocking
Coz the Sugarhill label
Should be ready and able
To move with the groove on your turntable.
So why in the world was this set done?
Because the one in the middle is the boss's son!!
Now everybody in the house say
I HEARD THAT!
Now if that weren't the way, then to this very day
The West Street Mob would be looking for a job
But they're cutting tracks
That just ain't the wack
So give it a miss, and we'll move down the list
And on the count of three say
WHAT'S IT GONNA BE?
We got Sequence to put to the test,
And let me tell you people it's a bit of a mess.
They look like whores —
Overweight, pressed hair
And dressed to show
That they just don't care —
But that don't really matter, so on to the platter
With a hippety and a hop!
Here their lack of style stands out by a mile
And the tackiness don't stop!
By ripped off rhyme and stolen lick
They try to put down a show that's slick
But there's no bass,
The beat's the wrong pace,
Even the horns
Sound like a yawn
And the three chicks' vocals, OK for the locals
Just don't go down in London town
Where to move our feet it's got to be neat
And everybody say
TO THE BEAT!!
Y'see apart from slimmin', these three women
Really need a brain
So they can think up the stuff to make their act tuff
And we can all party again!
Now let's leave them be because number three
Is by The Sugarhill Gang and it goes with a bang
As they are the crew
Who know what to do
And the beat goes on and on

Only two tracks are out to lunch,
The rest of them are a funky bunch
Mike, Hank and Master Gee
Have got what it takes, and you've got to agree
That when they start rappin'
Your foot starts tappin'
And your butt begins to shake
Because they slip and slide
They flip and they fly
It's more than a body can take!
So try as you will, you can't keep still
To the funky groove they keep
The band's on the one, the rhymes are fun
And they ride the groove so sweet!
Now hear what I'm sayin'
When this set's through playin'
You gotta be out of your seat!
So all you fly guys and sweet young ladies
Take a trip to the shop, in your Mercedes
Ask for the man for the beat that's right
And get on down with The Gang. Tonight!

Just one more, we're nearly through
'Greatest Rap Hits Volume Two'
Only six songs, but you can't go wrong
Coz five of them are good and strong,
The only one that don't make sense,
Is another cut by — Sequence!
Even helped by the man named Spoonie Gee
Those girls gonna be the death of me.
So let's get back
And check off the tracks for your stereo.
We'll do it one at a time,
And say it in rhyme. Alright then — here we go.
There's three from Flash and The Furious Five
Written to make you come alive
'Birthday Party' and 'Wheels Of Steel'
To put you in that funky feel
Then the 'Freedom' song, played loud and long
And you got yourself the real deal!
Then The Funky Four (not forgetting the One)
Will show you how to get things done.
They come straight to the point
With 'That's The Joint',
Now there's only one to go.
It's a super jam from The Sugarhill Gang
That really rocks the show.
Two of these songs, you might have yet
If you've got an *NME* cassette,
But if you missed your chance,
And still want to dance
Then this is the only one to get!

Well it's quarter to four,
And I can't write no more
Because the wife's complaining
That this funk I'm playing
Is keeping her awake
So I'll sign off now, to keep out of a row
And if the fellas in the house
Know what I mean
Then throw back your heads
And start to SCREAM!!!

Late Night Lloydie And The Furious Wife

THEY'RE GUANO GET YOU!

A FLOCK OF SEAGULLS

A Flock of Seagulls (Jive)

A FLOCK of Seagulls are a band who clearly know something about their future; they have their hands on the ropes and are pulling, with all their collective might, in one direction.

That sort of control is necessary for the Flock. If they didn't have it, their songs would fragment into something altogether different, which would fail to disguise the vacuity underneath; there would be the Love Song, the Disco Song, and the Producer's Happy With This Song, all evaporating into the mist of the vast chasms which they just — only just — manage to evoke without cracking the paintwork. So hang onto it.

Love, for the Flock, is (so they say) automatic; as its symptoms, we have running away, disappearing, or otherwise succumbing to the void. This is a non-traditional view that is rapidly becoming traditional. Love used to mean coming together, but now it merely signifies standing in the doorway, unable to cross the threshold, afraid. Running under this, there is a longing for a time when there wasn't even a wall, let alone a door ('Don't Ask Me'). And under that, there is a good ol' electric thrash to catch us as we fall. Hair shirts are worn, but they're a good fit. There is blackness and disorder in the canyon ('Man Made'), but we can walk around it, the weather's fine enough at the moment.

It all locks together, in wisps of songs, like a well-proportioned Venn diagram of styles and themes. A little this, a little that — nothing new (why overvalue originality?) and presto! some songs about not touching and not talking in which something evil creeps — but nothing *too* evil. The Flock are checking the salinity of the water to see whether it's adequate to buoy them up until the next LP or let them sink after this one. Don't drown, please — swim. I'm going to like you.

Mark Mitchell

Judy Nylon Pic: Sally Boon

JUDY UNDISGUISED

JUDY NYLON

Pal Judy (On-U Sound)

JUDY NYLON has been a dabbler — with, amongst others, Patti Palladin in Snatch and John Cale during his 'Fear' phase. She's been best known, then, for being *part* of a project and 'on the scene' rather than a performer in her own right. Undoubtedly, she's thrown up a lot of good ideas, drawing on performance art (Joseph Beuys *et al*) and foreshadowing much of what happened at the likes of Cabaret Futura last year.

It's not till now, though, that Judy has put herself into proper extended focus with an album of her very own. At last we can judge whether there was anything substantial to those ideas and inspirational hints; after all, there's a sense in which anyone can have good ideas: it's like writing a blurb without actually getting around to writing a book.

'Pal Judy' marks Nylon's arrival as a fully realised talent — and maybe even as A Star. There are inevitable comparisons to be made with Grace Jones but they're only superficial ones (I'm sure, of course, that 'Grace Jones' was one of those ideas from years ago which Judy never quite put into practice). Formally the music on the album has a resemblance to Jones material, operating as it does at some tight but spacious point between reggae and disco rhythms.

Judy and producer Adrian Sherwood don't attain the punctilious force and grandeur which Jones and Alex Sadkin do, but they have other things going for them, including a lighter, more improvisatory feel — the production sound of music-in-process rather than of lofty gloss finish. This sound is at once open and closed, and here thanks must go to Crucial, an umbrella of musicians which includes Sean Oliver (Rip Rig) and George Oban (ex-Aswad) on basses, Chris Joyce of The Mothmen on drums, Kendall Ernest (London Underground) on guitar, and Nick Plytas on keyboards. There are examples a-plenty of the way in which these players both blend with, and break off from, each other (check the keyboards-guitar interaction) and of the way in which the off-reggae not-quite-disco sketchy funk format allows for Diddley rhythms, shuffling beats and myriad other variations of accent.

The whole show, of course, is subordinated to Nylon's voice, the missing link between The Shangri-Las, Marianne Faithful, and Grace Jones, with its combination of the spoken, the chanted, and the sung. It's also a vocal strongly Americanised, high on argot from a recent sojourn in New York. This is a feature heavily outlined in 'Dateline Miami', which works as a labyrinthine pop equivalent of *film noir* with Judy as camera/narrator: *"Perry Mason couldn't a saved him"*. 'Trial By Fire' (love its bass) and 'Sleepless Nights' partake of a similar sort of confessional neon dream-world, a world which the singer immerses herself in while also keeping a sceptical ironic distance. This distance is nothing like Jones' haughtiness, the Perverse Vortex which swallows up everything uncommittedly: Nylon has a more tender streak, suited to her softer, more lyrical voice. However, don't forget that wit: *"Cindy wants to be a decadent /Wonder where her other choices went"* ('Others').

All nine tracks of 'Pal Judy' have something to offer, whether it's 'Information Rain' and 'Room Without A View' moving from speech into aching melody, or whether it's 'The Dice', nothing but scraps of speech and an example of the way Judy has transformed lessons learnt from rap, not just duplicated them. As if there weren't enough to discover on this record, there's a slow wailing but stomping rendering of 'Jailhouse Rock' into . . . reggaebilly? Find out for yourself on what will turn out to be one of your favourite albums of the year.

Paul Tickell

FAMILY FODDER

Greatest Hits (Crammed)

FLITTING FROM the sublime to the ridiculous, often in the space of a single song, Family Fodder have spent the past few years proving that you don't have to be bereft of wit and originality to make catchy pop music, but that it certainly helps if you're in mind of making a bob or two.

A winning blend of Gallic charm and English eccentricity, courtesy respectively of Dominique's voice and Alig's merrie melodies, the Fodder have been nothing if not prolific, dishing out EP after LP after EP and still finding time to cast a clutch of seven-inch pearls before a swinish public — from the abrasive, cluttered cynicism of 'Playing Golf (With My Flesh Crawling)' to the spry simplicity of 'Film Music', each one a blissful blast of lightheart madness.

Despite their French connection, Family Fodder are never so much *Euro* — check the slough of worthy straight-faced avant-gardism that descends whene'er the word is uttered! — as *Continental*, perhaps pop's best purveyors of pavement-cafe style and sensibility. Dominique is Debbie Harry wandering through Montmartre at dusk, or Clare's big sister cast by Fellini rather than Forsyth, whilst Alig is simply gifted with pop madness of the highest order.

And yet they've never had a hit, suffering instead the small-label sickness of poor

OUTLAW BLUES

WAR

Outlaw (RCA)

OUTLAW is what War are. From the urban disaster areas of Watts and Compton, they're a tough, insular, abrasive unit much like the street gangs they grew up with. Except for that dreadful 'Music Band' period with those Sgt Peppery uniforms, which nearly brought about their demise, outlaw has always shown up their playing. An album thus titled should then, come straight from the spirit.

Ignore the first track (the current single 'You Got The Power') and it does. Mind you, the band can't be judged too harshly for that, as after two years out in the cold they had to serve up RCA with something that would sell in large amounts, in return for a contract.

Now having palmed that track off, what you have left is pure War. War like from the old days of 'Gypsy Man', 'Cisco Kid' and 'Four Cornered Room', complete with all the spacey keyboards, violent percussion and haunting harmonicas.

As usual, War take the listener on a musical cruise, low-rider style, through the "other" LA, telling of the madness, the sadness and the gladness that goes with life 'cross the tracks. Unfortunately, the title track 'Outlaw', like the album's sleeve, is a little too clean-cut and almost hammy to sit quite right with the gangster-lean of the rest of the set, but the sentiment was there.

Maybe they'll win some new friends with 'Outlaw'. But even if they don't, it will get back the old ones for them as War are back with a vengeance. When LA burns, and popular opinion is that it will be the first major US city to do so, War will come down from the Hollywood hills and take their place on the front line. Or so this album tells me.

Lloyd Bradley

War

A LITTLE LENNY IS A DANGEROUS THING

LENNY BRUCE

The Very Best Of Lenny Bruce (Fantasy)

HE RETURNS! What's shaking my old dead confidante? It's been years. And look what's happened to you: How To Relax Your White Well-Intentioned Liberals At Parties. You just ease over to them, slip them a glass of white wine and say, "Hey y'know that Lenny Bruce was a hell of a guy. Yessir they'll never be another Lenny Bruce."

That's what happened to Lenny Bruce. He's not particularly revered, not idolised nor neglected. What he's become is a dumb reference point, like Marble Arch or the 1966 World Cup. Both his supporters and critics seem to have heard little of his actual stuff but, uh, they know what he was *about*.

When I was sixteen I though Lenny Bruce was just about the most important thing I had heard. I've never been a bore on behalf of any rock groups but, by God, I must have been a Lenny Bruce bore at that time. I listened constantly to all the albums, paid tall prices for imports and deletions, I even went to Brighton on Tuesday on my own just to see the *Without Tears* documentary. I remember reading *The Essential Lenny Bruce* book — the one with all the passages of stage dialogue — and thinking how different it seemed written down, far less persuasive. For two or three years I sponged him up. Then disgust and guilt. His name began to become such a (by)word that I began thinking about it. I felt that I knew him so well that I could actually start knocking the junkie slag bastard. Christ, have you heard all this crap? What a mug I've been! Lenny Bruce? Well let me tell you about Lenny bloody Bruce Nigel — he was an arsehole. Oh you like him eh? Well your type bloody would. Yeah, I liked him once — when I was little but now I see that . . . and blah blah blah. Then I forgot all about Lenny Bruce, forgot all the jokes, all the records,

Lenny Bruce Illustration: Ian Wright

but now and then would chip in the odd line from one of his bits. Just to make a point.

And now this. A collection of some of the earlier stuff, seemingly random and

SQUE

Alig

THE CONTINENTAL HOP

promotion, negligible airplay and consequent oblivion. Maybe if they knew how to chum up to the "right" people in the "right" scenes things might go more their way, but all they seem concerned with is the opportunity to go on making records, regardless of their audience and sales.

'Greatest Hits' includes all five Fodder 45s, each slightly different from the single version — in the case of 'Debbie Harry', having an entire dub section tacked on the end — together with the three tracks from their 'Monkey Banana Kitchen' LP which best fit in with the singles scheme of things, one track from their first EP which doesn't, and three completely new pieces which bode rather less than well for future pop endeavours, sliding as they do towards the more serious-minded end of the scale.

These last four notwithstanding, the album sparkles with the innocence of invention, a cornucopia of hooks and tunes to rival 'Dare' or 'Best Of Blondie', though not as gross a grosser. Whether or not they break their duck with future 45s, they've already done enough to assure at least a few colourful stitches in rock's rich tapestry. Unpick 'em while they're bright.

Andy Gill

naturally far from being the very best of. The bits seem much funnier, much cleverer than I remember — then I was too hung up on getting the rebellion, the anger out of the grooves — his delivery seems wryer and there is a cracking wickedness hanging around that beforehand I'd interpreted as earnestness. There's no point in quoting excerpts or reviewing the things individually — they're just like moments from a long act — and even at fifteen I knew to really encounter Lenny Bruce you needed the three-album sets preceded by a good night's sleep and a light breakfast.

In taking on Lenny Bruce you have to remember you are dealing with an entire life. Lenny Bruce is *not* the ancestor of Billy Connolly or any other stand-up comic who 'just talks about life.' Occasionally ('How To Relax Your Coloured Friends At Parties' and 'Father Flotski's Triumph') it is possible to just dip in and miss nothing, just laugh at the nut. (Incidentally, the very, very best Bruce straightahead comic bit 'The Comedian At The Palladium' is not on this record. I know it runs for seventeen minutes but surely Fantasy could've scrunched up some grooves). The thing I'm trying to put across, to redress in fact, is, like Woody Allen wrote in *Manhattan*, that Lenny Bruce has passed into a dumb dusty old history and exists largely, tragically, of the Pseuds List Of The Great Overrated. And like history, it's so much easier to just rub him out than to go into what actually happened. Christ I'm getting tangled up here and I don't want to.

Hmmm. Lenny Bruce talked a lot of bilious crap sometimes, some of it almost unforgivable. But his work and value should never be canned, packaged and put on the shelf because that little learning would be a damaging thing. Taken chronologically the recorded works are unreservedly rewarding but ridiculously daunting too. (One thing I noticed back then too is how little the man actually did swear. Something the legend is bound up in). How you tackle the life of Lenny Bruce is impossible. At fifteen you agree, or want to agree, with every syllable this 'rebel' utters. Now I can heckle, chuckle or just shake my head in disbelief. Aw, C'mon Dan — what do you think about Lenny Bruce?

I think he was great. I think he was magnificent. I'm glad he did it.

Danny Baker

ODD BIRD SONGS

RUPERT HINE

Waving Not Drowning (A&M)

NOW HERE is one odd bird. A jackdaw, probably: Hine loves to pilfer the shiny things from the overstuffed turrets of art-rock, techno-pop and moviescore grandeur. He plays most of 'Waving Not Drowning' himself and it's a considerable accomplishment. There's an icy articulacy at work here — sincerity sires parody and portent alike, and by the end you're baffled but intrigued at the procession of sensations Hine has run through.

Like his previous 'Immunity', the compositions that make up 'Waving Not Drowning' are a collaboration between Hine and lyricist Jeanette Obstoj. Her writing has a poetic discipline advanced far beyond the graceless piffle of most rock writing, whether it be the cosmetic preening of Japan and their ilk or the middle-aged versifying of the likes of Genesis — to mention some of the sources for Hine's constructions, tricks refurbished to far more convincing ends — and insists on a vividness that the musician is inspired to match.

Consider 'The Sniper': a pell-mell run of images that reflect exactly the speedo machinations of personal terrorist psychosis. Hine responds to the script with music that is both mockingly dramatic for the tabloid voyeurism and unpleasantly taut for the internal conflict. It partners 'Dark Windows' on the first side, a sad memento for a sniper's victim that washes its regret in a distant thunderstorm.

Rupert Hine

Hine opts for a very hard, clear sound, grounded in keyboards and electronic rhythms. Something like 'The Set-Up', his current single, comes on like a bitter reworking of a Kraftwerk theme, while the withering claustrophobia of 'House Arrest' and rich melodic expanse of 'The Outsider' suggests a slightly twisted allegiance to a more classical romanticism.

It's a serious record, a calm and intelligent response to contemporary alienation. I mentioned 'parody' at the beginning and Hine does indeed manipulate the symphonic pretensions of art-rock monsters in a manner that freezes and ridicules their usual employers; but if it has any shortcomings the LP does suffer by its humourlessness. After the closing 'One Man's Poison', an entire index of human failings, it feels very cold in here.

All the same, its very excellence in realisation suppresses negativity. The title is drawn from a quote by Stevie Smith — *"I was much too far out all my life / And not waving but drowning."* Hine has reversed it. I think I was wrong — he's probably a cuckoo. Now *there's* a survivor.

Richard Cook

HARDIN'S ENDGAME

TIM HARDIN

The Homecoming Concert (Kamera)

TIM HARDIN'S death last year was not even regarded an occurence worthy of the usual adjectives like "tragic". Hardin was one of those truly godforsaken individuals who, many years before, had punted forth a slim but exceptional body of songs locatable on his first two albums — now deleted — back in 1966/7. Even then, Hardin sounded utterly wasted, his voice slurred and cracking its way around lyrics that dwelt obsessively on the grievous divide 'twixt heartache and terminal cancer of the soul. 'Reason To Believe', 'If I Were A Carpenter', 'Misty Roses' and 'Hang On To A Dream' remain his classics, though those first two volumes contain lesser-known material of equal beauty.

The worth of 'The Homecoming Concert' lies in its presenting the listener with a poignant insight into Hardin's attempts to survive as the immaculate shambolic casualty. Sure, he's stoned and sloppy drunk, the between-songs dialogue rambles and embarrasses, and he even allows certain masterpieces to become cartoons of their original selves. Yet amidst this pathetic blur of a performance, Hardin rises to the occasions, investing sparse, unaugmented renditions of his best-known work with a sense of control, of "reach".

These songs — these advertisements for desperate melancholia — had obviously become Hardin's only shelter, his only worthwhile contribution to a world that looked on diffidently as he slowly burnt himself to a bloated crisp, and, barring two or three clumsy miscalculations, they're performed with a sense of total authority that is quite unique.

'The Homecoming Concert' has no musical precedents that I can recall. More, it reminds me of Tony Hancock's last devastated performance in Australia. It defies voyeurism on the listener's part, and though it's hardly "essential" (unless its sales help reissue Hardin's three Verve albums), as a documentary on the taxing creation of a fractured soul, it is truly special.

Nick Kent

YUK!

YUKIHIRO TAKAHASHI

Murdered by the Music (Statik)

TAKAHASHI BANGS his electronic dustbins; humbly, humankind affords him a research scholarship. Walkmen listen impressed as the zitless face of Eastern micro-circuitry slithers from ear to ear. I want to say that this is a good record, because it sounds as though an enormous number of people took a deal of trouble to produce it. But I can't.

Are the Buggles in there? Do I detect the sweet smell of sugared diodes? Vangelis and the Gnome lick it off — only to find underneath Yukihiro (or may we call you Yuk?), Bearer of Yellow Magic drums and no wisdom.

I suppose that it's reasonable, if you have an overwhelming interest and a secure place in an unexplainably successful band, that you will want to write songs about that overwhelming interest. That's fair enough; but I thought that Arthur C. Clarke had long since proved that scientific similes only work in the most exceptional circumstances. My mistake — Yuk thinks otherwise. Sure, he's witty — in the same way that Genesis are witty *("581 249/and that's my/Decimal point/of view")*. Have you ever tried rhyming anything with a mathematical symbol?

Often, the voice sounds as if it was recorded through one of those can-and-string telephones that kids make; nasty noises haunt the quiet bits. Are we being told something? That this record uses electrical thingys? YES, Yukihiro, we KNOW. That's the ONLY thing that's CLEAR about your RECORD. I stagger, nay, swoon at your artistry, but Yuk — don't expect to be liked, because I find your pigeon-toed melodies as irritating as mice. You are where Yamashta was and where OMD are going. Sixth form physicists will play you in the common-room. Rumbelows will consider selling you. It is your fate.

Mark Mitchell

Yukihiro Takahashi *Pic: Mike Laye*

E Z E

new single
black coffee in bed
out now
A&M

JAZZ

BY RICHARD COOK

TWENTY £2.99 packages covering a spectrum from Louis Armstrong to Yousef Lateef sounds like an impressive opening play in a jazz reissue programme; the reality of PRT's Reactivation series is altogether less exciting. I'd class three as essential, another half-dozen as interesting and the remainder blotched by sloppy programming or simple mediocrity.

The irritating idiot-wrap uniformity of the covers, all adorned with the cheapest of hack-notes by Alun Morgan, doesn't promise too well, and while the thoughtlessness of certain other reissue ventures is mostly avoided it's clear that this is mostly second division mutton dressed in a glossier fleece.

The **Lester Young** LP, for example, is an abominable bucket of grey club performances with Prez at his most disinterested; **Django Reinhardt** Vol 1 is an odd mix of airshots and indifferent studio work from the late '40s; and the **Charlie Parker** album has some classic Bird from the Dial sessions with Miles Davis but picks various tracks and takes from five different dates with no sense of order or finesse. Several of the records have been issued more than once in different incarnations and the odour of patronisation of a fake jazz audience tends to linger around the project.

Still . . . some of the less likely records turn out best. The music for **The Connection,** a pro-Beatnik play from 1959 New York, features some brilliant playing

from boppers coming to terms with being part of a new mainstream. Cecil Payne sheds the baritone sax of its portly cantankerousness on breakneck numbers like 1956 trio session, reminded me of his peculiarly dry grace and favouring of emotions at a very low flame. Wilson's piano is civilised almost, though not quite, to the point of irony: 'I Got Rhythm' and 'Sweet Georgia Brown' are usually signals for a tear-up, but Wilson speed-sculpts the phrasing with such *delicate* decision an impression arrives and fades in an instant. An ucommonly subtle form of

Clifford Brown

cocktail music.
'Mighty Fine Wine' and 'It's Your Life', and in 'Stop And Listen' thought up a theme so joyfully balletic it seems to fly out of the horns.

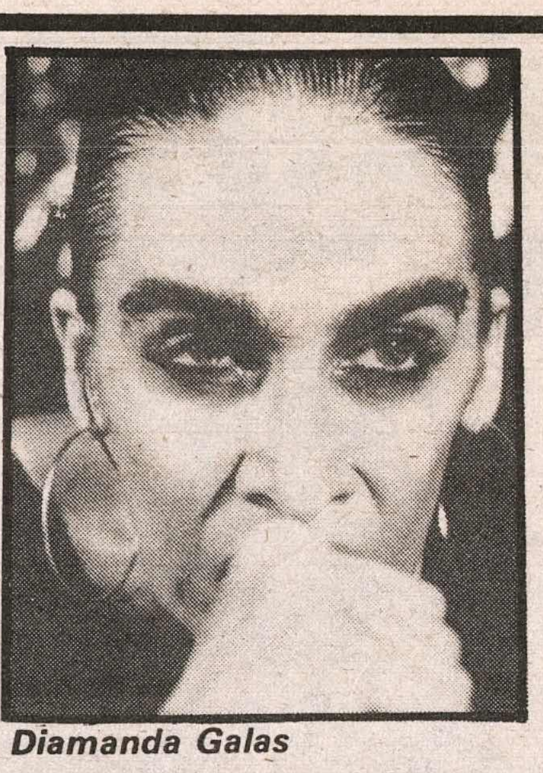
Teddy Wilson's offering, a

A taste for the bizarre is better served by the teaming of **Louis Armstrong** and **Duke Ellington** in Paris in 1960. Louis played Duke's tunes in the dignity of his classic blues manner while Duke played so oblique and off-centre it sounds as though he's goading the great man all through. Armstrong's singing is the best thing here — 'I Got It Bad And That Ain't Good' has an uncomplicated tenderness that smoother crooners would find hard to emulate.

Chronologically, the first real classic is the grouping of two **Bud Powell** sessions. Eight tracks each, from 1947 (his first as a featured pianist) and 1953, portray Powell's demonic hunger for a form of bop piano to stand above the rhythm instruments, here turned to its most positive end. On whiplash readings of 'Indiana' or 'Off Minor' the left hand blips out the chords while the horn-on-top right explores every turning of the harmonic compound, furiously propelled by the underlay of Max Roach's superb brushwork. Even the ballads sound tautened to a dangerous degree — Powell was never a man to hold back and it eventually disintegrated his art. This catches it at two peak periods.

The **Dizzy Gillespie** record is yet another appearance of his 1948 concert at Pasadena: the best example of the only bebop big band in its day. It comes crackling through an indifferent recording, a big snarling aggregation bristling with precipitate soloists and arranged with a skill that bypasses the customary gimcrack thunder of big band writing. I love the sumptuous reflections on Monk's 'Round Midnight', with Diz's trumpet stalking from the shadows, and the leader's rampant assertion of his talent throughout.

The very best, though, is on the **Clifford Brown** set (Vol 1 — more, I hope). Two live sessions by two versions of the Max Roach group in 1954: the first has Teddy Edwards on tenor, complicity and aggression in a starkly confrontational approach, the second a more easy-going Harold Land as partner. It's mostly Brownie's affair, though. Star in the ascendant and he knew it, but what an untouchable declamation, what a great golden wonderment! The pellucid *gloria* of 'All God's Chillun Got Rhythm', the flawless pairing of the lyricist and the libertine in 'Tenderly', or the abandonment to pure playing in 'Clifford's Axe' explain why Wynton Marsalis has so much to do yet. Brown was the compleat Trumpeter.



Diamanda Galas

THE DEVIL'S MUSIC

DIAMANDA GALAS

The Litanies Of Satan (Y)

THE VOICE is the first instrument.

After Galas (a trained opera singer turned performance artist, turned exponent of modern anguished cabaret, turned . . . into something beyond your wildest dreams and beyond the most weird and wonderful sounds in the universe), this rather bland and obvious musicological and historic insight will never be the same again; for her the voice is the first instrument OK — of torture and pleasure.

To prove the point, Galas takes a blasphemous Baudelaire poem which she soon stops reciting, rolling her Rs like a cross between Edith Piaf and John Lydon, in order that she may sing, cry out, babble, and even eviscerate and stamp out the work. We're soon beyond word upon blasphemous word and into the realm of pure sound, well beyond the places where your Furious Pigs and sound poets and technicians like Henri Chopin and Ernst Jandl have dared to tread.

God — Satan — knows what Diamanda Galas does with her larynx and lungs, but one second she comes over gruff and deep and distraught like the teenager possessed by the devil in *The Exorcist,* the next she produces noises so high-pitched that you fear for all glass objects in the room. On a slightly different tack, she can snort, grunt like a pig, and then come up with piercing shrieks, shouts and yells which are attractive in a whale-song sort of way. Galas can also do babies being murdered and chipmunks biting off their own tongues. In this endless litany, we shouldn't forget that she does manage to impose an order on the chaotic sonic flow.

The title track (i.e. the whole of side 1) is "for solo voice, tape, and electronics", and the second side 'Wild Women With Steak Knives', though "for solo scream" and less obviously a studio treatment, has just the same kind of intensity. In fact, so unbearable becomes this intensity and passion that the listener starts to feel a bit like a voyeur, an uninvited witness at unspeakable rites which conjure up the mythic and primordial past. At the same time, Galas' tearing apart of her emotional self, her hysterical and paranoid explorations ('Steak Knives' runs as a dialogue between split, opposing selves), make her truly modernist, a metaphysical tight-rope walker, a risk taker, a dicer with death and destruction in the manner of Artaud.

It's rumoured that she'll be collaborating soon with fellow Y act Pigbag, but I like to imagine her doing a version of 'O Superman' or singing a duet with Kirk Brandon.

For once an experimental marginal artist demands your immediate attention. Don't forget, though, that this woman is bound to damage your health.

Paul Tickell

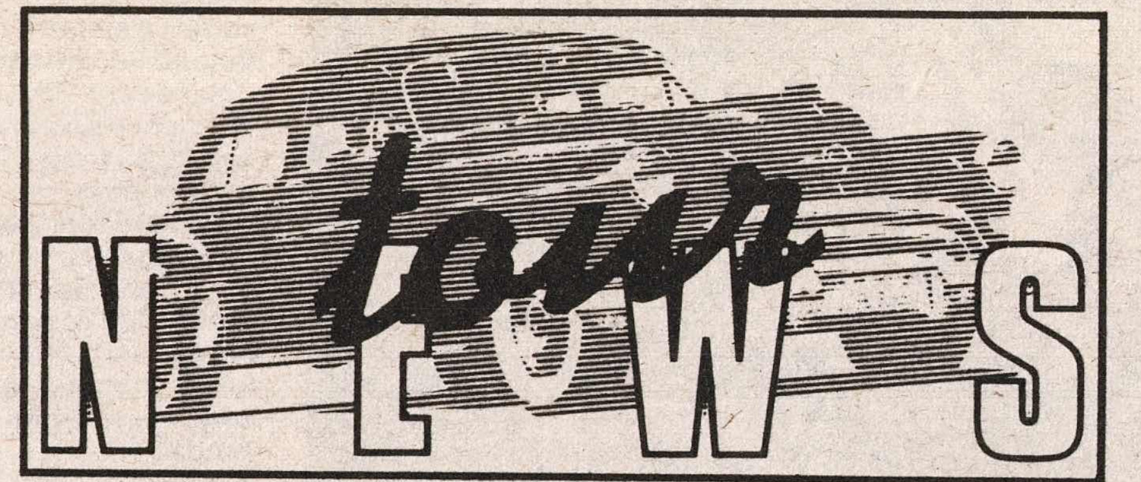
Gallagher taking his jinx around the UK

RORY GALLAGHER headlines a nine-concert tour of major venues, starting on May 22, tied in with the release next weekend of his new Chrysalis album 'Jinx'. He plays Leeds University (May 22), Newcastle City Hall (23), Birmingham Odeon (26), Manchester Apollo (27), Glasgow Apollo (28), Bristol Locarno (30), Southampton Gaumont (June 1) and London Tottenham-Court Road Dominion Theatre (3 and 4). Promoter is Nick Leigh on behalf of the Derek Block office, and tickets are on sale now priced £4.50 and £4 (London): £4 and £3.50 (elsewhere).

Recently returned from a 45-date European tour, Gallagher leaves on July 5 for his 20th tour of North America, occupying most of the summer and autumn. The new 'Jinx' LP takes its title from a series of mishaps suffered by Gallagher on previous albums and tours — including breaking his thumb during recording, and lucky escape from a car crash — and he hopes that the name upfront will pre-empt any further misadventures! The album, recorded in Cologne, is self-produced.

RORY GALLAGHER

ANIMAL of the ANL



Girlschool switch dates

GIRLSCHOOL have had to change seven of the dates in their upcoming UK tour, originally due to start on May 2, because of the extension of their debut American tour. Revised dates for the venues concerned are Colchester Essex University (May 12), Sheffield City Hall (28), Derby Assembly Rooms (31), Bradford St George's Hall (June 1), Newcastle City Hall (2), Edinburgh Playhouse (4) and Glasgow Apollo (5). All previously announced dates for the period May 11–26 remain unchanged, and an extra gig has been slotted in at Aberdeen The Venue on June 3. Tickets already purchased remain valid for the revised dates. Further shows are being lined up for June, and details will follow shortly.

Tull in Highland benefit

JETHRO TULL will travel 600 miles from Cornwall, at the end of their previously reported UK tour next month, to play a special benefit concert in the North of Scotland — it's at Inverness Ice Rink on Wednesday, May 19. All tickets are £5, available from Other Record shop and Record Rendezvous (Inverness), Chris's Records (Dingwall), Records Unlimited (Elgin) and Deletion Records (Nairn), also by postal application to the Ice Rink.

Proceeds from the show will purchase emergency alarm systems for people at risk in remote Highland and Islands area — a cause close to the heart of Tull's leader Ian Anderson, who farms on the Isle of Skye. The scheme was set up last year by the Highland Regional Council, and means that elderly, disabled or isolated people can summon help at the touch of a button.

Nick Lowe: additions, changes

NICK LOWE and his new band Noise To Go — Paul Carrack (keyboards), Martin Belmont (guitar), James Eller (bass) and Bobby Irwin (drums) — have made a few changes in their previously reported UK debut tour schedule. They now open a day earlier, at Leeds Polytechnic on April 29, and two other new gigs are at Durham University (May 1) and Chippenham Goldiggers (10). Glasgow Tiffany's on May 4 is off, and they now play Glasgow Night Moves on May 2, which means Aberdeen Fusion is cancelled.

Lowe's new single 'My Heart Hurts', taken from his current LP 'Nick The Knife', is issued by F-Beat on April 30. B-side is 'Pet You And Hold You', recorded live in America — and the first 10,000 copies include a free single containing two more live tracks, 'Crackin' Up' and 'What's So Funny About Peace Love And Understanding'. Special guests on all dates are Los Angeles band The Blasters, whose self-named album and their single 'I'm Shakin' are released on April 30, also by F-Beat.

BRIXTON FAIR DEAL'S DISCO OPENS

THE FAIR DEAL, the new London concert venue in Brixton, is to run a disco every night when there's no live show taking place. The official disco opening is April 23 — though, in fact, it's already in operation. The bar will open for these sessions, and it's also opening daily at lunchtime — there's no disco to accompany the midday bar, but there's always the chance of seeing a top band in rehearsal.

QUO HEADLINING AT CASTLE DONINGTON

STATUS QUO are to headline this year's 'Monsters Of Rock' open-air event at Castle Donington on Saturday, August 21. It will be their final UK date this year, the climax of their 20th anniversary tour, and their first outdoor appearance in this country since Reading in 1978. The Donington site has been enlarged for the 1982 concert, and the promoters are anticipating an attendance in excess of last year's 65,000.

The rest of the bill is now being finalised, and details will be announced shortly. Meanwhile, tickets at £10 each are now available by postal application to Wooltare Ltd. (to whom cheques and POs should be made payable), P.O. Box 123, Walsall, WS5 4QQ — enclose SAE, and allow 21 days for cheque clearance. Tickets on the day will be available at £11. Applicants from outside the UK should send an International Money Order, including sufficient to cover return postage, plus an un-stamped self-addressed envelope.

● The concert falls one week before the traditional Reading Festival, which again takes place over August Bank Holiday weekend (27-29). This will be the 22nd NJF festival, and the organisers expect to release the first batch of names early next month.

JACKSON BROWNE'S FOUR JULY SHOWS

JACKSON BROWNE, one of the most respected of contemporary singer-writers, returns to the UK in the summer for the first time since he toured here in 1976. On this occasion, he'll be playing four nights at London Hammersmith Odeon — on July 12, 13, 14 and 15. Tickets go on sale this Saturday (17) at the box-office and usual agents, priced £7.50, £7 and £6.50, and the promoters are Asgard. Browne will be backed by an all-star band, including Doug Haywood (vocals), Danny Kortchmar (guitar), Craig Doerge (keyboards) and Russ Kunkel (drums) — all of whom were featured on his live album 'Running On Empty'.

Anti-Nowhere head major punk package

ANTI-NOWHERE LEAGUE are headlining a four-act package tour of Britain, described by promoters Straight Music as "the first major punk package since The Sex Pistols 'Anarchy In The UK' tour in 1977". Also on the bill are Chelsea, new band The Defects and a special guest act still to be named. Twenty dates have been confirmed so far, but several more have still to be finalised. And ticket prices are being pegged at a standard £3 throughout.

The schedule to date is Brighton Top Rank (May 12), Margate Winter Gardens (13), Birmingham, Imperial Cinema (14), Leicester De Montfort Hall (15), Wakefield Unity Hall (16), Sheffield Top Rank (17), Manchester Rotters (18), Newcastle Mayfair (20), Glasgow Tiffany's (23), Preston Polytechnic (24), Hanley Victoria Hall (26), Derby Assembly Rooms (27), Ipswich Gaumont (29), Cardiff Top Rank (30), Bristol Locarno (31), Plymouth Top Rank (June 1), Reading Top Rank (2), Portsmouth Locarno (3), Norwich Gala Ballroom (4) and London Strand Lyceum (6).

To tie in with the tour, the League release their first album on May 7 titled 'We Are . . . The League', on WXYZ Records — and on the same label this weekend, there's the debut of The Defects with the double A-side single 'Survival'/'Brutality'. Also this weekend, the long-awaited Chelsea album 'Evacuate' finally appears on Step-Forward Records.

SHAKATAK'S ATTACK

SHAKATAK undertake an extensive UK tour from the end of this month through May. It's their second this year, and it coincides with the release of their second Polydor album 'Night Birds', which is also the title of their current single. Their major London show at the Hammersmith Palais on May 2 was announced some time ago, and is already sold out, but their newly confirmed dates are:

Bishops Stortford Carnival (April 30), **Rye** Pontins Holiday Village (May 1), **Reading** Top Rank (3), **Plymouth** Top Rank (4), **Cardiff** Top Rank (5), **Liverpool** Rotters (9), **Stoke** Jollees (10), **Hitchin** The Regal (14), **Kingston** Polytechnic (15), **Edinburgh** Coasters (17), **Glasgow** Tiffany's (18), **Newcastle** Madison's (19), **Sheffield** Limit (20), **Birmingham** Locarno (23), **Southend** Talk Of The South (25), **Brighton** Top Rank (26), **Newmarket** Cabaret Club (27) and **Biggleswade** Sports Centre (29). More gigs are being finalised for June, and will be announced shortly.

Curriculum for Modern English

MODERN ENGLISH, who've been keeping a low profile since the release of their 'Smiles And Laughter' single last summer, swing back into action this month — with a new album and their first headlining tour. The LP, for release by 4.A.D. Records on April 23, is titled 'After The Now' — and it's followed in early May by a 12-inch single 'Life In A Gladhouse'. Confirmed dates for the five-piece outfit are **Derby** Blue Note (April 22), **Weymouth** Dorset Institute (23), **Coventry** General Wolfe (24), **Norwich** Jacquard Club (29), **London Woolwich** Thames Polytechnic (30), **Bristol** Granary (May 3), **Swindon** Brunel Rooms (4), **London City** Polytechnic (5), **Colchester** Institute of Education (7), **Dudley** J.B.'s (8), **Leeds** Warehouse (13), and **London Victoria** The Venue (20), with more still being finalised — including **Sheffield, Manchester, Liverpool, Edinburgh** and **Glasgow.**

SIMON & GARFUNKEL UNCONFIRMED

SIMON & GARFUNKEL's projected London appearance, which has been the subject of speculation for several weeks, is still unconfirmed. As previously reported, the idea is to repeat their New York success in Central Park last autumn, but promoter Harvey Goldsmith hasn't yet been able to tie it up. A spokesman said this week: "We're working on Wembley Stadium for mid-June, but we shan't know one way or the other for about ten days."

THE MOVE PLAY ONE-OFF REUNION

THE MOVE are re-forming for one night only, with four of their original members — Carl Wayne (vocals), Roy Wood (guitar and vocals), Bev Bevan (drums) and Ace Kefford (bass). This special occasion is at Birmingham Locarno on Wednesday, May 5, with support acts including Mike Sheridan's Nightriders and Gerry Levene — all tickets £2, with proceeds going to charity. The Move scored a string of Top Ten hits during the period 1967-72, including a No. 1 with 'Blackberry Way', before evolving into ELO and Wizzard.

● Roy Wood returns to the record scene this weekend with the release of the single 'OTT' — written and produced by Wood, inspired by the TV series of the same name, and backed by top session men. Upcoming in early May is the compilation LP 'Roy Wood — The Singles', a collection of his hits with The Move and Wizzard. These releases are on his own Woody label, set up in conjunction with the independent Speed Records company.

PITMAN REVISION CARDS ARE ON YOUR SIDE

Pitman Revision Cards will get you through your exams.

23 different titles for 'O' level and Business Studies.

Available from all booksellers, or write to:
Pitman Books Ltd
128 Long Acre, London WC2E 9AN

ONLY £1.50

record NEWS

KILLING JOKE have their new album scheduled for release next week, despite all the hassles which have recently be-set the group. Titled 'Revelatins', it's their first to beproduced by Conny Plank in his Cologne studio.

SPARKS have signed a long-term deal with Atlantic Records, who release their album 'Angst In My Pants' on April 23. All 11 songs were written by Ron and Russell Mael, and they're joined on the LP by the current Sparks line-up of Leslie Bohem (bass), Bob Haag (guitar), David Kendrick (drums) and James Goodwin (synthesisers).

THE ASSOCIATES follow up their hit 'Party Fears Two' with a new single titled 'Club Country', issued through WEA on April 30, and written by the duo of Billy MacKenzie and Alan Rankine. B-side is 'A.G. It's You Again'. The 12-inch version features a seven-minute treatment of the A-side, plus a bonus track called 'Ulcragyceptemol'.

TOM VERLAINE has signed with Virgin, and has his single 'Postcard To Waterloo'/'Clear It Away' issued on May 7, followed a week later by a 12-incher featuring 'Days On The Mountain' and 'Postcard To Waterloo'. May 14 also sees the release of his third solo LP 'Words From The Front', all written and produced by Verlaine. And there's a distinct chance that he'll be playing some British dates in June.

SPARKS

THE ASSOCIATES

SHAMBEKO! SAY WAH! is the name under which Wah Heat! (a.k.a. Wah!) are now operating. Shambeko was the name of a group of Bavarians who, in the 1930s, offered physical resistance to the Nazis. The band's new single 'Remember'/'A Crack Is A Crack' is this weekend, with a bonus track called 'Catwalk Crack' on the 12-inch version.

FOREIGNER have their new single 'Urgent' issued by Atlantic on April 23 — it was written by Mick Jones, who also produced it with Mutt Lange, and Junior Walker is featured on saxophone. The seven-inch coupling is a live version of 'Head Games' — while the 12-incher has an extended version of the A-side, plus 'Head Games' and 'Hot Blooded'.

TONI BASIL follows her smash hit 'Mickey', which has just won a Gold Disc, with a new single titled 'Nobody' — it's coupled with 'Thief On The Loose', and both tracks are lifted from her 'Word Of Mouth' album. It's out on the Radialchoice/Virgin label this weekend.

TOTTENHAM HOTSPUR, who charted last year with 'Ossie's Dream', are now striving to win the FA Cup for the second successive year. So this weekend sees the release of a new single 'Tottenham, Tottenham'/'Spurs Medley', again written and produced by Chas & Dave. It's on the Shelf label, through Towerbell Records.

● London's Runaway Records, who signed the **GB Rockers** in January, release their debut single on April 30 — it couples 'Sheree Sheree' and 'You'. The tracks are taken from the band's upcoming album 'When You're hot, You're Hot!', due out shortly.

● The last independently recorded work by New York jazz-punk-disco band **Material** is out this week as a seven-inch radio-mix single or a 12-inch extended disco mix. Titles are 'Ciguri' and 'Detached', recorded in March last year, and they're on Red Records (through the usual indie network).

● **Bonnie Raitt's** double A-side single, out this weekend through WEA, is 'Me And The Boys'/'Keep This Heart In Mind' — both taken from her current album 'Green Light', and featuring guest vocalist Jackson Browne. Also from WEA comes a single by **The Dukes** (alias Bugatti and Musker) titled 'Thank You For The Party', also available in extended form as a 12-incher, and taken from their upcoming debut album.

● London four-piece **Culture Club** have signed a long-term deal with Virgin, and have their single 'White Boy' issued on April 30 in both 7" and 12". For this track, they're augmented by a 14-year-old white Rasta called Amos.

● Due to the interest shown in **The Method Actors'** double album 'Little Fingers', which came out in January, Armageddon Records have decided to release the band's five-track 12-incher 'Dancing Underneath'. It's previously only been available on U.S. import, but is now out here through Pinnacle.

SCRITTI POLITTI have a new single out on Rough Trade Records this week, as the follow-up to the well-received 'Sweetest Girl'. It's called 'Faithless', with Part Two of the same title on the flip side, and it comes in both 7" and 12" versions. It's taken from their upcoming debut album 'Songs To Remember', due out shortly.

● Released by Cherry Red this weekend is the album 'Before The Dream Faded' by **The Misunderstood,** the near-legendary psychedelic band from the late '60s era — all the material in the set is around 15 years old, much of it believed to have been lost forever, but now gathered together after months of painstaking searching around the world. Another new LP on the same label is 'Politics' by **Kevin Coyne,** and there are also three new singles out tomorrow (Friday) — 'Xoyo' by **The Passage,** 'Paraffin Brain' by **The Nightingales** and 'On My Mind' by **The Marine Girls.**

● Two new albums out now on MCA are an in--concert set by **Neil Diamond** containing all his best-known songs, titled 'Live Diamond'; and the debut LP from Canadian six-piece outfit **Wrabit,** with their name as its title. And coming up tomorrow (Friday) is the **Diamond Head** four-track EP, selling at the same price as a single, called 'Four Cuts From Diamond Head'.

● The children of **St Winifred's School** (bless their hearts), who had a smash hit at Christmas 1980 with 'There's No-One Quite Like Grandma', now turn their attentions to the coming visit by the Pope with their new EMI single 'Welcome John Paul'. It's been approved by the Papal authorities, to whom all proceeds are being donated (of course!)

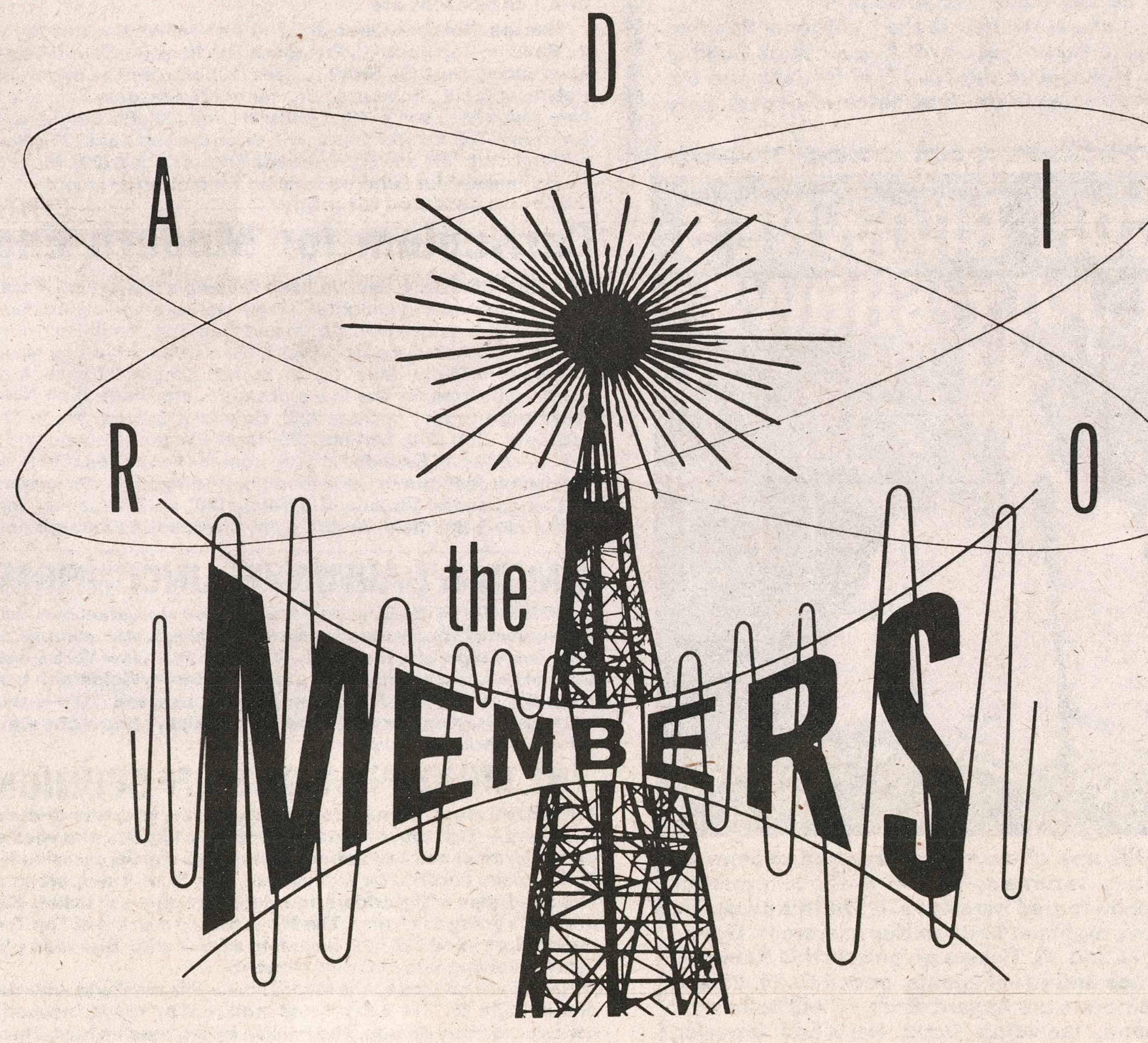
● 'The Other Woman' by **Ray Parker Jnr** is currently the fastest moving single in the States, and it's issued in the UK this weekend by Arista, with Parker due here shortly to promote it. From the same label comes 'Break It To Me Gently' by **Angela Bofill,** the most requested track from her LP 'Something About You', and available in both 7" and 12".

● **Patrice Rushen's** single 'Forget Me Nots' is out this weekend on Elektra. It's followed later this month by her album 'Straight From The Heart', containing nine new songs all co-written by Patrice — who's also featured on bass, keyboards and synthesiser.

● **Anti-Pasti's** upcoming UK tour has been put back, to enable the band to complete work on their second album. Release of their double A-side single 'East To The West'/'Burn In Your Own Flames' has now been set for April 30 by Rondelet Records, and the LP follows on May 28 to coincide with the revised tour dates.

● **Big Twist & The Mellow Fellows** — who (would you believe?) are currently one of America's top R&B attractions — debut in the UK on April 23 with their album 'One Track Mind'. It's on the specialist Red Lightnin label.

● A&M rush release the **True Life Confessions** 'Mothers Day At The Marquee' EP, recorded live last month, and the titles featured are 'Did You Lie?', 'Give It To Me', 'I Like Drinking' and 'Sex Slave'. The sleeve is embellished with pictures taken at the Marquee session, and the band begin a three-week one-nighter series in early May.



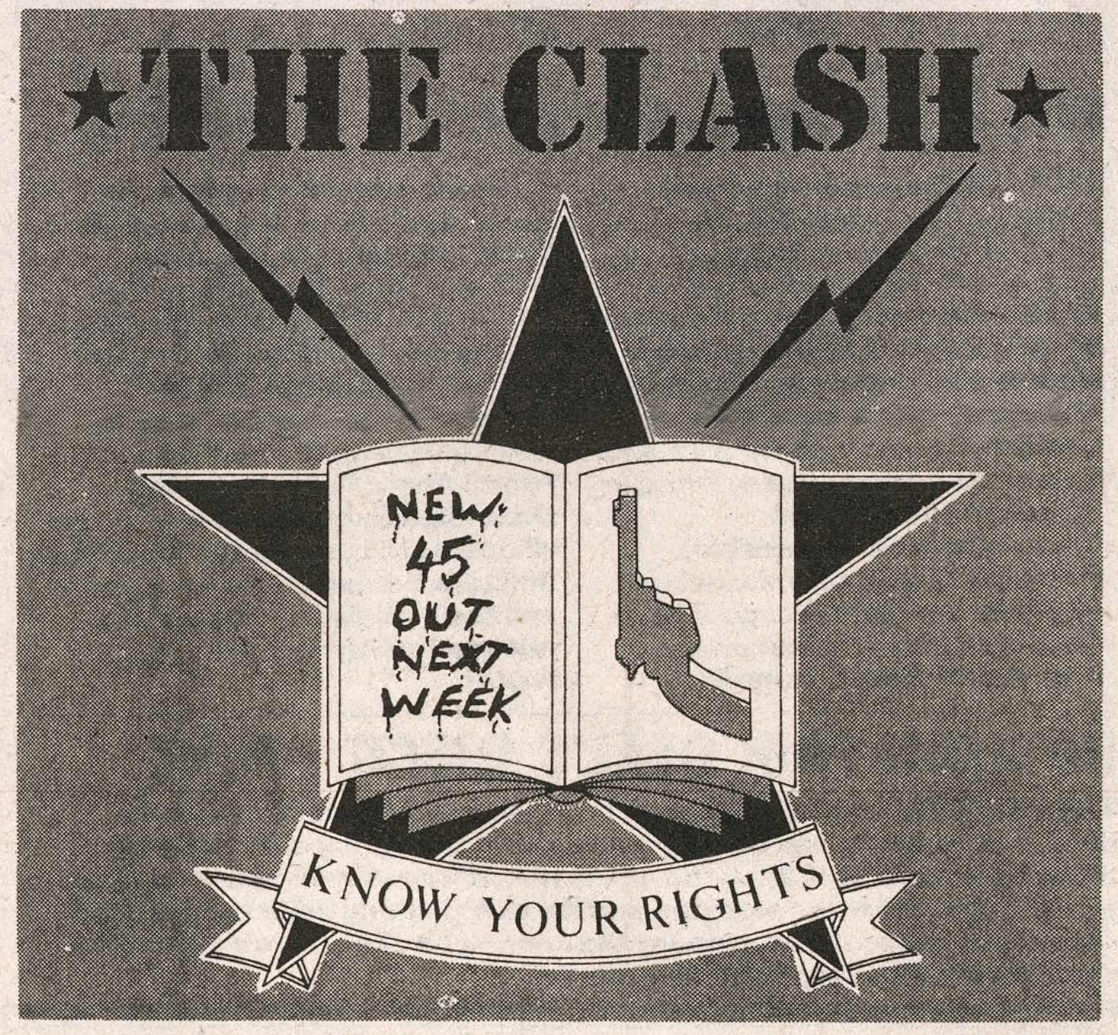
NEW SINGLE

PRODUCED BY MARTIN RUSHENT
7" & 12" VERSIONS AVAILABLE
SPECIAL 7" BAG
AVAILABLE IN THREE DIFFERENT COLOURS

WIP6773
12WIP 6773

GENETIC RECORDS

MANUFACTURED AND DISTRIBUTED BY ISLAND RECORDS LTD



THE QUILL IS BROKEN — LONG LIVE THE BALLPOINT PEN!

The First Live Compilation Of Rant, Rhythm & Rhyme is out — THE POETRY OLYMPICS LP

Featuring: John Cooper Clarke (Health Fanatic, I Mustn't Go Down To The Sea Again, Psycle Sluts, Chicken Town and Beasley Street) Attila The Stockbroker, Seething Wells, Roger McGough, Heathcote Williams, Fran Landesman, James Berry (winner of the 1982 Poetry Society Award) Liz Lochhead, David Henderson, Michael Horowitz & Elizabeth Smart.

ALL ROUND RECORDS

DISTRIBUTION TEL 0689 73146 PINNACLE RECORDS

record NEWS

SITUATION DESPERATE FOR THE SET

Birmingham-based band The Set have signed to Dakota Records, whose distribution is through PRT. Their debut single 'Nothing To Lose'/'If I Had The Chance' is issued this weekend, and there's also a 12-inch format including a dub version of the A-side and a bonus track titled 'Situation Desperate'. The six-piece outfit are planning a string of British dates for the second half of May, details to follow shortly.

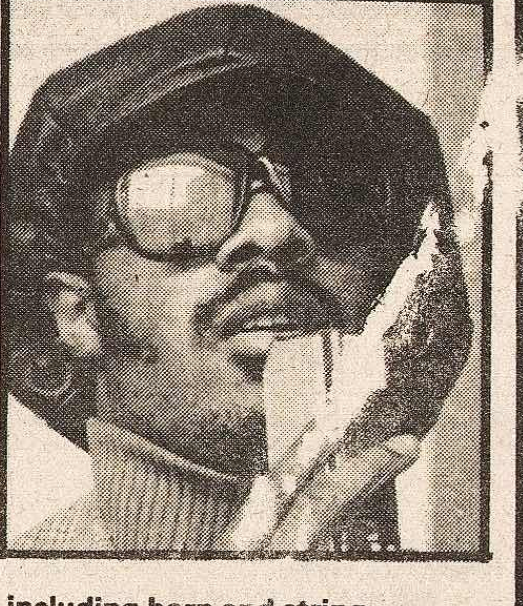
● KR Records, currently figuring strongly with the Pluto hit 'Your Honour', this week release the **Lloyd Charmers** re-working of the Phil Collins song 'If Leaving Me Is Easy'. Distributed by RCA, it's 12-incher running over seven minutes.

● Motown have acquired the rights to the **Bobby Womack** album 'The Poet', originally issued in North America on the Beverly Glen label, and it's rush released here this week. The LP has spent 20 weeks in America's R&B charts, including six at No.1.

Release dates of ***PAUL McCARTNEY's*** *'Tug Of War' album and* ***QUEEN's*** *'Hot Space' LP have both been re-sceduled by EMI — to April 26 and May 3 respectively. The new* ***KRAFTWERK*** *album, as yet untitled, will be issued on May 10 — and on the same date, their 'Autobahn' set appears on the EMI label for the first time. Looking ahead to the following month, a new* ***KATE BUSH*** *album is due on June 14.*

Wonder collection due out soon

STEVIE WONDER's 'Original Musiquarium I', the double album collection featuring the pick of his post-1972 recordings, should be out very shortly on Motown (through RCA). Cover art work is ready, but technical difficulties have temporarily delayed the release — believed to be occasioned by Wonder's habit of delivering all his tracks in lacquer form, rather than on tape. But the track listing is now available, as follows: *Superstition, Living For The City, You Haven't Done Nothin', Front Line, Superwoman (Where Were You When I Needed You), Send One Your Love, Sunshine Of My Life, Ribbon In The Sky, Higher Ground, Sir Duke, Master Blaster (Jammin'), Boogie On Reggae Woman, That Girl, Isn't She Lovely, I Wish* and *Do I Do*.



'Front Line' and 'Ribbon In The Sky' are new songs, with Wonder on vocals, drums, synthesisers, piano and percussion, plus Benjamin Bridges on guitar; 'Do I Do' features Wonder on piano and vocals, backed by a full band, including horn and string sections; and 'That Girl', the latest single, is strictly Wonder solo — on vocals, drums, fender rhodes, harmonica, piano and synthesisers. The double LP comes in an embossed jacket, and all the music is written, arranged and produced by Wonder. All being well, it should be out within the next few weeks.

● Four-piece Hamburg electronic group **Nervous Germans** have re-vamped the old Nancy Sinatra hit 'These Boots Are Made For Walking' as their new single, for release by Rondelet on April 23 — and they're coming over to Britain next month to promote it.

● **Ben Watt** has a three-track EP issued by Cherry Red on April 30, featuring a version of Cole Porter's 'Night And Day' with **Tracey Thorn** of The Marine Girls. This follows Watt's collaboration with Robert Wyatt on his current single 'Summer Into Winter'.

tour NEWS

☐ **DOLLY MIXTURE, John Dowie, Anne Clark** and various guests appear in a benefit concert at Croydon Fairfield Hall on Sunday, April 25, to raise money for building work on the local Warehouse Theatre.

☐ **THE R.B.'s**, the Scottish Latin-funk band whose single 'Uruguay' is released on the Hansa label on April 30 (7" and 12"), have gigs at Inverness Ice Rink (tonight, Thursday), Kinghorn Cuinzie Neuk (Friday), B... Tam Dhu (April 19), Edinburgh ... Browns (21), Lasswade Sports Centre (24), Falkirk Callendar Park College (29) and Kirkcaldy Bentleys (30).

☐ **IDEAL**, a leading four-piece German band, make their UK debut at London Charing Cross Heaven next Monday (19) — supported by The Box, a new outfit that's an amalgamation of Cabaret Voltaire and Clock DVA (tickets £3.50 and £3).

☐ **THE NIGHTINGALES** promote their new Cherry Red single 'Paraffin Brain' at Stourbridge Art College (April 23), London Central School of Art & Design (30), Portsmouth Polytechnic (May 8), London Twickenham St Mary's College (14), London Covent Garden Africa Centre (16) and Cambridge College of Art & Technology (29).

☐ **KEVIN COYNE** plays a one-off at London Covent Garden Rock Garden this Saturday (17) to showcase his new album 'Politics'. A full-scale UK tour is being lined up for the summer.

☐ **PALLAS** have added further gigs to their previously reported Scottish tour — at Wishaw Heathery Bar (April 24), Aberdeen The Venue (May 6), Kirkcaldy Cuinzie Neuk (8) and a return to Glasgow Dial Inn (22).

☐ **HANK WANGFORD BAND** celebrate the release of their new self-named live album on Cow Pie Records, scheduled for April 27, by playing a party gig the same night at London's Notre Dame Hall in Leicester Square. Supports are The Box Brothers and The Greatest Show On Legs, and admission is £4.50 (7.30 pm – midnight).

☐ **EYELESS IN GAZA** play three dates later this month, previewing their upcoming album 'Pale Hands I Loved So Well', which is about to be released by Cherry Red. They are at Coventry Polytechnic (April 23), Kingston Polytechnic (29) and Uxbridge Brunel University (30).

☐ **THE RED AND THE BLACK** are a new group formed from the ashes of Edinburgh cult band Another Pretty Face, and they feature APF's singer and guitarist Mike Scott. They make their live debut at London West Hampstead Moonlight Club tomorrow (Friday), and they'll have their first single released by Ensign Records around the end of May.

PLUTONIUM BLONDES

Windscale cancer deaths

WINDSCALE CAUSES cancer — that's the conclusion of a sobering new report.

According to Peter Taylor, director of the Oxford-based Political Ecology Research Group, the dumping of plutonium waste from the Windscale nuclear power station re-processing works *is* increasing the rate of cancer and cancerous diseases among the local populace.

Found at a significantly higher rate already are bone marrow tumours (myeloma), cancer of the pancreas and leukemia.

PERG involves concerned professional scientists, and Taylor's report (commissioned by environmental lobbyists Greenpeace) documents the scientific data concerning radioactive waste chucked into the Irish sea, the Atlantic and the acreage surrounding the Sellafield/Windscale plant.

A quarter of a ton of plutonium, reports Taylor, has been dumped on sediment along the Cumbrian coast. And, he comments, "a thousandth of a gram of plutonium in the lung will lead to death within a month".

Any horrific cancer increases already detected are only the tip of an iceberg — most cancers which eventually occur from plutonium's toxicity "cannot be detected for many years, while British nuclear fuels try to persuade people that the plant 'has not caused a single death'." BNL make no mention of the area's increase of cancers-in-progress. But using *conservative* figures, PERG concludes that at least 30 and maybe as many as 150 people have been killed by the cumulative discharges at Windscale.

No other country besides France discharges plutonium — and Windscale is somewhere between 100 and 1000 times 'dirtier' than the French sister plant at Cap de la Hague.

Taylor also claims the people of Cumbria are at risk from pollution in the air they inhale.

Copies of the PERG report are available at £5.50 from the Politicial Ecology Research Group at 34 Cowley Road, Oxford, (add 32p postage) or from Greenpeace, 36 Graham Street, London N1.

☐ Another publication, this time from CND, is Phil Bolsover's investigation of the charade called civil defence: *Civil Defence: The Cruellest Confidence Trick*.

Those two little words received an extra discredit from the recent physicians conference in Cambridge when they stated that the survivors of any nuclear war — however 'limited' — would "envy the dead". Bolsover's book explains both the official line and the realities, and it's lightened up by the illustrations of the inimitable Ralph Steadman. Available from CND, 11 Goodwin Street, N4 at 80p — or from the new CND shop at 227 Seven Sisters Road, London N4.

— CYNTHIA ROSE

Steadman

ON THE BOX

This week's guest presenter is Chris Bohn, no relation to Tina Bohn, Maria Penman or Miles Smith

Friday April 16
Union Station (Directed by Rudolph Mate 1950). Not one that will enhance the late William Holden's reputation, even if the subject matter — kidnapping — is perennially topical. Maybe Costa Gavras will remake it as a political thriller or maybe B-movie apologists will get to Mate first and resurrect him as this week's pet cult. **(Thames)**

Better A Widow (Duccio Tessari 1969). A better forgotten Mafiosi comedy featuring Virna Lisa and Peter McEnery. **(BBC2)**

Saturday April 17
Days Of Thrills And Laughter (Robert Youngson 1961). Two decades of silent movie history with the love interest removed. That leaves just 90 delirious minutes crammed with some of the funniest moments committed to film by Laurel and Hardy, Chaplin, Ben Turpin, The Keystone Cops and more, while the supposed spills of the likes of Douglas Fairbanks are only slightly less daft. Much better than *Tiswas*. **(BBC1)**

Boom Town (Jack Conway 1940). Buddy-buddies Clark Gable and Spencer Tracy get rich quick when they strike oil, but their friendship's sheiken apart by — you guessed it — a dame! It's either Claudette Colbert or Hedy Lamarr; wasn't the latter ace in *Ziegfeld Girl* on Easter Monday? **(BBC2)**

The Greatest Show On Earth (Cecil B. de Mille 1952). If circus... be your blind spot, then not ev... the millions invested by de M... the presence of Lamour, ...t Stewart will change your mi... Anyway it's got Charlton Heston in it and if you follow the easy rule that Heston's only appeared in one great film — *Touch Of Evil (Three if you count Planet Of The Apes and The Omega Man. — M.S.)* — you'll save yourselves á lot of time. **(BBC1)**

The Assassination Bureau (Basil Deardon 1968). Mildly (de)based on the Jack London story, the bureau's operative include Ollie Reed and Telly Savalas, but don't let that put you off. **(LWT)**

Citizen Kane (Orson Welles 1941). Orson Welles' greatness is partly down to his not letting his innovations show. His fluid dissolves, fades and editing don't interfere with, but advance the drama of one man's ambition declining into greed, his love burning up in a sick, all-consuming passion. **(BBC2)**

Seven Suspects For Murder (Claude Lelouch 1975). Opens a new season under the slightly misleading heading of Adult Continental Movie. Lelouch is a French director more in love with Hollywood action movies than the Danish blue kind hinted at by the title. This one's plotline doesn't sound too far removed from the *Dirty Harry* "if you can't beat them BEAT-'EM" series. **(LWT)**

Sunday April 18
Mrs Pollifax — Spy (Leslie Martinson 1971). Apart from the first smirk you get on hearing this spy spoof is set in Albania — shame it wasn't filmed on location — there are precious few laughs to be found elsewhere. Rosalind Russell is an American widow who volunteers her services to the CIA. **(BBC2)**

The Double Man (Franklin J. Schaffner 1967). Or *Reflections In A Gleaming Pate*. Yul Brynner is doppelganged by the East German secret service. The latter is ideologically correct, but no prizes given for guessing who wins out in the ski slope battles. **(BBC1)**

The Magnificent Ambersons (Orson Welles 1942). The *Citizen Kane* empire boiled down to small town proportions in which an intransigent family loses it feudal grip on its neighbours. Actually, I found this one boring. Sorry. **(BBC2)**

Monday April 19
Old Mother Riley, Headmistress (John Harlow 1950). Arthur Askey's not in it, but music hall artist Arthur Lucan is. For Anglophiles only. **(BBC1)**.

Tuesday April 20
Girls! Girls! Girls! (Norman Taurog 1962). The basic plot outline of every Presley movie is contained here. Don't worry if you miss it. **(BBC1)**

Kiss Me Kate (George Sidney 1953). Personally, I love the bit where Ralph Meeker thrusts a bag of salt peanuts in a cheap hood's face . . . oops, sorry, that's *Kiss Me Deadly*. *Kiss Me Kate* is Hollywood travesty — fancy letting a heel like Howard Keel loose on Cole Porter! **(BBC2)**

Wednesday April 21
Swallows And Amazons (Claude Whatham 1974). Very English family entertainment guaranteed not to please anyone, least of all kids. **(BBC1)**

FOR YOUR HI-FI'S ONLY

Having saved the world once again, our hero looks forward to an evening of aural delight, listening to a little music with a good bottle of red. He places the record on the turntable, but the sound is not good. "I don't know much about these things" said the blonde "but I'd say you have a deficiency at both frequency extremes, a hump around two kilohertz and poor channel separation." "Where did you learn that?" asks our hero! "From this" she replies, producing a well-thumbed copy of Practical Hi-Fi. "The May issue includes an ambitious cassette deck comparison, a review of the new Quad Electrostatic and a £1,000 Technics competition." He moves across the room and lays down beside her. "Amazing" he murmurs "turn up the lighting I've got some reading to do."

PRACTICAL HI-FI

May issue out NOW

LIVE ADS (01-261 6153)

marquee

90 Wardour St., W.1 — 01-437 6603

OPEN EVERY NIGHT FROM 7.00 pm to 11.00 pm
REDUCED ADMISSION FOR STUDENTS, SOCIAL SECURITY CARD HOLDERS AND MEMBERS

Thursday 15th April (Adm £2.00)
LIMELIGHT
The Act & Jerry Floyd

Friday 16th April (Adm £2.00)
TYTAN
Plus Guests & Jerry Floyd

Saturday 17th April (Adm £2.00)
PARK AVENUE
Plus Support & Jerry Floyd

Sunday 18th April (Adm £2.50)
ANGELWITCH
Plus Guests & Jerry Floyd

Monday 19th April & Tuesday 20th April (Adm £2.50)
Filth Hounds Of Hades
TANK
Plus Special Guests & Jerry Floyd

Wednesday 21st April (Adm £1.50)
THE METEORS
Plus Support & Jerry Floyd

Thursday 22nd April (Adm £1.50)
CROWN OF THORNS
Airport & Dean & Jerry Floyd

SPECIAL OFFER 25p off any drink — only with this advert

READING FESTIVAL
AUGUST BANK HOLIDAY WEEKEND

DINGWALLS
RHYTHM 'N' BOOZE

CAMDEN LOCK, CHALK FARM RD. LONDON NW1 01 267 4967

THURS 15
CAROL GRIMES & THE HYPNOTICS

FRI 16
LARRY WALLIS & THE PORK TORPEDOES
SUPPORTED BY THE HAMSTERS £3.30

SAT 17
ROOT JACKSON & THE G.B. BLUES Co
SUPPORTED BY IK £3.30

SUN 18
BENEFIT (7-11.30pm)
Holloway All Stars, Killing Spiders, Earth Rites

TUES 20
PASSION PUPPETS, AFTER DARK, LAST TOUCH

WED 21
FROM CHICAGO U.S.A. SUPER SOUL SHOW,
THE CHI-LITES
FEATURING EUGENE RECORD

THURS 22
NICK GARVEY

COMING SOON...
THURS 29
WILKO JOHNSON'S SOLID SENDERS FEATURING LEW LEWIS

THE Venue

160–162 Victoria Street, London SW1E 5LB Tel 828 9441

Doors open 7.30pm Main Band on at 9.30pm

THIS WEEK

Thursday 15th April £2.00
THE HIGSONS + KING TRIGGER
+ International Rescue

Friday 16th April £3.00
CAROL GRIMES
+ The Hipnotics
Featuring Mickey Gallagher, John Turnbull, Neil Hubbard & Others

Saturday 17th April £3.00
CAYENNE

Monday 19th April £2.00
Sad Among Strangers
+ Treatment + Manray

Tuesday 20th April £2.50
PETER STRAKER
+ Killer Wales

Wednesday 21st April £2.50
THE WAITRESSES
+ Espionage

Thursday 22nd April £2.50
JOHNNY THUNDERS

COMING SOON

Friday 23rd April £3.00
DENNIS BOVELL'S DUB BAND

Saturday 24th April £3.00
HI-TENSION

Wednesday 28th April £3.50
MOVING HEARTS
Featuring Christy Moore

Thursday 29th April £3.50
BERT JANSCH + ALBERT LEE
and Terry Cox, Nigel Portman Smith

Saturday 8th May £3.50
BO DIDDLEY

Monday 24th & Tuesday 25th May £4.50
TODD RUNDGREN
Cheques not acceptable

HOPE & ANCHOR
UPPER STREET ISLINGTON, N.1

Wednesday 14th April £1.00
WIPEOUT

Thursday 15th April £1.00
MOTOR BOYS MOTOR

Friday 16th April £1.25
DEKE LEONARD

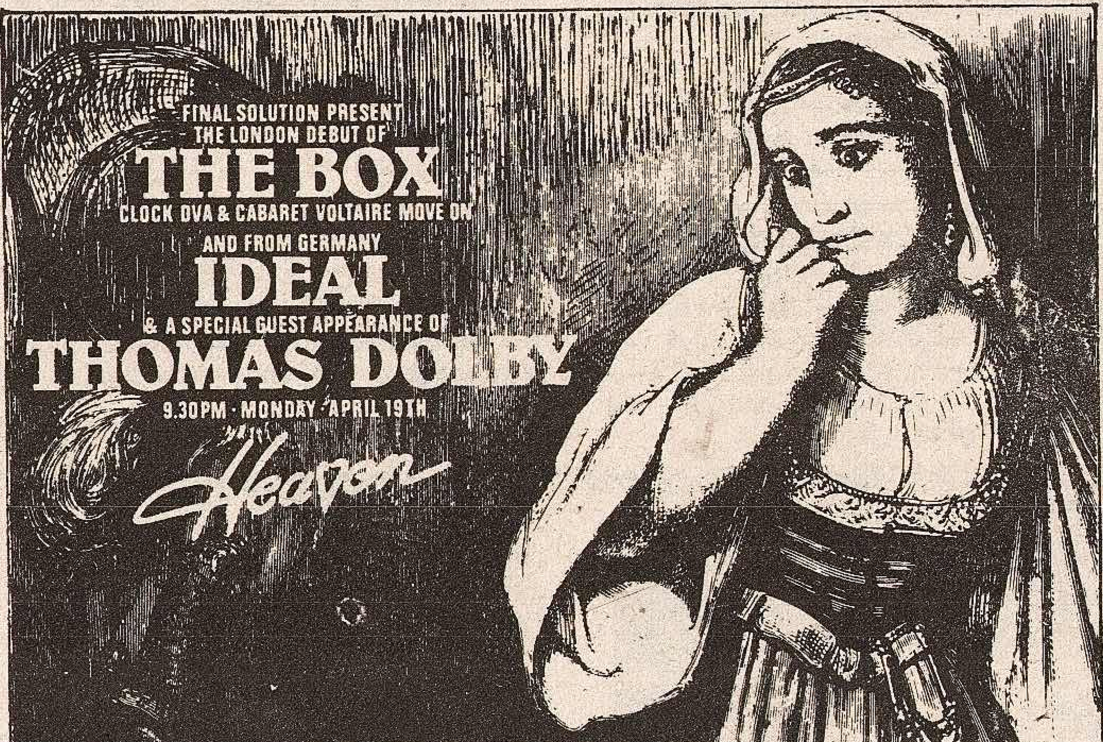
Saturday 17th April £1.25
COLD FISH

Sunday 18th April £1.00
SHE
Featuring Kid Cairo & Ken Whaley

Monday 19th April £1.00
Dining Out Records
NEW AGE

Tuesday 20th April £1.50
JOHNNY THUNDERS
+ SUPPORT

Wednesday 21st April £1.00
Foster's Lager Jamboree
C C ROCKHOUSE



OVER 18'S ONLY · THE ARCHES, VILLIERS ST, WC2 · TICKETS £3.50 FROM ROUGH TRADE · HONKY TONK · BONAPARTE (KINGS X) & PREMIER BOX OFFICE

CLUB LEFT Presents A NIGHT OF CONVERSATION DISCUSSION & ENTERTAINMENT With

VIC GODARD & THE SUBWAY SECT

DOWNSTAIRS AT **ronnie scott's**
25th APRIL
8-11pm
Tickets-£3 on Door
47, Frith Street, London, W1V 5TE

B.E.F. presents

THE SOUL BAND
plus
HALFPINT DISCO
to be held at
THE BISLEY PAVILION
on
May 1st, 1982
£2.00. Tickets available from 32 Langmans Way, Woking, Surrey. Cheques to be made payable to Horizon

BROADWAY
Clarendon Hotel, Hammersmith Broadway W6

Thursday 15th April £1.00
Floss Rock Show
NIGHTFLIGHT

Friday 16th April £1.50
SOUTHERN DEATH CULT
+ Sex Gang Children

Saturday 17th April £1.50
THE DIODES
+ Mom

Sunday 18th April £1.00
THE SPYS
+ Shattered Dreams

Monday 19th April £1.00
THE CREAMIES
+ Casual Sex

Tuesday 20th April 50p
THE IDIOT BALLROOM BEACH PARTY

ROCK CITY
Talbot St, Nottingham
Tel 0602 412544 Open 8pm-2am

Friday 16th April £3.50 Adv
JUDIE TZUKE

Wednesday 5th May £3.00 Adv
NICK LOWE

Thursday 6th May £4.00 Adv
ROSE ROYCE

Tuesday 18th May £3.00 Adv
WISHBONE ASH

Wednesday 19th May £3.50 Adv
TODD RUNDGREN

Thursday 20th May £3.50 Adv
KID CREOLE & THE COCONUTS

Must Be Over 18 Years Of Age. Tickets From Rock City Box Office, Selectadisc, Victoria Box Office Nottingham — RE-Cords Derby — Revolver, Mansfield — Pride Newark — Record Shop, Grantham — Tracks, The Box Office Lincoln — or by post from ROCK CITY, ENCLOSING SAE.

Colin Hunte artist agency & McLeod enterprise co. ltd. PRESENTS

mighty DIAMONDS SAT 17th APRIL

AT FAIR DEAL Nr Brixton Tube Stockwell Rd

Tickets £5.00 from Fair Deal B.O., usual agencies & good record shops. Advance ticket holders have a chance to win a weekend for two on the continent.

THE GREYHOUND
175 FULHAM PALACE ROAD, W.6

Thursday 15th April £1.50
THE WALL
+ Catch 22 + Wet Paint Theatre Co

Friday 16th April £1.75
NO DICE
+ Sharx

Saturday 17th April £1.50
JO ANNE KELLY
+ Steve Boyce Band

Sunday 18th April £1.00
THE FRENCHIES (ex Fabulous Poodles)
+ Dream Cycle 7

Monday 19th April £1.25
WIPE OUT
+ R... Eye

Tuesday 20th April £1.25
PLANNING BY NUMBERS
+ Ju.. & The Shades

Wednesday 21st April £1.50
BLOOD POETS (ex Roxy Music, ex Joe Cocker)
+ Empty Vessels

ARS Concerts Present

BAUHAUS + Guests

IMPERIAL CINEMA, MOSELEY RD, BIRMINGHAM 12 021-440 2283 — Friday 23rd April
No Age Or Dress Restrictions.
Tickets from Virgin, Inferno, Birmingham, Coventry. Graduate, Dudley. Easy Listening, Acocks Green. Sundown, Wolverhampton, Walsall. Also available from Venue

KINGS HEAD
4 Fulham High St. SW6 736 1413

Thursday 15th April £1.00
BASIL'S BALLS UP BAND

Friday 16th April £1.50
LITTLE SISTER

Saturday 17th April £1.50
RED BEANS

Sunday 18th April £1.00
THE FEELERS

Monday 19th April £1.00
GINGER

Tuesday 20th April £1.00
CC ROCKHOUSE

Wednesday 21st April £1.00
RADICAL SHEIKS

101 CLUB
101 St John's Hill SW1
223 8309

Thursday 15th April £1.00
STREETWALKER

Friday 16th April £1.50
MASKED ORCHESTRA

Saturday 17th April £1.50
THE FEELERS

Sunday 18th April £1.00
THE A BAND

Monday 19th April £1.00
HEROES

Tuesday 20th April £1.00
KISSING SHARKS

Wednesday 21st April £1.00
HEARTBEATS

VARIATIONS at the BARRRACUDA
1 BAKER ST, W1 (836 4853)

Monday 19th April
BUMBLE AND THE BEEZ
+ Groundzero

Tuesday 20th April
WEEKEND
+ Carmel

Monday 26th April — **DISLOCATION DANCE**
Tuesday 27th April — **PINSKI ZOO** + Schlaflose Nachte

9.30pm — 2.30am
THE BEST DANCE MUSIC IN TOWN SPUN BY **PARODY 75** — "A DOUBLE ACT"

THEATRES

An original adaptation of HUNTER S. THOMPSON's

Evngs. 8·00 Fri. & Sat. 6·00 & 9·00
Prevs. from May 6. Opens May 11.

FORTUNE THEATRE
Russell St. WC2 836 2238

nationwide GIG GUIDE

Boracic Bob, the King Fu Wrestler
Pic: Peter Anderson

THE BOOMTOWN RATS kick off their nationwide tour, promoting their newly released album 'V-Deep' and no doubt reviving former glories, at Derby (Friday), Newcastle (Saturday), Glasgow (Sunday), Aberdeen (Monday) and Edinburgh (Tuesday). The mountainous MEATLOAF flies in at the weekend for his long-awaited UK tour. He opens at Brighton on Tuesday and Wednesday, with a string of concerts still to come, including Wembley Arena and Birmingham NEC. STATUS QUO, whose massive tour — including eight London shows — marks their 20th anniversary, start their travels in the Emerald Isle, where they have concerts in Belfast on Monday and Tuesday. THE CURE start their most impressive schedule to date — with initial gigs at Plymouth (Sunday), Bristol (Tuesday) and Brighton (Wednesday) . . . And the last of this week's batch of tours marks the return of that all-American boy DON McLEAN, who's in action at St Austell (Thursday), Bristol (Friday), Southampton (Saturday), Croydon (Sunday), Ipswich (Monday) and Oxford (Wednesday).

Other highlights this week include a plethora of jazz at Hammersmith Odeon, with DONALD BYRD (Saturday and Sunday) and MILES DAVIS (Tuesday and Wednesday) in attendance . . . FASHION topping a one-off at London Lyceum on Thursday . . . CLASSIX NOUVEAUX playing two London concerts over the weekend, as the high point of their current tour, the latter (Lyceum, Sunday) featuring SYL SYLVAIN's new group . . . and THE MIGHTY DIAMONDS' re-scheduled gig at Brixton Fair Deal on Saturday.

thursday 15th

Basildon Raquels: **Funkapolitan**
Bath Moles: **The Swinging Laurels**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Ida-Red**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Sky Diver**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **The Last Detail**
Bordon Robin Hood: **Click**
Bracknell South Hill Park Arts Centre: **Cayenne**
Bradford Alhambra Theatre: **Mike Harding (for three days)**
Bradford Manhattan Club: **Xero**
Bradford 1 in 12 Club: **Seething Wells/ Wild Willi Backett / Joolz**
Brighton New Regent: **King Sounds & The Israelites / The Violent Daffodils**
Chadwell Heath Greyhound: **007**
Chesterfield Star Inn: **Our Pete & The Wage Slips / Jumping Jeannie & The 4½ Garden Gnomes**
Derby Blue Note: **Richard & Linda Thompson**
Eastcote Bottom Line: **Gonzalez**
East Kilbride Murray Hall: **The Mackinnons**
Edinburgh Nite Club: **Marillion**
Farnham The Maltings: **Toffs**
Feltham The Airman: **Avenue**
Gateshead Honeysuckle: **East Side Torpedoes**
Glasgow Night Moves: **The Waitresses**
Gt. Yarmouth The Big Apple: **Ruby Joe**
Guildford Civic Hall: **Fred Wedlock**
Hanley The Vine: **The Varukers**
Harlow Apocalypso Club: **Easy Action**
Hartlepool Nursey Inn: **The Stingrays / Herman Asteroid**
Hayes Alfred Beck Centre: **Richard Digance**
Hemel Hempstead Cellar Rock Club: **Out Lander / Mystique / Freebird**
High Wycombe Nags Head: **The Zitz**
Huddersfield Star Bar: **Basking Sharks**
Leeds Warehouse: **Huang Chung**
Liverpool The Mayflower: **The Rivals**
Liverpool Warehouse: **The Room**
London Acton White Hart: **Gun Control**
London Battersea Arts Centre: **Kristo Hughes**
London Brentford Red Lion: **Rodeo**
London Brixton The Fridge: **Trimmer & Jenkins**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Carol Grimes & The Hipnotics**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **Diz & The Doormen**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Streetwalker / Official Secrets**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Southern Death Cult / Vane**
London Covent Garden The Canteen: **Juice On The Loose**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **The 45's**
London Fulham Greyhound: **The Wall / Catch 22 / Wet Paint Theatre Company**
London Fulham King's Head: **Basils Ballsup Band**
London Hammersmith The Broadway (at Clarendon): **Nightflight**
London Hampstead Giovanni's Club: **Spartacus**
London Islington Blue Coat Boy: **The Insane / The Satellites / Criminal Damage**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Motor Boys Motor**
London Islington Pied Bull: **The Cause / Ik!**
London Kensington De Villiers Bar: **Gold Dust Twins**
London Knightsbridge Pizza On The Park: **Jay McShann Trio (until April 30, except Sundays)**
London Marquee Club: **Limelight**
London N.7 The Favourite: **Jan Ponsford Quintet with Jim Dvorak**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **The 'A' Band**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Tony McPhee Blues Band / The London Apaches**
London Peckham Bouncing Ball: **Hellrazer / The Force**
London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: **Bill Brunskill Band**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Hal Singer**
London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: **Talkover / King Kurt**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Hank Wangford**
London Strand Lyceum Ballroom: **Fashion / Private Lives / She Sherrif**
London Tottenham-Court Road Dominion Theatre: **Classix Nouveaux/A Blue Zoo**
London Victoria The Venue: **The Higsons / King Trigger / International Rescue**
London Waterloo Royal Victoria: **Freddy's Feetwarmers**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Jump Squad / Only After Dark**
London W.1 (Bond St.) Embassy Club: **The Breakfast Band**
London W.1 (Charlotte St.) Soly Sombra: **The Swingers**
London W.1 (Conduit St.) Kareba Club: **The Nice Men**
London W.1 (Gt. Portland St.) The Albany: **Room 13**
Luton Cottars: **Scarlet O'Hara**
Manchester Band On The Wall: **Loose Change**
Manchester Jilly's 2: **Spider**
Minchinhampton The New Lodge: **Artists And Lovers**
Neath Talk Of The Abbey: **Bluenote**
Newcastle City Hall: **The Scorpions**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Colin Staples Breadline / Ray Gunn & The Lasers**
Oxford Penny Farthing; **The Notleys**
Peterborough Bushfield Community Centre: **Roaring Jelly**
Plymouth Ark Royal: **The Shout**
Ramsgate The Flowing Bowl: **Emotional Play**
Reading Hexagon Theatre: **Blackfoot**
Sheffield City Hall: **Sky**
Sheffield The Penguin: **Fireclown**
Southend Cliffs Pavilion: **Judi Tzuke**
St. Austell Cornwall Coliseum: **Don McLean**
Swindon Brunel Rooms: **Dozy, Beaky, Mick & Tich**
Swindon Wyvern Theatre: **Mike Berry**
Wallasey Dale Inn: **Rockin Horse**
Watford Baileys: **Gladys Knight & The Pips (until Saturday)**
Whitworth Rawstrons Arms: **Criminal Fingers**

friday 16th

Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Willy & The Poor Boys**
Birmingham Digbeth Civic Hall: **Fred Wedlock**
Birmingham Fighting Cocks: **Dead Wretched/Obsessed**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Situation Critical**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Teuser**
Birmingham Star Club: **The Traitors**
Birmingham The Mermaid: **Fast Relief**
Blackburn The Regent: **Whammer Jammer**
Blackpool J.R.s Rock Club: **Spider**
Brighton Lanes Club: **Crowd Control/Where's The W**
Bristol Colston Hall: **Don McLean**
Bristol Trinity Hall: **The Higsons**
Broadstairs The Pavilion: **Denigh/Monster**
Cardiff The Paddlesteamer: **Fire Down Below**
Chadwell Heath Greyhound: **Chemical Alice/Wild Dogs**
Coventry Apollo Theatre: **Elkie Brooks**
Coventry General Wolfe: **Chainsaw**
Coventry Ryton Bridge: **Streetlite**
Cromer West Runton Pavilion: **Classix Nouveaux**
Croydon The Star: **Tony McPhee Blues Band**
Derby Assembly Rooms: **The Boomtown Rats**
Dover (St. Margaret's) Red Lion: **The Pulsaters**
Dudley J.B.'s Club: **Tangiers**
Edinburgh Nite Club: **The Waitresses**
Gateshead Honeysuckle: **Standard Issue**
Glasgow Night Moves: **The Recognitions/Episilon**
Grangemouth Bon Accord: **Twisted Nerve/Bake**
Greenock Victorian Carriage: **Marillion**
Guernsey C.I. The Savoy: **The Pulse**
Harrow The Roxboro': **Dream Cycle 7**
Kilmarnock Hunting Lodge: **H20**
Leeds Galaxy Club: **The Nashville Teens**
Leicester De Montfort Hall: **Blackfoot**
Lisburn (Co. Down) Jack's: **Les Vedettes**
Liverpool Warehouse: **Pinski Zoo**

☐ CONTINUED OVER

nationwide GIG GUIDE

☐ FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

London Brentford Red Lion: **Chuck Farley**
London Brixton Old White Horse: **African Dawn / Atilla The Stockbroker / Beryl & The Perils / Margot Random Band**
London Brixton The Fridge: **Arc Connection**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Larry Wallis & The Pork Torpedoes / The Hamsters**
London Camden Southampton Arms: **Jellyroll Blues Band**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **Matt Finish & The Glosscoats**
London Clapham 101 Club: **The Masked Orchestra/The Daughter**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Robert Ellis Orrall**
London Covent Garden The Canteen: **Johnny M & His Uptown Rhythm.**
London Deptford The Crypt: **The Funeral Directors**
London Epping La Taverna: **Chas & Dave**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Limelight**
London Fulham Greyhound: **No Dice/Sharx**
London Fulham King's Head: **Little Sister**
London Hackney Chats Palace: **The Ivory Coasters**
London Hammersmith The Broadway (at Clarendon): **Southern Death Cult/Sex Gang Children**
London Herne Hill Half Moon: **A Bigger Splash / Floating Bears**
London Islington Blue Coat Boy: **Drongos For Europe / The Transistors / Intensified Chaos**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Deke Leonard**
London Kensington Ad Lib Club: **The Lightning Raiders**
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate : **Crannog**
London Marquee Club: **Tytan**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Combo Passe / Idol Frets**
London Peckham Newlands Tavern: **Duphorias Last Dance**
London Plumstead Prince Rupert: **Studio Two**
London Plumstead The Ship: **Praxis / His Create He**
London Rotherhithe the Prince of Orange: **East Side Stompers**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Don Harper & Denny Wright**
London Stockwell The Plough: **Southside**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Juice On The Loose**
London Trafalgar-Square St. Martin-in-the-Fields Crypt: **The Papers/I**
London Twickenham Black Dog: **Ik!**
London Victoria The Venue: **Carol Grimes & The Hipnotics**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Fun House/The Red And The Black**
London W.9 Zig-Zag Club: **Wasted Youth/Miles Over Matter/Vane**
Manchester Band On The Wall: **Quintet Blacque**
Manchester Derby Hall: **Richard Digance**
Newcastle City Hall: **The Scorpions**
Northampton The Mailcoach: **Spring Offensive**
Northampton Sywell Aerodrome: **George Melly & The Feetwarmers**
Norwich Gala Ballroom: **Huang Chung**
Norwich Premises Arts Centre: **Roaring Jelly**
Nottingham Rock City: **Judie Tzuke**
Oxford Pennyfarthing: **Dumpy's Rusty Nuts**
Plymouth Ark Royal: **Canyon**
Pontardawe Dynevor Arms: **Graham Larkbey**
Retford Porterhouse: **UK Decay**
Shanklin I.o.W. The Clarendon: **The Choir**
Street Crispin Hall: **The Headless Horsemen**
Sunderland Mayfair Ballroom: **Pallas**
Sutton-in-Ashfield Centre Theatre: **New Apostles/Apocalypse Jive/Ghost Dancers**
Swansea Patti Pavilion: **Robin Williamson**
Wakefield The Grove: **The Screaming Ab Dabs**

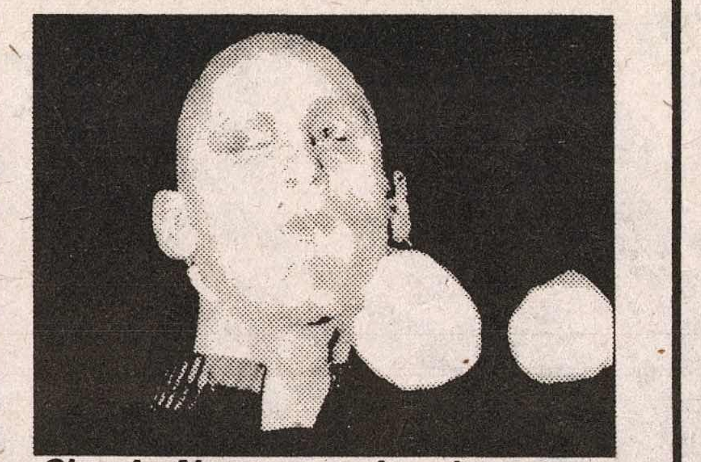
saturday 17th

Mighty Diamonds: Brixton

Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Orphan**
Birmingham Fighting Cocks: **Lost Cause / Childhoods End**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **No Faith**
Blackburn The Regent: **Whammer Jammer**
Blackpool J.R.'s Rock Club: **Spider**
Bournemouth Midnight Express: **Animal Magic**
Bracknell South Hill Park Arts Centre: **The Wilsons**
Brighton Jenkinsons: **Chas & Dave**
Brighton The Concorde: **Kabbala**
Buckland Memorial Hall: **Roaring Jelly**
Burnham-on-Crouch Carnival Hall: **The Docs**
Cardiff Nero's: **The Swinging Laurels**
Chadwell Heath Greyhound: **Le Mat / The Doctor**
Chesterfield Brimington Inn: **Fireclown**
Chesterfield Top Rank: **Bingo Reg & The Screaming Jeannies / Stuttering Jack & The Heart Attacks**
Coventry General Wolfe: **Victorian Parents**
Crumlin Woodbine Villa: **Ohibo Paronti**
Doncaster Rockware Club: **Saracen**
Dudley J.B.'s Club: **The Mood Elevators**
Dunoon Tor Na Dee: **Marillion**
Ebbw Vale The Level: **Andy Pandemonium**
Edinburgh Nite Club: **Boots For Dancing**
Evesham Town Hall: **The Photos**
Glasgow Dial Inn: **Pallas**
Guildford Royal Hotel: **Hi-Tension**
Harlow Square One: **Chemical Alice**
Harrow The Headstone: **Dream Cycle 7**
Hastings The Carlisle: **Deep Machine / Desolation Angels**
Kings Lynn Providence Street Youth Centre: **International Heroes**
Leeds Haddon Hall: **Dodgy Tactics**
Liverpool Adams Club: **The Lawnmower / Big Momma Hill**
Liverpool The Masonic: **Stun The Guards**
Liverpool Warehouse: **Clint Eastwood & General Saint**
London Battersea Arts Centre: **Barbara Thompson's Paraphernalia**
London Battersea The Latchmere: **The Extraordinaires**
London Brentford Red Lion: **Book 'Em And Risk It**
London Brixton Fair Deal: **The Mighty Diamonds / Lion Youth**
London Brixton The Fridge: **Pennies From Heaven**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Root Jackson & The GB Blues Co / Ik!**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **The Deltas**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
London Clapham 101 Club: **The Feelers / Freehand**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Kevin Coyne / Souls Valiant**
London Covent Garden The Canteen: **Waller-Weller Quartet**
London Deptford The Duke: **Studio Two**
London East Acton The Oaktree: **Gun Control**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Ricky Cool**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Jo-Anne Kelly Band / Steve Boyce Band**
London Hackney Chats Palace: **Dave Bitelli's Onward International**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Donald Byrd**
London Hammersmith The Broadway (at Clarendon): **The Diodes / Mom**
London Herne Hill Half Moon: **Bumble & The Beez / Cold Fish**
London Islington Blue Coat Boy: **Red Alert / Five-O / A.B.H.**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Cold Fish**
London Islington Pied Bull: **Dolly Mixture / The Deadbeats**
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: **Morrissey Mullen**
London Manor Park Three Rabbits: **Paragon**
London Marquee Club: **Park Avenue**
London N.4 The Stapleton: **Dave Ellis Band**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Rio & The Robots / Golf Tides**
London Plaistow The Garage: **The Funeral Directors**
London Putney Star & Garter: **Trimmer & Jenkins**
London Regents Park Cecil Sharp House: **Dave Evans**
London Rotherhithe Prince of Wales: **New Era Jazzband**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Don Harper & Denny Wright**
London Southall White Swan: **Scarlet O'Hara**
London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: **Dog Dog Dog**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Big Chief**
London Tottenham-Court Road Dominion Theatre: **Classix Nouveaux / A Blue Zoo**
London Victoria King William IV: **Accelerator**
London Victoria The Venue: **Cayenne**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Future Daze / The Silence**
London Wimbledon Theatre: **Alan Price**
London W.1 Dover Street Wine Bar: **Gilly Elkin Band**
London W.9 Zig-Zag Club: **UK Decay / Danse Society / Southern Death Cult / 13 At Midnight**
Manchester (Ashton) Spread Eagle: **Rockin Horse**
Manchester Band On The Wall: **Eddie 'Lockjaw' Davis**
Manchester The Gallery: **Foreign Press / Beach Red**
Newcastle City Hall: **The Boomtown Rats**
Oxford Apollo Theatre: **Elkie Brooks**
Oxford Pennyfarthing: **Spring Offensive**
Plymouth Ark Royal: **Direct Lines**
Retford Porterhouse: **Coil**
Shanklin I.o.W. The Clarendon: **The Choir**
Sheffield City Hall: **Blackfoot**
Shoreham Community Centre: **The Bel-Airs / Midnight Shift**
Southampton Gaumont Theatre: **Don McLean**
Southampton St. Deny's Community Centre: **Dancette**
St Albans City Hall: **Judie Tzuke**
St Austell Cornwall Coliseum: **Sky**
Swindon Wyvern Theatre: **Neil Innes**
West Drayton The Swan: **Steela**
Windsor Safari Park: **Pride**
Wishaw Crown Hotel (lunchtime): **The Pests**
Wollaston Nags Head: **The Stereo Insoles**

sunday 18th

Aberdeen Copper Beech: **Freebird**
Ashford The Swan: **Emotional Play**
Balloch Ben Lomond Hotel: **Marillion**
Bedford Horse & Groom: **The Psy-kicks**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Otto's Bazaar**
Birmingham Fighting Cocks: **Blues Power / Five Amp Fuse**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **The Out**
Birmingham Strathallan Hotel: **Don Weller / Paul Bridge / Johnny Patrick / Tony Richards etc**
Birmingham (Yardley) The Swan: **Video**
Bradford Manhattan Club: **Xero**
Bradford St George's Hall: **The Scorpions**
Brighton Jenkinsons: **The Waitresses**
Bristol Hippodrome: **Sky**
Bromley The Northover (lunchtime): **Bill Scott & Ian Ellis**
Chadwell Heath Greyhound: **The Wall**
Croydon Fairfield Hall: **Don McLean**
Derby Blue Note: **The Breakfast Band**
Edinburgh Ital Club: **Senator**
Glasgow Apollo Theatre: **The Boomtown Rats**
Glenrothes Rothes Arms: **Pallas**
High Wycombe Nags Head: **The Alligators**
Kettering Kings Arms (lunchtime): **Dave Johnson Jazz Band & Guests**
Leeds Royal Park Hotel (lunchtime) and Central Station (evening): **Volunteers**
Little Sutton Municipal Golf Club: **Gill Burns**
Liverpool Empire Theatre: **Judie Tzuke**
London Barbican Centre: **Mike Berry**
London Battersea Arts Centre (lunchtime): **Bob Taylor's Full Frontal Rhythm Boys**
London Battersea Arts Centre (evening): **Brunel / The Flying Pigs / Dumpy's Rusty Nuts**
London Battersea Nags Head: **Jugular Vein**



Classix Nouveaux: London

London Brentford Red Lion: **Boris (lunchtime) / Rodeo (evening)**
London Cambridge Theatre: **Fred Wedlock**
London Camden Dingwalls: **The Holloway All Stars / Killing Spiders / Earth Rites**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
London Clapham 101 Club: **The 'A' Band / Horizontal Dancers**
London Covent Garden Freemasons Arms: **Roaring Jelly**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Hectic Spectacle / Risk A / Silent Movies**
London Covent Garden The Canteen: **Cayenne**
London East Ham Ruskin Arms: **Desolation Angels**
London Finchley Torrington: **Morrissey Mullen**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Chuck Farley**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Dream Cycle 7 / The Frenchies**
London Fulham King's Head: **The Feelers**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Donald Byrd**
London Hammersmith The Broadway (at Clarendon): **The Spys / Shattered Dreams**
London Highgate Jacksons Lane Community Centre: **Dudu Pukwana's Zila**
London Islington Blue Coat Boy: **Attack / The Ejected / Crux**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **She (featuring Kid Cairo & Ken Whaley)**
London Islington Pied Bull: **Results**
London Marquee Club: **Angelwitch**
London N.11 Standard Sports Club: **Young Jazz Big Band**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Ground Zero**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Neville Dickie**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **The Ivory Coasters**
London Strand Lyceum Ballroom: **Classix Nouveaux / Syl Sylvain**
London Stratford Green Man (lunchtime): **The Funky B's**
London Stratford Theatre Royal: **George Melly & The Feetwarmers**
London Twickenham Black Dog: **Short Stories**
London Wimbledon Nelson's Club: **Jackie Lynton Band**
London Wimbledon Theatre: **Hot Gossip**
London W.1 Portman Hotel (lunchtime): **Cambridge City Jazz Band**
Nawquay Central Hotel: **The Winners**
Norwich East Anglia University: **Blackfoot**
Northampton The Romany: **C-Sain**
Plymouth Ark Royal: **Canyon (lunchtime) / Anthropology (evening)**
Plymouth Skating Bowl: **The Cure**
Poynton Folk Centre: **Earl Okin/Tarzans Milkmen**
Reading Hexagon Theatre: **Gladys Knight & The Pips**
Stanmore Middlesex & Herts Country Club: **The Swinging Blue Jeans**
Wigan Riverside Club: **Rockin Horse**
York Theatre Royal: **Mike Harding**

monday 19th

Status Quo: Belfast

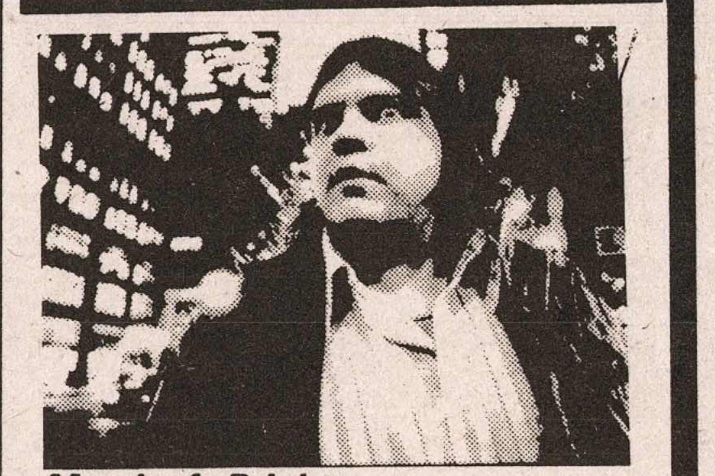
Aberdeen Capitol Theatre: **The Boomtown Rats**
Altrincham The Unicorn: **Eyelids / Summerhouse**
Bannockburn The Tamdhu: **The RB's**
Belfast Antrim Forum: **Status Quo**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Mayday**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **The Thrillers**
Birmingham Night Out: **Gladys Knight & The Pips (for a week)**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Chainsaw**
Bordon Robin Hood: **Sonny Black's Blues Band**
Bournemouth Winter Gardens: **Sky**
Bristol Colston Hall: **Elkie Brooks**
Bristol Yesterdays: **Richard Digance**
Broxburn Astor Club: **Marillion**
Carshalton Cottage Of Content: **Avenue**
Chadwell Heath Greyhound: **T.34/Quiet**
Edinburgh Valentino's: **The Visitors/The Coctau Twins/Horrible Sexy Vampires/Assume The Position**
Gateshead Honeysuckle: **Stu Burns Band**
Hanley Victoria Hall: **Judie Tzuke**
Ilford Califlower Hotel: **Original East Side Stompers**
Ipswich Gaumont Theatre: **Don McLean**
Keighley Gory Details: **Southern Death Cult/Requiem**
Leeds Warehouse: **The Chameleons**
Lincoln Lindsay's Disco Bar: **The Media**
Liverpool Star & Garter: **French Lessons**
London Brentford Red Lion: **The 45's**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Corner Boys / Pictures In A Dark Room / Pillowshead**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Pokadots**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Hero's**
London Covent Garden The Canteen: **Mose Alison Trio (for a week)**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Re-Flex**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Wipeout/Redeye**
London Fulham King's Head: **Ginger**
London Hammersmith The Broadway (at Clarendon): **The Creamies / Casual Sex**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **New Age**
London Islington Pied Bull: **Equator**
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: **Big Chief**
London Marquee Club: **Tank**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Harfoot Brothers**
London N.W.2 The Castle: **Wes McGhee & Friends**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Blind Alley**
London Rotherhithe the Prince of Orange: **Frog Island Jazzband**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Celadon Ceili Band**
London Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: **The Dawgs**
London Victoria The Venue: **Sad Among Strangers / Treatment / Man Ray**
London Woolwich Thames Polytechnic: **The Pinkies**
London Woolwich Tramshed: **Mike Berry.**
London W.1 (Baker St) The Barracuda: **Bumble & The Beez**
London W.1 (Band St) Embassy Club: **Kirk Austin & Still Life / Flex**
London W.1 (Maddox St) Gillrays Bar: **Fred Rickshaw's Hot Goolies**
London W.C.2 (William IV St) Theatrespace: **John Dowie one-man show (until Saturday)**
Maidstone Pizza Express: **Dave Quincy Quartet**
Manchester Band On The Wall: **Danse Society**
Manchester (Clifton) Bee Hive Hotel: **Rockin' Horse**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Splat / Parade**
Portsmouth Tricorn Centre: **Xena Zerox**
Sheffield City Hall: **The Scorpions**
Southampton Gaumont Theatre: **Blackfoot**
Watford Bailey's: **Showaddywaddy (for a week)**
Worcester Winter Gardens: **Chas & Dave**

tuesday 20th

The Cure: Bristol

Belfast Antrim Forum: **Status Quo**
Billingham The Swan: **Spider**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Cromo**
Birmingham Locano: **Classix Nouveaux**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **The Ramparts**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Money**
Bournemouth Winter Gardens: **Elkie Brooks**
Bracknell South Hill Park Arts Centre: **Ken Colyer Band**
Brentwood Hermit Club: **Fred Wedlock**
Brighton Centre: **Meatloaf**
Brighton Sherrys: **Second Image**
Bristol Colston Hall: **The Cure**
Bury The Derby Hall: **Natural Scientist**
Edinburgh Playhouse Theatre: **The Boomtown Rats**
Gateshead Honysuckle: **King Crabs**
Gloucester Sinc Club: **Whispered Pleasures**
Ipswich Gaumont Theatre: **Blackfoot**
Leeds Parkers Wine Bar: **Xero**
Liverpool Empire Theatre: **The Scorpions**
Liverpool Warehouse: **Dance Solution/Stroguff S**
London Acton White Hart: **The Funeral Directors**
London Battersea The Latchmere: **The Extraordinaires**
London Brentford Red Lion: **The Drivers/Electric Affair**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Passion Puppets/Only After Dark/Last Touch**
London Canning Town The Balmoral: **The Wrectangles**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **Wit Of A Banker**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Kissing Sharks/Grubstreet**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Hothouse Species/The Recruits**
London Covent Garden Tango: **Gillie McPherson**
London Deptford Albany Empire: **Thomas Dolby**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **The Hollywood Killers**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Planning By Numbers/Judi & The Shades**
London Fulham King's Head: **C.C. Rockhouse**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Miles Davis**
London Hammersmith The Broadway (at Clarendon): **Idiot Ballroom Beach Party**
London Hornsey King's Head: **Main Avenue Jazzband**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **3.P. Sweet**
London Islington Pied Bull: **Parisienne Swing**
London Kennington The Cricketers: **J.J. & The Jealous Guys**
London Marquee Club: **Tank**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **The Attic**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Vice Squad**
London Putney Half Moon: **Morrissey Mullen**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Allstar Jazzband**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **The 45's**
London Victoria King William IV: **Harfoot Brothers**
London Victoria The Venue: **Peter Straker/Killer Wales**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Vital Voice/Demon**
London W.1 (Baker St) The Barracuda: **Pinski Zoo/Schlaflose Nachte**
London W.1 (Bond St) Embassy Club: **The Dawgs**
London W.1 (Gt Portland St) The Albany: **The Nice Men**
London W.1 (Wardour St) Whisky A-Go-Go: **Nick Plytas**
Manchester Band On The Wall: **Veryan Weston**
Manchester Free Trade Hall: **Judie Tzuke**
Northampton Spinney Hill Hall: **The Chi-Lites**
Peterborough Gladstone Arms: **The Psy-kicks**
Salisbury Cathedral Hotel: **Caught In The Act**
Southampton Gaumont Theatre: **Sky**
Sheffield Nailmakers Arms: **Kirlian Lens**
Stirling MacRobert Arts Centre: **Mike Harding**
Telford Madeley Court Centre: **Barbara Thompson's Paraphernalia**

wednesday 21st



Meatloaf: Brighton

Aberdeen Capitol Theatre: **Mike Harding**
Aberdeen Valhallas Rock Club: **Boots For Dancing**
Aldershot West End Centre: **Ron Kavana / Gordon Smith / Craig Mackie & Friends**
Bath Nero's: **Private Lives**
Belfast Dunnebar Arms: **Les Vedettes**
Birkenhead Sir James Club: **Fireclown**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Osprey**
Birmingham Quinton Punchbowl: **Teaser**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Ezra Pound**
Birmingham (Yardley) Bulls Head: **Roses**
Blackburn Bay Horse New Inns: **Buffalo**
Brighton Centre: **Meatloaf**
Brighton Dome: **The Cure**
Chadwell Heath Greyhound: **Innervision / Ready Rubbed**
Cheltenham Plough Inn: **Roadsters**
Coleraine Riverside Theatre: **Neil Innes**
Dunstable Queensway Hall: **Blackfoot**
Frome Merlin Theatre: **Fred Wedlock**
Glasgow Dial Inn: **Marillion**
Guernsey C.I. The Savoy: **The Pulse**
Leeds Pack Horse Hotel: **Xero**
London Battersea Arts Centre: **Martin Simpson**
London Brentford Red Lion: **The Mixtures**
London Camden Dingwalls: **The Chi-Lites / Rye & The Quarter Boys**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
London Chelsea Kennedy's: **Gillie McPherson**
London Clapham 101 Club: **The Heartbeats / Licence**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Schlaflose Nachte/Ut**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Short Stories**
London Fulham Greyhound: **The Blood Poets / Empty Vessels**
London Fulham King's Head: **The Radical Sheikhs**
London Hackney Chats Palace: **Ian Bellamy Quartet**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Miles Davis**
London Highgate Jacksons Lane Community Centre: **Paul Castle**
London Islington Hare & Hounds: **Gaz's Rebel Blues Band**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **C. C. Rockhouse**
London Islington Pied Bull: **The Volcanoes**
London Kensington Ad Lib Club: **Ray Shields Combined Forces Orchestra**
London Knightsbridge The Grove: **Fred Rickshaw's Hot Goolies**
London Marquee Club: **The Meteors**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Delta Bongo**
London Plumstead The Ship: **Muloin Circus / Bam**
London Ronnie Scott's Club: **Milt Jackson / Ray Brown / Monty Alexander (until Saturday)**
London Royal Albert Hall: 3 days: **Sky**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Kathy Stobart Quintet with Lennie Best**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **The Chip-Shop Bar Show**
London Victoria The Venue: **The Waitresses / The Chameleons**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Ginty The 5th Incident**
London Wimbledon Nelson's Club: **Lee Kosmin**
London W.1 (Dean St) Gossips: **The Earwigs**
Manchester (Ashton) Shades: **The Politicians**
Manchester Band On The Wall: **Barbara Thompson's Paraphernalia**
Manchester The Gallery: **Beau Leisure**
New Romney The Seahorse: **Bronze**
Norwich Mischief Tavern: **Ruby Joe**
Nottingham Black Boy: **Spirit Level**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **If All Else Fails**
Oxford Apollo Theatre: **Don McLean**
Purfleet Circus Tavern: **The Three Degrees (for four days)**
Southampton Gaumont Theatre: **Elkie Brooks**
Southampton Lautrec's Wine Bar: **Dancette**
South Woodford Railway Bell: **Original East Side Stompers**
Stanmore Middlesex & Herts Country Club: **Clem Curtis & The Foundations**
Stirling Avant Garde: **The Bluebells**
Wakefield Unity Hall: **Classix Nouveaux**
Washington Biddick Farm Arts Centre: **Deathwish**

LIVE ADS (01-261 6153)

Derek Block presents
THIRD WORLD
PLUS SPECIAL GUESTS

POOLE ARTS CENTRE
SUN 2nd MAY TICKETS £4.00
BRIGHTON CENTRE
MON 3rd MAY TICKETS £4.00
BRISTOL LOCARNO
TUES 4th MAY TICKETS £4.00
MANCHESTER APOLLO
WED 5th MAY TICKETS £4.50 £4.00 £3.50
BIRMINGHAM ODEON
THURS 6th MAY TICKETS £4.50 £4.00 £3.50
EDINBURGH PLAYHOUSE
SAT 8th MAY TICKETS £4.50 £4.00 £3.50 £3.00
LIVERPOOL EMPIRE
MON 10th MAY TICKETS £4.50 £4.00 £3.50
HAMMERSMITH ODEON
TUES WED 11th 12th MAY TICKETS £4.50 £4.00 £3.50
DOORS OPEN 7.30pm IN ALL CASES
NEW ALBUM-NEW TOUR 'you've got the power'
TICKETS ON SALE NOW CHECK BOX OFFICES FOR DETAILS

BRIGHTON ROCK PRESENTS
THE WAITRESSES
Sunday 18th April
7.30pm Adm £2.50
JENKINSONS, KINGSWEST, SEAFRONT, BRIGHTON.
TICKETS FROM JENKINSONS, VIRGIN RECORDS, FINE RECORDS (WORTHING), & ATTRIX RECORDS.

MOONLIGHT
100 West End Lane, NW8
West Hampstead Tube
Suns 7.30-10.30

Thursday 15th April £1.50
JUMP SQUAD
+ Only After Dark
Friday 16th April £1.75
THE RED AND THE BLACK
+ Support
Saturday 17th April £1.50
FUTURE DAZE
+ The Silence
Sunday 18th April £1.00
OXY & THE MORONS
+ Blue Shoes
Monday 19th April £1.50
ASCENSION TWO
+ Walking Floors
Tuesday 20th April £1.50
VITAL VOICE
+ Demon Creatures
Wednesday 21st April £1.50
MARJI
+ 5th Incident

Please phone before setting out & check, but avoiding major disasters, here is:~
WHAT'S ON AT THE ROCKGARDEN
SOUTHERN DEATH CULT.
THU. 15. APR. Visual & vocal force driven on by percussive ant-beat. Gained strong word-of-mouth from their recent Theatre of Hate shows.
ROBERT ELLIS ORRALL
FRI. 16. From Boston, Mass., with flavour of Joe Jackson/Costello/Springsteen, (albeit faint) "A knack of knocking out spiffy original melodies" BOSTON PHEONIX.
KEVIN COYNE
SAT. 17.
SUN. HECTIC SPECTACLE + RISK A + SILENT MOVIES
TUE. HOT HOUSE SPECIES + THE RECRUITS + YOUNG EXECUTIVE
SCHAFLOSE NACHT
WED. 21. Punk Funk from German/Dutch trio who push the limits of contemporary sound PLUS:- **U+.** Three N. York ladies who deliver gritty, high energy rhythms.
COSMETICS
THU. 22. Creative, diamond sharp pop quartet led by Richard Mazda, Producer of the FALL BIRTHDAY PARTY, etc.
THE DOORS OPEN 7·30 till LATE, EXCEPT SUNDAY WHEN IT'S 7.30 till 12. REAL ALE AND COCKTAILS RIGHT THRU. YOU HAVE TO BE 18. OUR RESTAURANT IS OPEN 8:30 A.M. till 6 A.M. MOST DAYS. WE'RE ON THE CORNER OF KING ST. & JAMES ST. OLD COVENT GARDEN
PHONE FOR LIVE MUSIC INFO:- 836 1929
FOR RESTAURANT INFO:- 240 3961

CINEMAS

Scala CLUB CINEMA
KINGS CROSS 278 8052/0051
Thurs 15th
Nellie Kaplan:
NEA
+ **LA FIANCEE DU PIRATE**
Fri 16th
Neil Young in
RUST NEVER SLEEPS
2.40 5.40 8.30
+ **SHINE SO HARD**
1.45 4.35 7.35
Sat 17th
Diana Rigg in
THE AVENGERS
11.30 All Night-
PLANET OF THE APES
Sun 18th Seven Days
First time in U.K.
Shock Value Double
Starring
DIVINE JOHN WALTERS
(Pink Flamingoes etc)
MONDO TRASHO
2.20 5.35 8.50
+ **MULTIPLE MANIACS**
4.00 7.15

100 CLUB
100 Oxford St. W1
Thursday 15th April
TONY McPHEE BLUES BAND
+ London Apaches
★★★★★★★★★★
Tuesday 20th April
VICE SQUAD
+ Support

CONCERT COACH
QUEEN
Live in Leeds May 29th
6hr concert. Top support bands include Teardrop Explodes.
Luxury coach travel and concert seat.
Departures from all parts of the country.
Also **Milton Keynes, June 5th**
Contact **Harris Coaches, Grays, Essex**
(0375) 4801
and **Appleby Coaches, Lincs.**
(050 785) 361
For Access/Barclaycard bookings
(050 785) 361
FRANK HARRIS COACHES LTD
8 Parker Road, Grays, Essex

"PowerStyle"
the El-trains
LIVE

THURS. 22 APRIL
AT THE 'FRIDGE'
390 BRIXTON RD S.W.9
01 737 1477
TICKETS £2.50 ON DOOR
£2 IN ADVANCE : PHONE FOR DETAILS

THE WAREHOUSE CLUB
19/20 Somers St, Leeds 1 Phone 468287
Thursday 15th April
HUANG CHUNG
Monday 19th April
THE CHAMELEONS
Late bar 9 - 2 am

THE NEW ALBANY EMPIRE
Douglas Way, Deptford, SE8 691 3333.
Tuesday, 20th April at 8pm
THOMAS DOLBY
+ Ronnie Golden
£2.50, £2.00 Unwaged.

THEATRESPACE, WILLIAM IV STREET, LONDON WC2
Mon-Sat 19th to 24th April at 8pm
An hilarious evening with
JOHN DOWIE
'Great Stuff' NME
Tickets £1.75, plus membership (25p). Box Office 836 2035

ZIGZAG CLUB
22-24 GREAT WESTERN ROAD LONDON W9
APRIL
Fri 16th
WASTED YOUTH

Miles Over Matter
»VANE«
Doors open 7·30
All Tickets £2·50

Sat 17th
UK DECAY

DANSE SOCIETY
SOUTHERN Death CULT
13 AT MIDNIGHT
Doors open 6·30
All Tickets £2·50

TICKETS AVAILABLE FROM ZIGZAG CLUB, 22-24 GREAT WESTERN ROAD, LONDON W9. IN ADVANCE MON-FRI 12 NOON-6 P.M. OR BY POST (ENCLOSE SAE) OR ON THE NIGHT PHONE: 289 6008
NEAREST TUBE WESTBOURNE PARK

The LYCEUM
STRAND, LONDON WC2
Derek Block presents
FASHION
PRIVATE LIVES
SHE SHERIFF
THURSDAY 15th APRIL 7.30pm
ALL TICKETS £3.00
AVAILABLE IN ADVANCE FROM LYCEUM 01-836 3715
KEITH PROWSE; LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS; PREMIER BOX OFFICE; & USUAL AGENTS.

TICKETS AVAILABLE FOR LONDON CONCERTS OF THE FOLLOWING

APRIL
17 Classix Nouveaux
17, 18 Donald Byrd
18 Classix Nouveaux
21, 22 Miles Davis
21, 22, 23 Sky
23 Scorpions
23-27 Elkie Brooks
25 Boomtown Rats
27 Blackfoot
30 Meatloaf
30 Thin Lizzy

MAY
1 The Cure
1 Thin Lizzy
2 Shakatak
3-9 Status Quo
4 Gladys Knight
9 Foreigner
9 Discharge
11, 12 Third World
13 Girlschool
13 Jethro Tull
17 Nick Lowe
18, 19 Rose Royce
20 23 B.B. King, John Hooker, etc
23 Au Pairs
24 Judie Tzuke
29 Mink De Ville
30 Level 42
30 Altered Images
30 David Soul
30 Mink De Ville

JUNE
1 Altered Images
2, 3, 4, 5 Diana Ross
3, 4 Camel
3, 4 Rory Gallagher
8 XTC
8 Kid Creole
18, 19 Frank Zappa
25, 26 Toyah

JULY
17, 18 Toyah

TELEPHONE CREDIT CARD BOOKINGS ACCEPTED.
PERSONAL CALLERS WELCOME.
SEND SAE FOR FREE LIST OF LONDON GIGS.
LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS
96 Shaftesbury Avenue, W1. Phone 439 3371

FINAL SOLUTION PRESENT
B. MOVIE
THE LOVED ONE
CHINA CRISIS
stevo
9.30pm · monday · april 26th
Heaven
OVER 18'S ONLY · THE ARCHES, VILLIERS ST, WC2 · TICKETS £3.50 FROM ROUGH TRADE · HONKY TONK · BONAPARTE (KINGS X) & PREMIER BOX OFFICE

THE MIDNIGHT EXPRESS
46/48 St. Swithin's Rd, Bournemouth (nr Railway Station). Tel. 0202 26444
Every Thursday
BIZ INTERNATIONALE
Saturday 17th April
ANIMAL MAGIC
COMING SOON
CLINT EASTWOOD/ GENERAL SAINT
(due to heavy demand strictly members only for this one)
Imaginative Bar — Reasonable Prices — Hard Sounds.
Free Admission to Members on non-band nights.

The STAR
296 LONDON RD. CROYDON
Phone
01-684 1360
Thursday 15th April £1.00
VENDETTA
+ Support
Friday 16th April £1.00
TONY McPHEE BAND
+ Odin
Saturday 17th April £1.00
SALT
+ Breakaways
Sunday 18th April £1.00
BLUE CONDITION
+ Cab Drivers
Wednesday 21st April £1.00
INNOVATION
+ C-Siam

BRIAN KNIGHTS
THIN LINE
are now playing
EVERY TUESDAY,
commencing 20th April at
NEW MERLINS CAVE,
MARGERY ST WC1
8-11 £1.00
R&B!

Electric STADIUM
900 High Street
Chadwell Heath, Essex
Nearest B/R Goodmayes or Chadwell Heath
No 98 Night Bus to Central London

Thursday 15th April £1.00
Mod Night
007
+ Support
Friday 16th April £1.50
CHEMICAL ALICE
+ Wild Dogs
Saturday 17th April £1.50
LE MAT
+ Special DJ Doctor
Sunday 18th April £1.00
THE WALL
Monday 19th April £1.00
T.34
+ Quiet
Tuesday 20th April £1.00
60's & Northern Soul Disco
Wednesday 21st April £1.00
INNERVISION
+ Ready Rubbed
Thursday 22nd April £1.00
FAST EDDY
+ As The Newt

Silver Screen

"Can we help you up, Mr Fellini? Do we get the part in Quest For Fire?"

Rae Dawn Chong models early Mary Quant.

78,000 BC AN ANCIENT ODDITY

Richard Cook joins the epic quest for fire — and ends up stamping a foot in approval

Quest For Fire

Directed by Jean-Jacques Annaud
Starring Everett McGill, Rae Dawn Chong, Ron Perlman and Nameer El-Kadi
(20th Century Fox)

THE QUEST for fire is a cruel one: heads are split, skins are clawed open and victims (women — sexism goes back a long way) are carried off, but when your own existence is at stake other creatures don't matter very much.

The unflinching depiction of this sort of violence is one thing that raises *Quest For Fire* several rungs above the sabre tooth 'n' leotard charivari which usually constitutes cinematic stone ages; Jean-Jacques Annaud's sheer childlike wonder at cinema's magic, a fascination unseen since Spielberg's restoration of respectability to the juvenile epic, is another. Reactions could easily polarise: at the screening I attended, some school-age parties hooted every snort by our ancestors while the press contingent maintained an academic silence. I guess the right course is between the two — parts *are* funny, but it is mostly only the multi-millenial gap that brings about the embarrassed laughter.

Annaud's scavengers after survival need fire to stay alive. Their problem is that they have no knowledge of its creation, so if the spark is lost it must be stolen back, not simply rekindled. The film opens on the healthy blaze nurtured by the Ulam tribe, looks on at a terrifyingly brutal raid by marauding half-men who thieve the precious flame and subsequently follows the Ulam leader, Naoh, and two cohorts in their search to regain their source of life.

A savage journey it is, too. Everything is turned against them: no man outside the tribe is a friend and the elements and animals are all natural enemies. Small wonder that the crag-browed trio's communication is couched in gasps and roars — there is no call for subtle emotional inflection here.

Although it is the director's attention to detail which does, in fact, sustain the story. The much-trumpeted special forms of speech and gesture developed by Anthony Burgess and Desmond Morris seem like no more than animal gibberish at first, yet by the end comprehension is filtering through. I seem to recall stamping a foot at one late stage in sympathy with one of Naoh's speeches, before I remembered where I was.

The film's greatest achievement is to unselfconsciously create a dawning world free of the civilised constraints we have built up ever since. Everything here is based on personal survival (actually everything still is, though we've learned to mask it fairly well) and intangibles like tribal fellowship are by necessity subsidiary to it. Annaud's people look like squalid, brutal creatures but their souls are unstained.

Which also makes it hard to criticise the violent nature of the film. If this aims to be an accurate appraisal then we cannot take umbrage on grounds of mercy, compassion or other specifically moral standpoints, although that shouldn't be allowed to lead to some complete abdication of proper criticism: what I did find unsatisfactory was the teetering towards recognisable 'human' emoting by the end (laughter, heterosexual love and even missionary sex!). Annaud also can't resist the irony of having, in this openly male-dominated world, a female bringing the secret of fire to the tribe.

It's his unending enthusiasm for the project that makes the picture work. The cinematography sweeps recklessly over vast areas of desperately harsh terrain, reducing men and animals alike to their proper diminution. An extraordinary group of (non-) performances is drawn from the untutored cast.

And in one moment, at least, Annaud surpasses all: faced with a threatening posse of human attackers on one side and a troupe of mammoths on the other, Naoh raises a trembling handful of grass to one of the great beasts in a gesture that cues a heartbreaking sadness for the affinity we have forever lost with our weary planet's co-habitees.

I would prefer to see the film primarily as a remarkably pure adventure story — Philippe Sarde's burstingly climactic music is rousingly well attuned to epic sensibilities — but if there is a message it must be how much we have buried in what we have learned.

No matter how seriously you treat it, *Quest For Fire* is one worth taking up.

The only thing that hasn't changed in 80,000 years: the heavy metal guitarist. "Watch out, mate, there's a mad make-up artist in there."

THE DAY ROAR BROKE OUT

Roar

Directed by Noel Marshall
Starring Noel Marshall and Tippi Hedren (Alpha)

OLD ACTING maxim: never appear alongside children or animals. The worried cast of *Roar* seem to have fogotten it.

Granted, there is something initially startling about the rapport between the enormous menagerie of big cats and their guardian/housekeeper Noel Marshall, the writer-director-star of this feline flub-fest, who baby-talks incessantly to them all and insists to justifiably wary visitors that the big sillies are "only playing" when the foolish humans get gently mauled.

Once that wears off it's a gruelling slog down the jungle line. The plot is fifth-rate *Daktari* garbage. Animal scientist with cat obsessions lives in bush, is under criticism by local authorities, invites family out to show them his great work and is absent when they arrive, oblivious to his friendly troupe . . . *with hilarious consequences!*

The lions chase the family (presided over by a prissily hysterical Tippi Hedren) again and again in a soft-headed re-mane-dering of Keystone comedy. Mack Sennett loved to put lions in his one-reelers in the most implausible circumstances; *Roar* stretches the same joke to twelve times the length, though there's one cineaste's gag involving Hedren's Hitchcockian past.

Eleven years and twenty million dollars went into this sun-soaked legend of hand and paw camaraderie. The pressbook graphically relates stories of scratchings and clawings of those involved and calls for an appraisal of heroics. I call it sheer bloody stupidity.

Richard Cook

Victor Victoria

Directed by Blake Edwards
Starring Julie Andrews, James Garner, Robert Preston and Lesley Ann Warren (UIP)

AN AGEING chanteur, obviously homosexual, responds to the applause in a tatty Parisienne nightclub: "Thankyou, thankyou, you're most kind — in fact, you're every kind." Ah, Gay Paree in the decorous '30s; very, very gay.

From its sumptuous, stylish credits (complete with suitably cloying music from Henry Mancini) and establishing shot of a Paris street that is both snowbound and set-bound, to its vulgar pantomime dame finale, *Victor Victoria* is consistently delightful, treading a wary path between elegant farce and full-blown romantic comedy.

Director Blake Edwards, a practised veteran, manages this with deceptive ease. A past master of widescreen slapstick (*The Great Race* and the *Pink Panther* series), he's recently turned to a bilious middle-aged style with *10* and *S.O.B.*, the latter in particular begging unfavourable comparisons with the bellicose work of Hollywood's original scabrous rascal, Billy Wilder.

In fact, Wilder and Edwards have much in common: they both started out as hired hands on other people's comedies, they're both disinclined to leave out a really obvious gag, they share a healthy disregard for Hollywood's conservative business sense. They've even — 20 years apart — made the same drunk film (Blake's *Days Of Wine And Roses* is, if anything, even bleaker than Billy's *Lost Weekend).*

Which is why *Victor Victoria* is far more reminiscent of Wilder's *Irma La Douce* (similarly studio-bound, similarly stuffed with meticulously recreated detail, similar silly farce) than Edwards' own previous attempt at opulent period comedy, the flabby *Darling Lili.*

Despite the suggestion of dealing with sexual identities, there's nothing funny peculiar about *Victor Victoria* — but there's lots of funny hahas.

Julie Andrews and Archie Andrews as Victor Victoria.

Wide-eyed and leg-room-less on The Boat, cheap rates to the Falklands a specialty.

The Boat

Directed by Wolfgang Petersen
Starring Jurgen Prochnow, Herbert Gronemeyer and Klaus Wenneman (Warner Bros)

THERE'S NOTHING more depressingly predictable than the British war movie. You know the sort of thing — officers with their 'gels' back home, good old Tommy Atkins whose articulateness is measured in Woodbine smoke-rings, etc.

Simple-minded cliche is very much the name of the celluloid war game, with its goodies-and-baddies morality and an enemy fit only to be blown to smithereens. I'm talking, of course, about Second World War movies; generic convention allows the first one to be shown as sheer hell, but '39 to '45 — that was glorious, even jolly good fun.

I'm not saying that the Allies shouldn't have done anything about Hiuler, but historical engagement with Nazism doesn't have to be an excuse for a pack of bloody lies. Welcome then, *The Boat,* a German production which, though it tells things from that country's point of view, is no hymn to jingoism and militarism. It's a film which puts humanitarianism before heroics, and takes a sobering, even sour, view of war.

The story-line — more war novel, as it were, than war comic — concerns 50 men in a pokey, sweaty U-boau who, with barely a square inch between them and one over-worked bog, don't exactly relish their sub-aquatic existence and diet of mouldy bread. They didn't ask to go and fight, so blind worshippers of the Fuhrer aren't too popular on board; in fact, the crew regard fascist zealots pretty much as they do that "fat degenerate arsehole Churchill".

If, right from the '40s in British propaganda features like *Western Approaches,* U-boats have been presented as sneaky instruments of war sinking helpless merchant convoys in the Atlantic, then, yes, *The Boat* shares this view, while stressing the fact that it wasn't all that easy to sneak away. The submarines were frequently rooted out by destroyers and depth charges, hence the statistic that only one in four U-boatmen ever returned home.

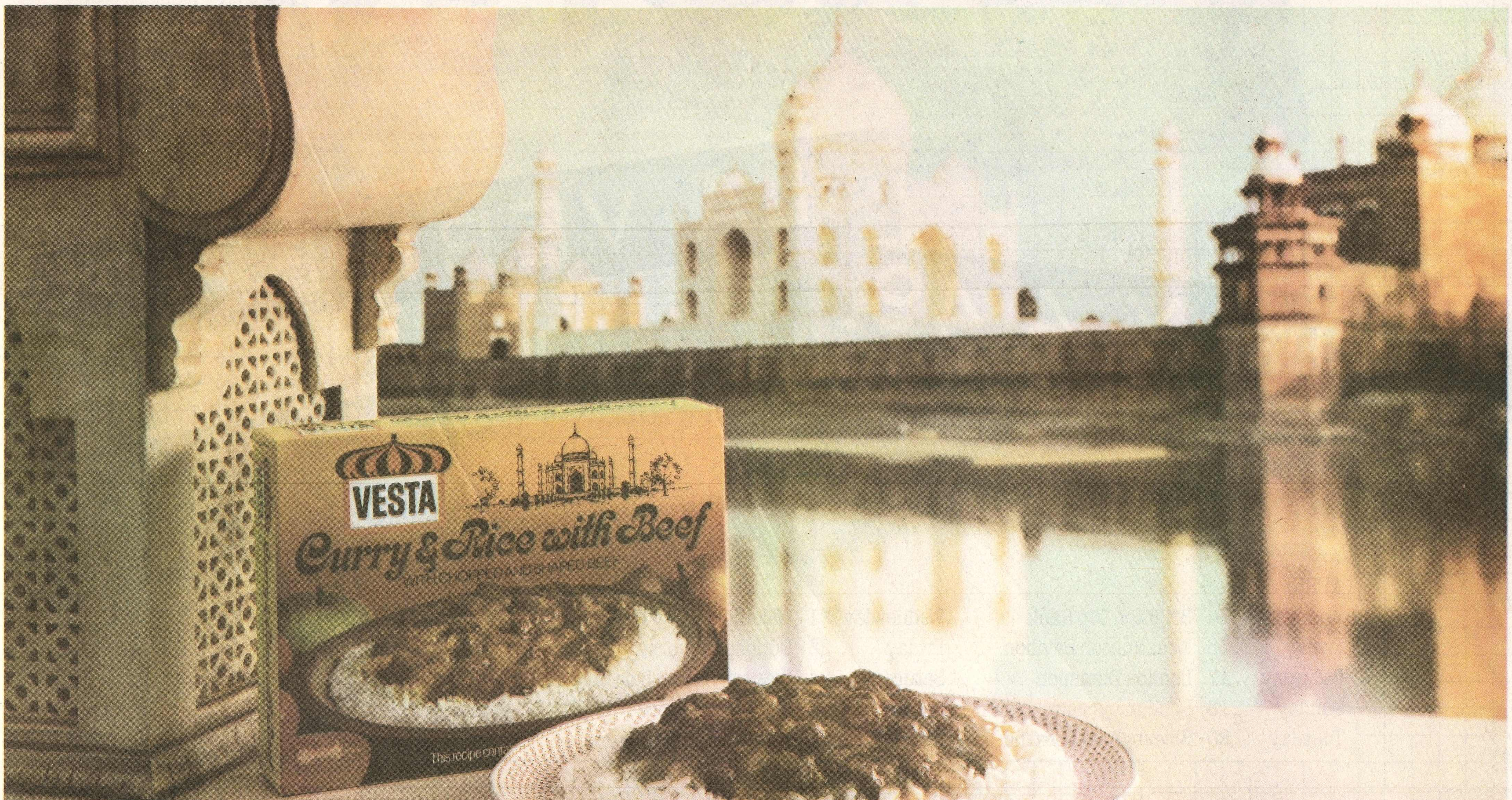
The Boat may ultimately subscribe to a black-and-white morality of its own — the common man caught up in a futile war he doesn't want, shot by both sides — but such quiet populism doesn't go amiss at a time when there's so much nuclear war-mongering about.

The crudeness of the message is also tempered by close attention to detail and the way in which scenes of horror and excitement (the sub springing a leak, stuck on the bottom of the sea off Gibraltar) are alternated with more telling human ones (the man who cracks up whimpering with fear; the captain who resents the lavish way the high command live safely ashore).

If you can bear German dubbed incongruously into English ('It's A Long Way To Tipperary', the crew sing at one point) and a war correspondent who, even after growing a beard, looks a bit like Gary Numan, you'll find *The Boat* honest about the dubious art of soldiering.

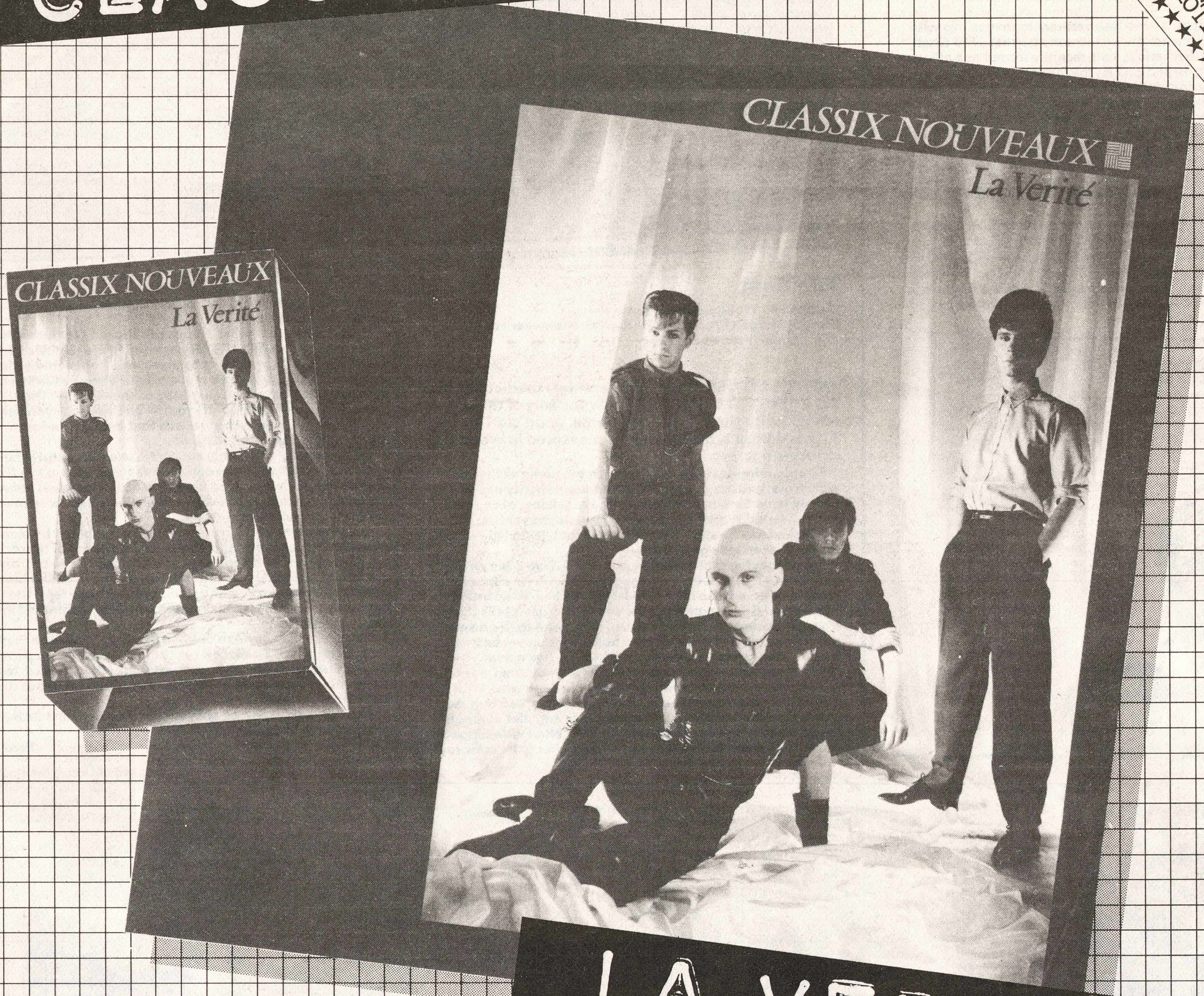
And I bet you won't be able to say that about the SAS film which is in tie pipeline.

Paul Tickell



CLASSIX NOUVEAUX.

IMPORTANT
SCORPIONS NOT NOW
APPEARING HMV SHOP
NEWCASTLE 16TH APRIL



LA VERITÉ.

ONLY 4.49.

CLASSIX NOUVEAUX. ON TOUR.

APRIL

Wednesday	14	Brighton Top Rank	Wednesday	21	Wakefield Unity Hall
Friday	16	West Runton Pavilion	Friday	23	Dundee University
Saturday	17	London Dominion	Saturday	24	Glasgow Strathclyde University
Sunday	18	London Lyceum	Sunday	25	Liverpool Empire
Tuesday	20	Birmingham Locarno	Monday	26	Manchester Ritz Ballroom

the HMV shop

All offers subject to availability.

363 OXFORD ST. (NEXT TO BOND ST. TUBE) TEL: 629 1240. BEDFORD: SILVER ST. TEL: 211354. **BIRMINGHAM:** NEW ST. TEL: 643 7029. **BOLTON:** EXCHANGE STREET TEL: 394934. **BRADFORD:** CHEAPSIDE TEL: 28882. **BRIGHTON:** CHURCHILL SQUARE TEL: 29060. **BRISTOL:** BROADMEAD TEL: 297467. **COVENTRY:** HERTFORD ST. TEL: 21001. **DERBY:** ST. PETERS ST. TEL: 364700. **EDINBURGH:** ST. JAMES CENTRE TEL: 556 1236. **ENFIELD:** CHURCH ST. TEL: 363 0184. **EXETER:** GUILDHALL SHOPPING CENTRE TEL: 35804. **GLASGOW:** UNION ST. TEL: 221 1850. **GLOUCESTER:** KINGS WALK TEL: 32231. **HULL:** WHITEFRIARGATE TEL: 226160. **LEEDS:** TRINITY ST. TEL: 35598. **LEICESTER:** KEMBLE SQUARE TEL: 537232. **LEWISHAM:** RIVERDALE TEL: 852 3449. **LIVERPOOL:** LORD ST. TEL: 708 8855. **LUTON:** ARNDALE CENTRE TEL: 35290. **MANCHESTER:** MARKET ST. TEL: 834 9920. **NEWCASTLE:** NORTHUMBERLAND ST. TEL: 27470. **NORWICH:** HAYMARKET TEL: 25490. **NOTTINGHAM:** BROADMARSH CENTRE TEL: 52841. **NOTTING HILL GATE:** NOTTING HILL GATE TEL: 229 1476. **OLDHAM:** TOWN SQUARE SHOPPING CENTRE TEL: 6337332. **PLYMOUTH:** NEW GEORGE ST. TEL: 20067. **PORTSMOUTH:** COMMERCIAL RD. TEL: 29678. **SOUTHAMPTON:** BARGATE TEL: 32654. **STRATFORD:** BROADWAY TEL: 555 0312. **STOCKTON:** HIGH ST. TEL: 66174. **SUNDERLAND:** HIGH STREET WEST TEL: 41267. **SUTTON:** HIGH ST. TEL: 6420084. **SWANSEA:** THE QUADRANT CENTRE TEL: 462094. **WOLVERHAMPTON:** THE GALLERY, MANDER SQUARE TEL: 29978.

BLANCMANGE CALLING HEARTS

Barracuda Club

ONCE MORE into the fey fray, let us unravel a thin little thing called Calling Hearts, who would gladly kill for the crown of camp provocation. Their Polyester pop, red/black, surrogate leather-boy costumes, and heart-shaped slide screen, act as a composite stage set to which their starlet singer performs what usually turn out as symbolic variations on exits from the sexual closet. Calling Hearts are here to solidify glamorised stereotypes into a mannered gallery of empty gestures. Note especially the cabaret Gestapo hints in the group uniform; the show-girl goosesteps; the cringing sense of submission. Did they *really* expect us to be shocked?

Where Calling Hearts contentedly stroke their own cliche, Blancmange circle imperiously above theirs, occasionally swooping down to do it some damage. This dangerous duo have coached themselves into a hungry, imposing new variation on the synth and vocal format. With a scalding single in the shops, Blancmange are surging into a space, unfilled by their peers. Blancmange are worldly, analytically sceptical, but shot through with sorrrow. Their nerves are frayed, but they're hanging on tight. There's no celebration of sensuous glamour, or dainty details here. This group's muse cuts closer to the bone.

Stephen Luscombe's arrangements comprise beautifully executed collisions between explosive rhythmic pulses, and measured sweeps of sound. A kind of orderly devastation you can dance to. Neil Arthur is a great, gaunt physical presence, the owner of a voice which comes in cool, quizzical and utterly murderous shades of inflexion and tone. There's something a little crazed about that smile. Neil throws out a big hollow laugh as he sings himself towards the noose. They're an amiably faithless pair, and you have to like them for it: *"God ain't in my kitchen/God ain't in my room/God ain't anywhere I've been/I tell yuh . . . I think we're doomed!"*

Blancmange songs come in a corrosive kind of code form, both musical and lyric impact turning on portentous, exaggerated frameworks, which compel your imagination to colour in the spaces; a facet reinforced by their exemplary visual aid, an idiot-box size black screen where appropriate associated shapes are traced out in coloured outlines.

Blancmange make hypnotic viewing. They've invented a clipped, modern existential soul, and stretched it out for dissection. A neurotic pleasure, but fear not; it's only your life-blood they're after.

Dave Hill

LIVE!

PAST THE POINT OF NO RETURNER

The willing flesh and weak spirit of Tina Turner

Pic: Peter Anderson

TINA TURNER

Hammersmith Odeon

NIK COHN used to reckon that Tina Turner had a truly cosmic arse. But then in many ways Nik Cohn was a crackpot. True, Tina Turner has an arse: but cosmic? Well, I don't know about that.

To view Tina's arse from the 20th row of the Hammersmith Odeon is to realise that the so-called legendary mound of flesh is actually easily ignored. There goes another part of rock and roll! Melting away, if not drooping out of sight. Tina's arse isn't as cosmic as the SS Enterprise's Communications Officer Lt. Uhuru's, which has seen a few stars. In truth, Tina's arse hasn't changed much these last few years. Firm, stubborn, blandly threatening: I'd rather look at it than Mick Jagger's or Rod Stewart's but it isn't poetry like say the fingers of Thereze out of Dollar.

So what's happening in the music business today? Tina Turner's being 'wild', hoping that a firm arse can disguise the fact that she's lost her teeth, that the sweat's artificial, that no-one with fresh breath and lively eyes much cares to continue repeating in parrot fashion that Tina Turner is a snarling cursing exhilarating heaven of flesh ... TT is meek, merciful and toothless, a lot older than her 43 years because she's been living inside a light brown rock and roll fantasy longer than just about anyone else.

I see, for instance, that time — the jolly softener — hasn't done much for Tina Turner's lips. Lips that could once peel an apple cleanly inside five seconds now just hang, unfortunately and guiltily. Once, I think well before The Rolling Stones began practising a tricky decadence, TT's entire act was a whirring skittling ball of teeth, lips and sweat, and it didn't matter much that the arse was frankly common place. Nik Cohn used to talk about the lips peeling back from her teeth ... *"and she's quite murderous."* The lips were lethal weapons.

In Wilfred Mellers' soaring study of American soul music, which is quite imaginary, Mellers was moved to admit that Tina Turner was performing the ultimate wounding blow job on r & blues. In many ways Mellers was my kind of critic-man — humble and attractively competent — and I knew what he was saying. He didn't make the mistake of interpreting Tina's arse as 'cosmic' — not even a bargain, but merely interesting if you could get within three feet of it.

Tina Turner, so it seemed, could leave an impression on your skin. At the Hammersmith Odeon on Good Friday it was difficult to believe that Tina Turner had inspired some of my most eminent predecessors to talk in terms of the cosmos and the orgasm. One record she sang on is looked upon by some people with the same kind of awe that I myself look upon 'Mirror, Mirror' and 'What Do I Get?' — 'River Deep Mountain High', produced by a Dickie Spectre I believe. In a world where one can soak in Dollar, Placebo, Bucks Fizz, 23 Skidoo and the Bardo single is more than just a pair of white knickers, it's just no use for TT to run around a stage chasing a past: pant, pant, pants off, proud and hairy and keep on rolling. The TT race goes round and round in circles: faster and faster, vainly trying to catch that past.

The audience had a ball, spelt b-a-n-a-l, but then they were expecting nothing more than an extremely softened and tenderised version of the kept woman who sweated into Mick Jagger's mouth and who had a voice that cracked what I believe was called Dick Spectre's 'astounding round ball of noise'. They were quite content to have someone else chase that past for them.

There are those amongst us who will pay goodie money to see and hear TT burp extravagantly, and of this we have to be suspicious. Her repertoire was the type one expects from Shirley Bassey: but not served up with as much spice, nor indeed as much arse. A lumpy pile of Stones songs, the softest Stewart / Seger songs, a ballad crippling of The Beatles 'Help', and banal, spelt b-a-n-a-n-a, versions of TT hits. Obviously a list of recommended songs I sent in to TT a few weeks ago was rejected — 'Hand Held In Black And White', 'Rythm Of Cruelty', 'Spellbound', 'Physical', 'Gold Und Leibe', , 'Goldfinger', 'Promised You A Miracle', 'Tell Me Easter's On Friday' ...

The choreography was less imaginative than the kind refined over the years by Anita Harris. The costumes worn by TT's two girlie aides were early Marti Caine rejects. The girlie aides' bodies were lousy — as they were hired for their limbs and their waists I consider this reasonable comment. TT's five-piece band were staggeringly ugly — as they were hired as musicians this is presumably unreasonable comment, but what the hell, TT gruesomely trying to be transcendentally glamorous in front of these cases was a profoundly idiotic waste of energy.

Anyone who hadn't spent the last ten years smoking dope and lamenting the Let It Rock way of life would have known immediately that '82 TT was embarrassing. The only way to accept it as serious entertainment was to be very very kind. In trying to remodel a certain spirit, TT came over as startling and as quaint as Vera Lynn. Was it mild? It wasn't much of *anything*. Nik Cohn saw the end of the world emanating from TT's hostile bump and grind: it's left to me to place the covers over TT's burps and whines.

The legs? The legs are alright: but not nearly as wonderful as the legs of a close friend of mine. I am now going away to bite into these legs, and I will see God.

Paul Morley

ECHO AND THE BUNNYMEN

Belfast

BRIAN RIX would have been hard put to get involved in a farce of the proportions witnessed tonight. A musical evening took a sorry second place to a wearing, disorganised pantomime of bomb scares and guest list machinations.

The upshot of the bomb hoax that clears the concert hall and further delays an already needlessly late performance is a mini-exodus of punters relying on the skeletal city transport service and angry scenes as the re-admitted audience are treated by the bouncers like skivers with an eye to some *gratis* entertainment rather than as paying consumers. In the end both parties are duped, but after this preliminary nonsense the small remaining audience stay good-natured — tonight is an event, a big band treat and, as it transpires, we're to be touched dearly by and for the artist's presence.

The Bunnymen are greeted with squeals of delight and onstage Mac is in black, seeming to be hopelessly drunk and/or drugged, wielding his forlorn frame as though buffeted by gusts of blazing, forceful intent but vainly mouthing through the gaping, coarse sound system.

It's as though Mac is living out every wasted rock gesture ever puked forth, all assembled in one personage. The people have come to cheer a flailing clown fronting a flurry of haircuts with the band hardly in the running.

One Mac and his haircut(e). Grasping his guitar he waddles and tumbles, rubbery and wobbly, arms flung out aimlessly, falling over monitors and generally coming the wacky rock blade. Towards the end the pace shows; Mac staggers back for the encore nursing a wine bottle and tries a mock kneel that pretends intense emotion but looks like nothing so much as alcoholic collapse. He's an amoral puddle, a feckless human puffball and a sorry sight.

These frontman antics don't even divert; there's simply too little for them to distract attention from. For the first half of the set the Bunnymen all face away from each other looking isolated, edgy and lost in the midst of a pile of yawning PA bins. In their songs they slouch towards withering epic finales that are blasting, unexciting pools of sound.

Bunnymen music is made up of galloping depth charge drums playing for time against a swollen, dessicated guitar noise. And it's the blare of these guitars that fix the event in the imagination: again and again they're scrubbed and rubbed like irritable, inflamed itches and the resultant sound is sore. When they strive for a climax, which is frequently, the boys strain forward and lean further over their instruments pummeling the pick ups and letting slip an avalanche of thrashing sound that's ultimately burying.

When Mac steels himself to address the crowd he mumbles queasily, the only occasion that I can make out what he's saying he tries to splutter the title of the next song only to realise that it is as yet untitled. At the most basic level of spoken human communication the man's articulation is as slipshod and fruitless as the jerks and twitch of his music. Just how is it that such clearly unappetising tunes and ordinary sing songs manage to top polls? It's nothing to get worked up about and certainly nothing to keep you lying awake the night before, wondering and hoping.

Adrian Maddox

LIVE!

DESIGN FOR LIVING
NATIVE HIPSTERS
FAMILY RICO

Central School Of Art And Design

THOUGH HARDLY endowed with the high gloss sheen we so love in our favourite purveyors of heartache by numbers, ABC, Family Rico's cupboard is not bare of the food of soul. Or a gripping tune or two.

This is the bare root of the thing, no synths or saxes, just a stern rasp of funk guitars, bass and drum. Their swarthy singer owns a voice of raging depth, and a natural repertoire of postures and expressions to match. Too rough, as yet, to count as real diamonds, Family Rico still score, because the chemicals are present, and the ferment rate is high. Their 'Frustration' may well become a vintage of its time.

Native Hipsters are currently being groomed as the pet nutters of certain weekly rivals, but don't be put off. These people are clever. The enchanting Blatt (girl) and the unusual Wilding (boy) are true wizards of linguistic anarchy, chewing up and blowing up sentences and associations like verbal bubblegum. Wilding juggles twin tape decks, mixing an indescribable jamboree of unstable noises with a selection of odd effects, and snippets from pop's brain-rot heritage.

There's a startling female saxist as well. Blatt stands neatly at the mike, intoning in a fashion well suited to Ken Russell's 'Listen With Mother'. The moment when Wilding leaps to join her, yelping the sensational 'Stuck', stands as a great moment in our cultural history.

Native Hipsters — Playschool in a padded cell.

Design For Living almost match the Hipsters for instability. Their singer and trombone champion, Tom Fawcett, is a mad-eyed figure, whose dance technique denounces rhythm in favour of delirium. Their excellent flautist suggests an elongated Diddyman with an angry wasp lodged in his sphincter. Design For Living's crazed demeamour belies their spectacular way with rhythmic gymnastics. The beat will not be brushed aside, as Tom beseeches his Irene, and glories in the gory end of Elliot, The Private Detective.

Each new number reveals new combinations of backbeat methodology, and you've got to admire their instinctive verve with the frenzied jazz foray. The college caretaker cut their set in half, but Design For Living's points were made; wildness belongs not only in the country, and 'madness', baby, is but a social construction of reality.

Dave Hill

GIL SCOTT-HERON

The Venue

SAGE SOUND OF POETIC JUSTICE

THE FIRST thing I want to say is . . .

If everything you see is on condition of the way you are — everything seen through your 'I's — then, sure, everything you say is more or less about yourself. And so the methodologically impeccable rapping of the Funky 4+1, Lady B, Ian Penman, The Sugarhill Gang — I get a kick out of you, don't let me be misunderstood — is unimpeachable, and (usually) dissolves any dangers of an insoucient slide into Solipsism, not to mention Idealism, in liberating verbal virtuosity, forever, one moment at a time. *Of course* anti-war, anti-racist; *implicitly*, it's obvious.

The point of you depends on your vantage point; so what's reflected in Gil Scott-Heron's eyes? KKK hoods, Dollars, Cops and Cowboys, whites of eyes, trumpets . . .

The fail-safe, fool-proof, I-dentity as celebrated by The Furious Five, for instance, is perceived as problematic by Gil Scott-Heron: *"You don't have to be in no hurry/You ain't never really got to worry/You don't need to check on how you feel/Just keep repeating that none of this is real/And if you're sensing that something's wrong/Just remember that it won't be too long/Before the director cuts this scene, 'cause/This ain't really your life/Ain't really your life ain't really ain't nothin' but a movie"* — 'B-Movie'.

Gil Scott-Heron's Reflections keep the Identity bargains in focus, alert to the interventions of others to undermine one's Identity. Check 'Is That Jazz?' — for the most acute jazz criticism — *"When the producer calls the tune, the consumer has got to dance . . . 'way it is."*

Now true, a Raygun fired nuclear nightmare would probably undermine everyone's identity fundamentally, but more immediately, if you like; *"Everybody got a pistol, everybody got a 45 / The philosophy seems to be, at least as far as I can see, when the other folks give up theirs I'll give up mine."* — 'Gun'. Not into the Travis Bickle/Blue Mask psychosis, but with a different detachment. the perception; *caught in a trap. We can't go on with . . .*

Gil Scott-Heron's verbal constructions, bright interpretive promises, are the nearest things to the militant wit of The Art Ensemble Of Chicago that it's possible to get outside pure noise. A wordy rappinghood of verbs and nouns in an order creating panic (of an evening), pushing forward, lifting up, above the Razor's Edge. 'B-Movie' carries the insight of Fela Kuti through its translation into an immediately western context, and thankfully it's funnier than John Nott, Defense Minister, who can say IN ALL SERIOUSNESS that, *"Trident Two is the missile to take us into the 21st Century."* Give him an inch and he'll take a Three Mile Island, and Attila The Haig is a 'peacemaker' now. Just keep repeating that none of this is real.

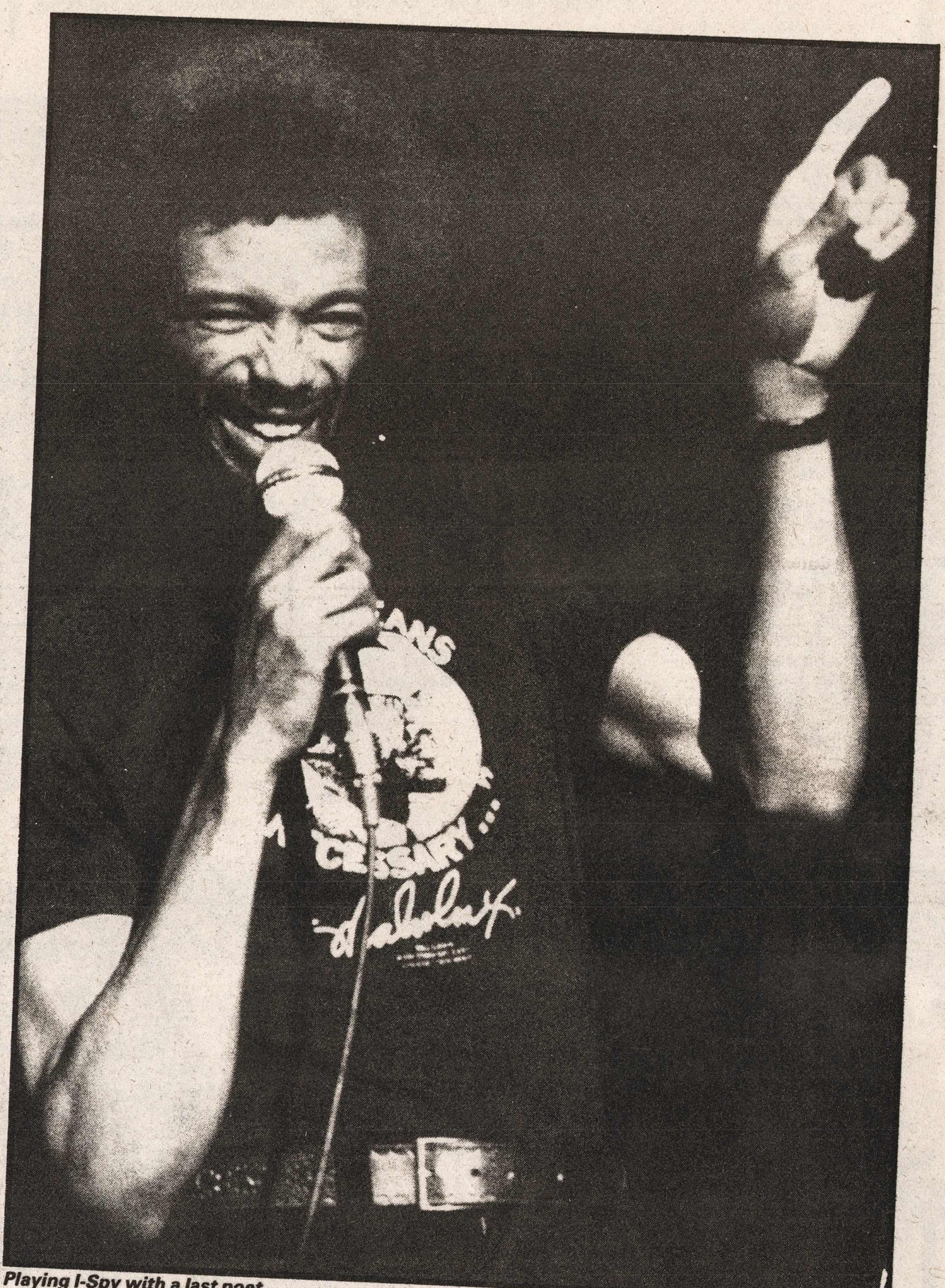
The High-Lights of this particular show were 'Winter (of our discontent!) In America' — for Souls On Ice — and 'Hang On To Your Dreams' — for illegal aliens, as opposed to those of us here from Mars legally — because In Dreams Begin Responsibilities; when the Midnight Band played a supple funk salsa brew, on the border mexicali voodoo for its (night) life.

But the Storm Music was really all in the words — and the way he tells 'em — and everything ran down on 'Better Days Are There' which was Solo Time. (I'd love to hear GSH with Dennis Bovell). The trumpet and tenor weren't *bad* — the tension dropped out, time to relax, fine with me — but the sabre-rattling guitar histrionics were a bit out of place, and it was all a bit common-place while the nerves and the verve and the inspiration took a break at the side of the stage. Still, that's Democracy for you, I suppose.

Though back from reel to real to surreal was 'B Movie' — the only kind Reagan was ever in, and the only kind he desires to direct — and the reasons why. Why?. What's the word? Johannesburg. Which is why a Conspiracy Theory and a bottle of Thunderbird won't do when the lunatics have taken over the asylum.

Well they won't do for Gil Scott-Heron, anyway, who is the sweetest feelings, very this, very un-American, and a Last Poet. Perversely, perhaps, I find him a great comfort. After all, this is really your life, is really your life . . . Repeat, to the beat, and don't fade.

Mark Cordery



Playing I-Spy with a last poet

Pic: Peter Anderson

Variations on the Pigbag bop beat

Pic: David Corio

GORP
RESEARCH
FIRST THIRD
ALEV

Beet Bop Club

. . . So let me redress the balance a little. Maybe the grey lowlife environs of the Beet Bop Club aren't conducive to a fizzing night out, maybe its patrons are only playing at understanding the tenebrous parameters of the new music: I DON'T CARE ABOUT THAT! A start has to be made somewhere, and I see no compulsory embrace on sleaze-chic in these admittedly trying quarters — more a case of making do. And I do hear interesting things . . .

The rest of the time these premises are the playground of the London Musicians Collective, where I've occasionally heard the most disquieting, provocative, *properly radical* music in the capital these last few years. Beet Bop Club noise is mostly cradlesong next to that sterner application, yet their groups are wriggling towards something constructively unsettling. They walk dangerous ground. If revolution is ever in the air there's a stronger whiff of it here than in the elaborately phoney ideology stretched over the quivering diaphragm of pop.

The Beet Bop's first 'festival' last Friday, a cheerfully offhand straggle of acts, had enough gristle and ferocity to sharpen my dulled end-of-week wits. Spirits lifted at once by hearing 'On Green Dolphin Street' over the modest PA. I listened to Alev's poetry recital, caught some of the words over the chatter and the accompanying saxist's squirting; restrained a smile at her attempted disguise of the plum in her voice.

First Third are her friends. They strike out for a rakish, furrowed cool in a tenor-vibes-guitar-bass-drums unit, betray their inexperience by forcing everything (the vibesman has no conception of swing, I'm afraid, and the sax tries to push his guts out through the horn straight off) and somehow carry all the clinkers in the unrelaxed enthusiasm. Berets bob in sympathetic accord.

In the other room (space, if nothing else) Research are older, less eager, more bullying. They move very hard and heavy — a thoroughly bad-tempered dirtying of jazz-rock rhythms shaken and misshapen by the scarred electronics from guitar and keyboards alike. Over the top the tenorman defaced what was left in playing persistently snagged fake register screams. It wore me down before long. Though the most proficient group of the night their implosion is stuck in an era that Nucleus and the early Landscape found had run dry already.

Which left Gorp's injection of a vengeful, coughing blend of rapid disturbance and tense hornplay split by unexpected rifle-shot improvisations, over in a moment and scattered over a sequence of real songs. 'ANZAC', as an instance: the drums work up a profligate tempest, the tenor and alto and trumpet snip away inside and then veer apart for the vocalist to make his stand. It's scissored to a stop before the edges fold out into misdirection. Gorp will improve as players. They'll get better. They are valuably symptomatic.

A slimmer Pigbag played too, but, hey, I've said my piece on them. This is all well short of unalloyed brilliance, for now. It all feels very embryonic. Still, I think groups like Gorp will assist in an advance like no other. I think that's important. I think something *is* going to happen.

Richard Cook

CATWAX AXE CO.

Derby

Doin' the Catwalk — *Pic: Bryn Jones*

HAND OVER a blue note and enter the suave elegance of the Aladdin's Blue Note cave.

The young ladies slip out of tweed two-pieces and silently into slinky thigh length waders or the slim chic Japanese mystique. The young gentlemen discard officious suits in a vanity race to the ultra-bazarre cut, the most effeminate ritzy colours. Here they can shock without fear of reprisal.

Find a seat and watch the recalcitrant rebels reclining on slender stemmed stools. Drink in the cyanic-cool atmosphere through concertina straws and multi-coloured creamy cocktails.

The Meteors, headlining, live up to all expectations with a staid rancid repetition of rock'n'roll recipe. "We're demented psychobilly rockers, maaaaaaaan!"

Like incest in the graveyard The Meteors are a tasteless sick joke, clinging leech-like to the necks of bread and buttered loyalists.

Catwax Axe Co — Let's go — are a more refined rockabilly blitz. They were appalling... and they knew it. I've seen the Catwax before and tonight the stray cat strut has gone to the dogs. They've been frantic and chaotic before but there's always been a touch of finesse in the madness.

The Catwax dance is a slick controlled compendium of spasmodic rebellious rhythms. These panthers burn, born drunk on the Pope's blood. The cool cat mean bass prowl zig zags along the fretboard, criss crossing rhythms with a second axial guitar. A cathartic upheaval of sound sustained and complimented by an urbane drawn-out vocal line. It's a slick Catwax trick.

Tonight the Catwax is limping with one guitarist sacked. The remaining rhythm guitar splutters ineffectively in a futile turn - the - volume - up attempt to compensate. The laryngitic vocals grate shamefully into the general clutter as, one by one, the gilded youth sidle gracefully away into cocktail safety.

The all-pervading silence from the Blue Note dance arena is little incentive for a Catwax recovery. The only audible feedback is produced by the pa system. The disturbing screeches confuse the faster songs and dislocate the mellow drawl of the playfully dawdling 'There's A Whole World Out There'. The recently re-released Rondelet single 'Waxwalk' is mutilated by unsubtle changes of pace, the guitarist totally ignoring rhythm and careering instead into obstinate Cramp-esque power twanging.

The Catwax show comes to a despondent conclusion in a drums - bass - guitar forced march to the death. At this premature stage in their commercial career, the Catwax Axe Co can do without too many duff gigs like this one. There's a whole world out there . . . but the Catdance Waxwalk has to find a firmer foothold and let something more than a causal rockabilly stroll rule its movements.

Amrik Rai

EURYTHMICS

Heaven

EURYTHMICS = Europe and rhythm. Anne Lennox and Dave Stewart (once a part of the awful Tourists) have sunk their money, their hearts and their souls into their invention. They are obviously committed to Eurythmics — an invented word and an invented sound, made from the meeting of an elaborate drum machine, sophisticated keyboards, artful flutes and an incredible dual bass / guitar. The customised equipment, astounding apparatus and impressive techniques took me by surprise.

Eurythmics are confusing, and intriguing. Anne stalks on stage in a huge black wig, tight trousers and wide eyes, but that's nothing — it's her voice that is her strength. It swirls and swells, confuses and bemuses. Just when you think you've sorted out which noise was which, which was her voice and which was just a shadow, the keyboards swell up and wipe away all your illusions.

All the songs are based on a steady, ultra disco drum beat (Conny Plank has a lot to answer for). The basic sound is not so very far from Kraftwerk circa 1976, but although not wildly original, it certainly makes me move. What makes Eurythmics unique is the cunning, crafty live mixing.

While they play each noise is simultaneously seasoned, spiced, elongated and reverberated. It's all an aural illusion. The flutes sound like voices, and the voices like guitars. Dave's doubly fretted guitar, hangs suspended from the ceiling so that he can dabble with a keyboard and then turn and step into the breech. But it was impossible to differentiate between who was playing what and what was playing whom.

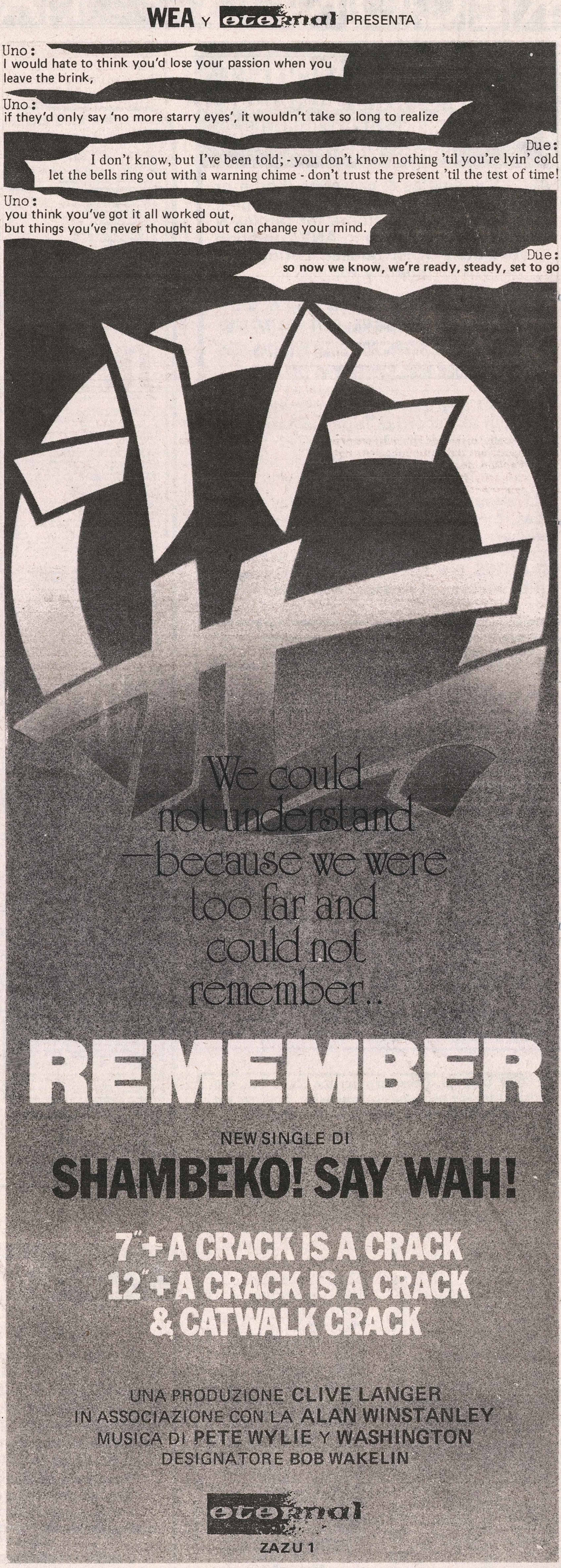
I was blinded by science. I can't say for sure how good the songs themselves were, although they seemed solid and danceable. The lyrics pour out of Anne's generous mouth: she sings of shadows, love and strangers. *"Love is a stranger, an open car . . . to tempt you in and drive you away."* Anne is much taken with ghosts and illusions; her voice echoes on, long after she's stopped singing. *"The power of your imagination, goes right to my head."*

In a final orgy of strobe lights and mystical noises, I wonder if it is 1968. Am I in a time slip? Anne leaves the stage but her voice goes on. Is it a tape, is it an echo? Or is it the guitar? Was there even a band on stage?

Or was it a mirage?

Laura Hardy

"The bells! The bells;" Dave Stewart and Annie Lennox deafened by yer rythmics — Pic: Nick Martin



RECORDS TAPES VIDEOS

RECORD & TAPE EXCHANGE
ALL RECORDS, TAPES, RARITIES, VIDEOS WANTED

ALL LP's, singles & cassettes (home or pre-recorded) bought or exchanged, 1p–£2.50 each paid (more for rarities & videos). **ALL** accepted in **ANY** condition — absolutely **NONE** refused!! Bring **ANY** quantity to:

38 NOTTING HILL GATE, LONDON W11 (727 3539)
28 PEMBRIDGE RD, NOTTING HILL GATE W11 (727 3538)
90 GOLDHAWK RD, SHEPHERDS BUSH W12 (749 2930)
229 CAMDEN HIGH STREET NW1 (267 1898)

Or **SEND** any quantity by post with SAE for cash to Record & Tape Exchange, 38 Notting Hill Gate, London W11 (None returned once sent — SAE + List for estimate if required).

ALL shops open 10 - 8 EVERY day of the year for many 1000s of cheap used/unused record, tape & video bargains (wholesale discounts for dealers). RARITIES are bought, sold, exchanged UPSTAIRS at 38 Notting Hill Gate, W11.

MISSED THAT HIT SOUND WHILE IT WAS AROUND? GET IT FROM THE DEALER WITH ALL THE CLASSICS. ALL THE SINGLES LISTED BELOW ARE BUT A SMALL SELECTION FROM OVER 2,000 SINGLES AND 1,000 LPs LISTED AT INCREDIBLE PRICES.
SEND S.A.E. FOR LIST.
ALL RECORDS LISTED BELOW ARE 90p EACH, 5 FOR £4, 10 FOR £8 OR 20 FOR £15 (MANY OTHERS ON LIST) THEY ALL COME IN PICTURE COVERS.

P2403	ABBA	Gimme gimme gimme
P3813	BAD MANNERS	Just a feeling
P3517	BLONDIE	The tide is high
P3352	TOM BROWNE	Funkin' for Jamaica
P3356	CLASH	Bank robber
P3432	RANDY CRAWFORD	One day I'll fly away
P2151	BARBARA DICKSON	Caravan song
P2923	ART GARFUNKEL	Bright eyes
P2657	GENESIS	Turn it on again
P4035	GIRLSCHOOL	C'mon let's go
P3958	GEORGE HARRISON	All those years ago
P3868	JOHN LENNON	Watching the wheels
P3875	PHIL LYNOTT	Yellow pearl
P3463	MADNESS	Baggy trousers
P2552	NOLANS	I'm in the mood for dancing
P3472	ODYSSEY	If you're looking for a way out
P4145	POINTER SISTERS	Slow hand
P3624	ELVIS PRESLEY	Heartbreak hotel
P1593	BOB SEGER	Hollywood nights
P3567	SPANDAU BALLET	To cut a long story short
P3715	SPECIALS	Do nothing
P3788	STATUS QUO	Something 'bout you baby I like
P2606	STYX	Babe
P4305	U2	Gloria
P2535	VIOLA WILLS	Gonna get along without you now
P2513	XTC	Generals & Majors/Don't lose your temper

ALSO GREAT BARGAINS

100 HIT SINGLES	£22.50	All for Postage & Packing
100 SOUL SINGLES	£10	GB Ireland & BFPO
100 COUNTRY SINGLES	£10	1-5 Singles 40p, 6-10 70p, 11-15 £1, 16-20 £1.50, 21-50 £2.00, 51-100 £2.50
100 PICTURE COVER SINGLES	£10	
100 POP SINGLES	£9	101-200 £3.00, 201 or more Post Free.
50 REGGAE SINGLES	£5	Rest of World for each 100 records £12.00.

OLDIES UNLIMITED,
DEPARTMENT N, TELFORD, SHROPSHIRE TF2 9NQ

RECORD CORNER. Collector's service offers fast and efficient service to customers worldwide. From rare out of print records to current UK and Imports

[illegible]

COME AND VISIT OUR SHOP, ASK FOR DAVE AND HE WILL TRY TO HELP YOU. SORT OUT WHAT SOUNDS YOU'RE AFTER ... [illegible]

RECORD CORNER
27 BEDFORD HILL
BALHAM, SW 12 9EX
(01-673 6130 — Ask for Dave)

OFFICIAL BOOTLEG CASSETTES
CASSETTE THE HIGSONS Live at Norwich 1982. (Only 4,000 made, each one numbered) (+ live insert) (13 tracks) ... 3.99
CASSETTE G.B.H. Live at 100 club 24/11/81 (Only 3000 pressed, each one numbered) (+ pic insert) (13 tracks) ... 3.99
CASSETTE THE FALL Live Acklam Hall 1980. 14 tracks (Only 4000 made, each one numbered) (+ pic insert) ... 3.50
CASSETTE VICE SQUAD Live in Sheffield. (Only 2000 made, each one numbered) (+ pic insert) ... 3.99
CASSETTE CHRON GEN Live 28th June '81. (only 2000 made, each one numbered) (+ pic insert) (11 tracks) ... 3.99
We are the only official mail order outlet for these cassettes

THIS WEEK'S BIGGIES
12" BEAT Save It For Later ... 2.25
12" TALK TALK Talk Talk (Long version) (P) ... 2.25
12" PIGBAG Papas Got A (E) (P) ... 2.25
12" PIGBAG Getting Up (P) ... 2.25
12" PIGBAG Sunny Day (6.18) + 2 (P) ... 2.25
12" SCORPIONS Can't live without you (I) (P) ... 3.49
12" J. GEILS BAND Centrefold (I) (P) ... 3.49
12" STRANGLERS Golden brown (I) (P) ... 3.49
12" BOW WOW WOW Baby oh no/Cowboy/Louise Quatorze/Mile high club (I) (P) ... 4.99
L.P. HEAVEN 17 P & Pavement (+ I'm your money) (I) ... 5.99
7" Y. MAGIC ORCH Rydeen/Absolute ego (White vinyl) ... 1.35
7" WOLF Head contact (Clear vinyl) (P) ... 1.35
7" METEORS Meteor madness 4 tracks e.p. (Blue v.) (P) ... 1.50
L.P. ADAM & ANTS Kings (+ white label demo copy of Stand & Deliver 7" with pic) (I) ... 6.99
L.P. HAWKWIND Rock legends. Kerb C./Back on Sts./Quark/Spirit of age/Steppenwolf/25 yrs./Psi/Only ones/High rise/Uncle Sams on Mars (I) ... 5.99
L.P. MONKEES She hangs out (12 tracks) (I) ... 3.99
L.P. BLACK SABBATH Technical ecstasy (I) ... 5.49
L.P. THE STOOGES Fun house (I) ... 4.99
12" E. COSTELLO I'm your toy/My shoes + 2 (P) ... 2.50
12" McCARTNEY/S. WONDER Ebony & Ivory/Rainclouds + 1 (P) ... 1.99
12" DEREK & CLIVE Bo Dudley (11.40) + 5 filthy faves (I) (P) ... 3.99
12" A. IMAGES See those eyes (5.35)/How about + 1 (P) ... 1.99
12" IGGY POP Sick of you (6.50)/T. Pants/Scene (I) ... 3.49
12" CLASH Mag. 7/Mag dance/Call up/Cool out (I) (P) ... 3.49
7" AC/DC Those about to rock/T.N.T. (live) (I) (P) ... 1.60
12" CLASH Capital R. One/Prisoner/P.drop/Cheat/City of dead/T. is tight/Bankrobber dub/A. time/J. Tonight (I) (P) ... 3.99
L.P. ULTRAVOX "New Europeans". The voice/Never wanted/Paths & Angles/Pass reply/All stood (live)/P. lines (live)/Herr X/Athes Klar/Waiting/N. Europeans (splendid JAP I + lyrics) ... 9.50
12" S. BALLET Instinction/Chant No.1 (8.03 remix) + 1 (P) ... 1.99
12" HAIRCUT 100 Fantastic day/Ski club (5.54) (Haircut bag) ... 1.99
12" MEATLOAF Read 'em and weep/Meatloaf in conversation/Everything is permitted (P) ... 2.99
7" BANANARAMA Really sayin' (+ wraparound pic) ... 1.50
7" BEATLES Medley (I) ... 1.50
L.P. HAWKWIND Friends & Relations. Who's gonna win (live)/Golden void (live)/Robot (8.17 live) + 5 studio tracks ... 3.99
12" O.N. JOHN Physical (7.04)/Landslide/Falling (I) (P) ... 3.49
12" S. CELL Say hello (9.10)/T.dub/Where did (6.50) (I) (P) ... 3.45
7" MOTORHEAD Iron fist/Rememer me (red vinyl) (P) ... 1.30
12" RAINBOW Stone cold (E)/Rock fever (P) ... 1.99
BEATLES BOX BOX SET Rock & Roll (3 albums) (I) (P) ... 9.95
L.P. HENDRIX High live & dirty (red vinyl) ... 3.75
7" DAMNED Smash it up (red vinyl) (P) ... 1.35
L.P. DAMNED Best of (blue vinyl) ... 3.99
7" GIRLSCHOOL Don't call it love + 2 (red vinyl) (P) ... 1.35
12" XTC Ball and chain + Heaven is paved (9.42)/Punch & Judy & Cockpit dome mixture (8.50) (P) ... 1.99
7" E. JOHN Empty garden/Take me to the ocean (I) ... 1.50
L.P. BEATLESONGS (Not Beatles) Best of Beatles novelty records. 12 tracks (great collector's item) (I) ... 6.99
12" A. COOPER Who do you think/You got it (Great pic.) (I) ... 3.99
7" PHIL COLLINS Thunder & lightning/Must be love (I) (P) ... 1.99
12" BLONDIE Heroes (6.29)/S. Girl (French)/In Flesh (I) (P) ... 3.49
7" GENESIS Man on the corner (I) (pic sleeve) ... 1.60
7" U.F.O. Back into my life/You'll get love (I) ... 1.50
Slightly smaller biggies in other sections.

VIDEOS VIDEOS VIDEOS VIDEOS VIDEOS
VIDEO JOHN MILES Live Albert Hall (V2) ... 26.95
VIDEO THIN LIZZY Live & Dangerous (V2) ... 26.95
[illegible]

All videos available on VHS or BETAMAX. V2 = Also on V2000
Note: Postage is only 1.45 for any quantity (U.K.)

[illegible]

JAM JAM JAM JAM JAM JAM JAM JAM JAM
12" JAM Town Called Malice (I) (diff pic to other 12" import) ... 3.45
12" JAM Town Called Malice (Pic sleeve) (I) ... 2.99
7" JAM That's entertainment (diff P); Start (diff P); Eton Rifles (diff P); When You're Young; G. Underground; Sats kids/H'wave; David Watts/A bomb; F. Pyre; Strange town (diff P) (all splendid Jap imports with pic inserts plus lyrics) ... each 2.65
7" JAM Town called Malice (Diff pic to British) (I) ... 1.99
12" JAM Town (live)/Precious (E) (Design sleeve) ... 1.99
12" JAM Tales/When you're/A. Beg./L. Rad/F. Pyre (I) (P) ... 3.99
12" JAM Tales/Disguises/A. Beginners/L. Radley/F. Pyre (I) (P) (Different pic to other 5 track 12") (I) (P) ... 4.49
12" JAM Start/E.Rifles/G. Under/Th. Entertainment (I) (P) ... 3.99
7" JAM Start/E. Rifles/G. Under/Th. Entertainment (I) (P) ... 2.50
7" JAM That's entertainment (I) (P); 7" Ab. Beginners (+ pic insert + lyrics) (P); 7" Funeral Pyre (P); 7" Start (P); 7" Sats kids/Heatwave (I) ... each 1.25

GOOD THINGS GOING
12" GLORIA JONES Tainted love (2 versions) + 10 Classic Northern soul tracks by Orig. artists (Clear vinyl) ... 1.99
12" MONSOON Ever so lonely (E) (P) ... 1.50
12" BANANARAMA Really saying something (E) (P) ... 1.50
12" BANANARAMA Aie a Mwana (P) ... 1.99
12" RITCHIE VALENS La Bamba/Come on let's go (Dance mix) + 1 (I) ... 3.99
12" PAT BENATAR We live for love/I need a lover/If you think you know how to love me (P) ... 2.50
12" DEREK & DOMINOES Layla (long version) ... 1.99
7" COUNTRY HAMS (McCartney) Park with Eloise (P) ... 1.50
7" BLONDIE In the flesh/One way (Great pic) (I) ... 1.99
7" ABBA Head over heels/The visitors (I) (Diff pic) ... 2.25
7" DAMNED Love song/Noise/Suicide (3 Diff pics. Capt. Sensible, Rat Scabies, Dave Vanian) (All Blue vinyl) ... each 1.30
7" DAMNED Machine gun etiquette (Clear vinyl) ... 4.25
12" MOTORHEAD/GIRLS SCHOOL Stay clean (5.45)/Please don't touch/Demolition boys (Diff pic to any Brit) (I) (P) ... 3.49
7" STEVIE NICKS Edge of 17/Edge (live) (I) (P) ... 1.60
12" DARYL HALL & JOHN OATES Private eyes (P) (remix from L.P.) ... 2.25
L.P. B.W.W. See Jungle (previously banned sleeve) ... 3.99
7" AC/DC Girls got rhythm/Get it hot (I) (P) ... 1.99
12" BOOMTOWN RATS House on fire (P) ... 1.75
7" IRON MAIDEN Twilight Zone (Clear or red vinyl) (P) ... 1.35
7" VISAGE Tar/Frequency (I) (P) ... 1.25
7" AC/DC Girls got/Blood/R & R/Hell (rare Gatefold P) ... 1.99
7" UK SUBS Keep on Running/Ice age/P. Girl/Party in Paris (French version) (P) (Deleted E.p.) ... 1.50
7" UFO Lonely Heart (clear vinyl) + patch (P) ... 1.50
7" POLICE Spirits/Flexible Strategies (I) (Diff pic) ... 1.50
7" ULTRAVOX Thin Wall, All Stood Still (P) (Both Clear Vinyl) ... each 1.50

OUR FAIR TRADING POLICY
★ WE DO NOT ADVERTISE RECORDS BEFORE THEY ARE AVAILABLE
★ We do not advertise new releases as "limited editions" unless they really are limited editions
★ All records are British unless marked import (I) so you know exactly what you are buying
★ All records etc are sent in strong, top quality protective packaging
★ We do not issue credit notes (except overseas) or alternatives unless you ask. If we cannot supply exactly what you require — *We refund your money*
★ All records advertised are *new*

7" JAP IMPORTS (All picture inserts + lyrics) 7"
7" CLIFF RICHARD Daddys Home ... 2.65
7" OLIVIA NEWTON JOHN Make A Move On Me/Falling ... 2.65
7" KISS The Oath ... 2.65
7" SCORPIONS Now/No One Like You ... 2.65
7" VAL HALEN Pretty Woman ... 2.65
7" SOFT CELL Tainted love/Where did (Diff pic to Brit) ... 2.65
7" ADAM & ANTS Antrap (+ lyrics of course) (P) ... 2.65
7" KIM WILDE Kids in America (diff pic from other Jap 7") ... 2.69
7" POLICE Spirits/Flexible Strategies (diff pic) ... 2.65
7" JOHN FOXX Europe/Pater (Diff Pic to Brit) ... 2.65
7" STRANGLERS Duchess/Nice 'n sleazy/No more Heroes/ Something ... [illegible]

7" G NUMAN Love needs no disguise (diff pic) ... 2.65
7" ABBA One of us/Should I laugh (diff pic) ... [illegible]
[illegible]

CULT 45 CULT 45 CULT 45
[illegible]

JAPAN JAPAN JAPAN JAPAN
[illegible]

MARC BOLAN MARC BOLAN MARC BOLAN
[illegible]

WE HAVE TWO RECORD SHOPS IN WICKFORD
[illegible]

BOWIE BOWIE BOWIE BOWIE BOWIE
[illegible]
12" BOWIE Heroes + Helden (6.09 in German/Heroes + Heroes (6.09 in French) (I) (P) ... 3.49
7" BOWIE/QUEEN Under Pressure (Jap I + lyrics) (diff pic) ... 2.65
12" BOWIE & QUEEN Under Pressure (I) (P) ... 3.49

PICTURE DISCS PICTURE DISCS
7" BARDOT One Step Further ... 2.50
LP MEATLOAF Deadringer ... 5.99
L.P. ROLLING STONES 1965 Interviews (I) ... 3.99
L.P. MEATLOAF Bat Out Of Hell ... 5.99
7" JAPAN Ghosts ... 1.50
7" BLUE RONDO A LA TURK Klactoveesedstein ... 1.50
7" ENGLAND WORLD CUP SQUAD England fly the flag ... 2.50
L.P. JULIO IGLESIAS Begin the Beguine ... 4.99
7" NOLANS Don't love me too hard ... 2.99
L.P. BILL WYMAN Latest ... 4.99
7" J. GEILS BAND Freeze frame ... 1.50
7" TH. LIZZY Hollywood; 7" KISS World without heroes ... each 1.50
7" LOGIC SYSTEM Be yourself/Domino dance ... 1.50
7" ADAM & ANTS Friends/Physical/Kick ... 1.75
7" MIKE OLDFIELD Five miles out/Live punkadiddle ... 1.50
7" TYGERS OF PAN TANG Love potion no.9/Stormlands ... 1.50
L.P. E.W.F. Raise ... 6.99
12" OZZY OSBOURNE Mr Crowley (live) (I) ... 6.99
7" IRON MAIDEN Run to the hills ... 1.99
7" CARS Shake it up ... 2.50
7" KINKS Predictable; 7" BUDGIE — Keeping Rendevous ... each 1.50
7" GO GOS Automatic; 7" BLACK SABBATH Turn up the night; 7" MOTORHEAD Motorhead/City kids; 7" MEATLOAF Deadringer; 7" FOREIGNER Blue morning; 7" O. N. JOHN Magic; 7" SKIDS Goodbye Civilian; 7" PAT BENATAR Fire & Ice; 7" ABBA One of us; 7" RAGE Bootleggers 81; 7" ROSE TATTOO R&Roll; 7" SAMMY HAGAR Piece of my heart ... each 1.99
7" ALTERED IMAGES I could be happy ... 1.99
12" JOURNEY Don't stop believing ... 2.99
L.P. JUDAS PRIEST Best of; L.P. TOYAH Anthem ... each 5.99
L.P. H. LEAGUE Dare; L.P. M. OLDFIELD T. Bells ... each 6.99
7" TOYAH Thunder in the mountains ... 2.25
7" ROBERT PALMER Some guys have all the luck ... 1.99
7" FLOCK OF SEAGULLS I ran/Pick me up ... 1.50
7" DEMON One helluva night/Into the nightmare ... 1.50
Over 100 Pic Discs in our catalogue

CATALOGUE NO. 31 NOW AVAILABLE + GIANT SALE LIST.
No serious collector can afford to be without one. Over 8,000 collector's items. If you would like a copy send 50p + large SAE. Europe 8 IRC. Elsewhere 12 IRC or ask for free copy when ordering.

POSTAGE & BEST PACKING 12" or 10" . . . 1=90p, 2=1.25, 3=1.50, 4=£2, 5 or more=2.50 . . . 7" up to 4=60p; 5 or more=80p. Cassettes . . . Same as for 7". Videos (Recorded delivery) . . . 1.45 (any quantity). OVERSEAS P&P 12" or 10" . . . 1=2.20, 2 or 3=£3, 4 to 8=£1 each, 9 to 20=8.50. 7" . . . 1 or 2=1.10, 3=1.40, 4=£2, 5 or more=40p each, 13 or more=£5. Cassettes . . . Same as for 7". Videos . . . 1=£2.75, 2 or more=£3.50. SOUTHERN IRELAND Please add 25p for every £1 (on cost of records & postage) to cover rate of exchange.
PLEASE ALLOW 10 DAYS CLEARANCE FOR CHEQUES
(Postal orders mean quicker delivery)
ALL RECORDS ARE BRITISH UNLESS MARKED IMPORT (I)
P=Picture Sleeve. E=Extended version

Adrians
THE RECORD SPECIALIST Ref N
36 HIGH STREET, WICKFORD, ESSEX
Have you paid us a visit yet? Wickford is only 40 mins direct from Liverpool St Station. Open Mon-Sat 9-6, Sunday 10am-12.30 pm

OVERSEAS
★ We've been sending records Overseas for years
★ You can send off to us with confidence
★ Orders despatched within 24 hrs of payment
★ We look forward to hearing from you

COB RECORDS
THE WORLD'S MOST COMPLETE RECORD & TAPE SERVICE

1. All Brand New Records & Tapes sold at discount. Regular Special Offer Lists, items from £1.95. Inland and Export Service.
2. Your unwanted good condition LPs, Tapes and Singles bought for cash or part exchanged for **ANY** brand new ones of **YOUR** own choice. Send list to us for official offer.
3. Thousands of Quality Guaranteed Secondhand LPs and Singles — All listed.

Write or phone for Free 25 page catalogue —
COB RECORDS (NX), PORTHMADOG, GWYNEDD, WALES (0766) 2170/3185
★ ★ **SHOPS AT PORTHMADOG, BANGOR, WREXHAM** ★ ★

DOWNTOWN MAILORDER
DOWNTOWN RECORDS LTD
PURVEYORS OF QUALITY MUSIC TO THE WORLD
9 HIGH STREET, BILLERICAY, ESSEX
DEPT N10481. Tel: 02774 22449
CHOICE QUALITY STUFF ALBUMS FROM 99p To £3.69

Beach Boys — M.I.U. Album/Love You ... each 99p
Gene Simmons (Kiss) — Solo Album ... £1.99
Kiss — Dynasty / Unmasked ... each £2.49
John Stewart — Dream Babies / Bombs Away ... each £1.99
Status Quo — Ma Kelly / Dog Of Two Heads ... each £2.49
Klaus Schulze — Moondawn ... £2.69
Diana Ross & The Supremes — 20 Golden Greats ... £2.49
Chicago — 9 (Chicago's Greatest Hits) ... £2.49
Crosby & Nash — Best Of ... £2.49
Johnny Winter — Raisin'/Cain ... £2.49
Iggy Pop — TV Eye (1977 Live) ... £2.49
Todd Rundgren — Healing ... £2.49
Doctor Hook — Sloppy Seconds ... £2.49
Aerosmith — Draw The Line ... £2.49
Janis Joplin — Janis (Original Soundtrack) ... £3.69
Imagination — Body Talk ... £2.99

FOR CONNOISSEURS & COLLECTORS
7" Jam — Absolute Beginners / Tales from the Riverbank (Jap Pressing with Lyrics Diff Sleeve) ... £2.49
7" Jam — Town called Malice / Precious (Diff Pic Sleeve) ... £1.69
12" Lou Reed (Pic) — Blue Mask / Walk on the wild side ... £3.19
12" Human League (pic) — Being Boiled / Circus of Death ... £3.29
12" Bruce Springsteen (Pic) — The River / Born To Run / Rosalita ... £3.19
12" David Bowie (pic) — Heroes (English-German Version / English-French Version) ... £2.99
12" Clash (pic) — London Calling / Armagideon Time / Justice Tonight / Kick it over ... £3.19
LP Jeff Beck — Best of ... £3.69
LP Pink Floyd — More (soundtrack) ... £3.99
LP Status Quo — Now here this ... £2.99
LP Remember the 50s (Dble Album inc Andrew Sisters, Frankie Laine, Debbie Reynolds, Paul Anka, Tab Hunter, Pat Boon, etc 27 tracks) ... £3.69
12" Japan — The Singles (Jap import with superb picture label and Silver Sleeve & Lyrics & autographed photos) ... £8.69
12" Bow Wow Wow (Pic) — Baby Oh No / Cowboy / Louise Quatorze / Mile High Club ... £4.69
LP Motley Crew — Too Fast to Love (very heavy) ... £6.49

THE ABOVE ITEMS ARE A MERE SAMPLE OF OUR VAST STOCK OF LPs, SINGLES, CASSETTES AND GOODIES AND REALLY LOW PRICES, SO HURRY. SEND A LARGE S.A.E. FOR OUR SUPERB CATALOGUE (OR 3×IRC's OVERSEAS) TO ENSURE ONE YEAR'S SUPPLY REGULAR UPDATED LISTS. SEND 10×LARGE SAE's (OR OVERSEAS 30× IRC's)

POST & (QUALITY)PACKAGING SERVICES
7" singles: 1 = 29p, 2 = 39p, 3 = 49p, 4 = 59p, 5 = 69p plus 5p for each additional single.
10"/12"/LP: 1 = 69p, 2 = £1.09, 3 = £1.29, 4 = £1.69, 5 = £1.89. For each additional LP add 10p
(Doubles count as two, triples count as three etc)
OVERSEAS POSTAL & (QUALITY) PACKAGING SERVICES
7" Singles: 1 = 79p, 2 = 89p, 3 = £1.19, 4 = £1.59, five or more 35p each.
10"/12"/LP: 1 = £2.10, 2 = £2.59, 3-7 = 89p each, 7-12 = £7.29. Over 12 an extra 35p each album.
EXPRESS DELIVERY FOR CREDIT CARD HOLDERS
SIMPLY PHONE 02774 22449 with details (or write) and your goods will be despatched immediately.

BARCLAYCARD VISA

★ WHY NOT VISIT US AT BILLERICAY (MON-SUN) OR GRAVESEND MARKET (SATs) OR WEMBLEY MARKETS SUNS) ★
★ ALL ITEMS ADVERTISED ARE NEW & "FACTORY FRESH"

TO ADVERTISE 01 261 6172

BONAPARTE RECORDS
284 Pentonville Road
London N19NR England

V.LTD PICTURE DISCS
Adam & The Ants — Friends/Kick/Physical. 7" (pic disc) ... £1.60
Flock of Seagulls — I Ran. 7" (pic disc) ... £1.49
Logic System — Be Yourself. 7" (pic disc) ... £1.49
Mike Oldfield — Five Miles Out. 7" (pic disc) ... £1.35
Kinks — Predictable. 7" (pic disc) ... £1.49

NEW 7" & 12" RELEASES
Human League — Sound of Crowd. 12" (pic) ... £1.99
Stranglers — La Folie. 7" (pic) ... 99p
Stiff Little Fingers — Talk Back. 7" (pic) ... 99p
Rico — Jungle Music. 12" (pic) ... £1.99
Lambrettas — Something To Love. 7" (pic) ... 99p
Haircut 100 — Fantastic Day. 7" ... 99p
12" ... £1.99
Spandau Ballet — Instinction. 7" (pic) ... 99p
12" (pic) ... £1.99
Simple Minds — Promised You A Miracle. 7" (pic) ... 99p
12" (pic) ... £1.99
Fall — Lookknow 7" (pic) ... 99p
BEF & Sandie Shaw — Anyone Who Had a Heart. 7" (pic) ... 99p
Beat — Save It For Later 7" ... 99p
12" ... £1.99
Tear For Fears — Pale Shelter. 12" (pic) ... £1.99
Weekend — View From Her Room. 7" (pic) ... 99p
12" (pic) ... £1.99
Simple Minds — Sweat In Bullet. Four track 12" (pic) ... £1.15
Josef K — Missionary. 7" import (pic) ... £1.30
Yazoo — (Ex Depeche Mode). Only You. 7" (pic) ... 99p
Ellery Bop — Ringing. 7" (pic) ... 99p
Dead Or Alive — It Has Been Hours Now. 7" (pic) ... 99p
Pablo — Bo Mbanda. 7" ... 99p
Spandau Ballet — She Loved Like Diamond. 12" (pic) ... £1.15
Monsoon — Ever So Lonely. 12" (pic) ... £1.99
Altered Images — See Those Eyes 7" (pic) ... 99p
12" (pic) ... £1.99
Pressure Co. — Live In Sheffield (pic) 12"/LP ... £2.50
Associates — Party Fears II. 7" (pic) ... 99p
12" (pic) ... £1.99
Fire Engines — Big Gold Dream. 7" (pic) ... 99p
12" (pic) ... £1.99
Pigbag — Papa's Got A Brand. 7" (pic) ... 99p
12" (pic) ... £1.99
Higsons — I Don't Want To Live. 7" (pic) ... 99p
Damned — Best Of. (Cassette) ... £3.99
Human Condition — Live In Europe. (Cassette) ... £2.99
Dolly Mixtures — Everything & More. 7" (pic) ... 99p
U2 — A Celebration. 7" (pic) ... 99p
Fall — Lie Dream Of A Casino Soul. 7" (pic) ... 99p
Scritti Politti — Sweetest Girl. 7" (pic) ... 99p

THEATRE OF HATE
Theatre Of Hate — Westworld. 7" (pic) ... 99p
12" (pic) ... £1.99
Theatre Of Hate — Westworld LP ... £3.99
Westworld. (Cassette) ... £3.99

ALL JOY DIVISION & NEW ORDER RECORDS IN STOCK

NEW ALBUMS
Joan Jett — I Love Rock 'n' Roll LP ... £4.49
BEF — Music Of Quality & Distinction. LP ... £4.49
Various Zoo — Compilation LP ... £3.99
R. Wyatt — Nothing Can Stop Us LP ... £3.99
Eno — Ambient 4 On Land ... £3.99
Fall — Hex Enduction Hour ... £3.99
Funboy 3 — New LP ... £3.99
23 Skidoo — 7 Songs LP ... £2.99
Birthday Party/Lydia Lunch — Drunk LP ... £2.50
Pigbag — Dr. Heckyll & Mr. Jive LP ... £3.99
A Certain Ratio — Sextet LP/A ... Each £3.99
Thomas Leer — Contradictions LP ... £4.49
Durutti Column — L.C. (brilliant) ... £3.99

HARD CORE PUNK
Enemy — Fallen Hero. 7" (pic) ... 99p
Chaos U.K. — Burning Britain. 7" (pic) ... 99p
Angelic Upstarts — Still From The Heart. LP ... £3.99
Various — Punk & Disorderly LP ... £3.99
Vice Squad — New single (pic) ... 99p

Chron Gen — Chronic Generation LP ... £3.99
Anti Pasti — Burn In Your Flames 7" (pic) ... 99p
No Entry — One Way System EP. 7" (pic) ... 99p
Anti Nowhere League — I Hate . . . People. 7" (pic) ... 99p

Charge — Destroy The Youth. 7 (pic) ... 99p

Dirt — Object Refuse. 7" (pic) (Crass Records) ... 80p
Blitz — Never Surrender. 7" (pic) ... 99p
Dead Man's Shadow — Bomb Scare. 7" EP (pic) ... 99p
Abrasive Wheels — Vicious Circle. 7" (pic) ... 99p
Sub Humans — Demolition War EP (pic) ... 85p
A Country Fit For Heroes — 12" (pic) ... £2.20
Epileptics — 1970s EP re-issue. (pic) ... 75p
Vice Squad — Out Of Reach. 7" (pic) ... 99p
Peter & Test Tube Babies — Banned from The Pubs. 7" (pic) ... 99p
Snipers — 3-piece Suite. 7" (pic) ... 85p
Captain Sensible — Captain Speaking. 7" (pic) ... 85p
Business — Smash The Discos. 7" EP (pic) ... 99p
Anti Pasti — 6 Guns. 7" (pic) ... 99p
Discharge — Never Again. 7" EP (pic) ... 99p
Partizans — Police Story. 7" (pic) ... 99p
GBH — Leather, Bristles, Studs & Acne. 12" (pic) ... £1.99
Dead Kennedy's — Holidays In Cambodia. 7" (pic) ... 99p

Send Cheques & Postal Orders to:—
BONAPARTE RECORDS LTD.,
284 PENTONVILLE ROAD,
LONDON N1.
Please list alternatives wherever possible
POSTAGE RATES: All post sent first-class
U.K. 7" — 1 = 30p. 2 = 35p. 3 = 45p. 4 = 50p. 5 = 65p. 6 = 75p. 8 = £1.20 maximum.
U.K. 12" — 1 = 70p. 2 = £1.30. 3 = £1.30. 4 = £1.70.
Overseas 7" — 1-5 = 25p each. 5+ = 15p each.
Overseas 12" — 1 = 80p. 2 = £1.20. 3 = £1.50. 4 = £1.80. 5 = £2.00.
Cassettes — 35p each postage & packing.
Double albums count as 2 albums

BULLET RECORDS
(NEON)
4 ROMFORD RD, ASTONFIELDS, STAFFORD, ST16 3DU

EXCITING NEW PRODUCT
Misunderstood — Before the Dream Faded (at last — Classic Psych) ... 4.49
BEF — 7" Box Set of the Album ... 6.49
Tuxedo Moon — Ninotchica (great new 12") ... 2.10
Bow Wow Wow — The Last of the Mohicans US imp 4 Track 12" I Want Candy/Cowboy/Louis Quatorze/Mile High Club (pic) ... 4.49
The Residents — Tunes for Two Cities (long awaited new LP. US imp) ... 6.49
Nasmak — Four Clicks (great LP. Imp) ... 5.49
Human League — Empire State Human (UK 12" very ltd) ... 3.99
Toyah — Four more from Toyah (12" version) (superb pic) ... 3.25
The Sorrows — Take a Heart (imp. Legendary '60s beat group. The singles) ... 7.50
Ben Watt & Robert Wyatt — Summer into Winter (superb 5 track 12") ... 2.25
Richard & Linda Thompson — Shoot out the Lights (great new LP) ... 4.49
Iggy & The Stooges — Sick of You E.P. (3 track 12", classic Iggy) ... 2.99
Iggy & The Stooges — Jesus Loves the Stooges (3 track 12" imp) ... 2.99
The Turtles — Invasion Of The Rhythm Butchers Vol 3 (6 Track 7" US Import) ... 2.99
The Bongos — Drums Along The Hudson (15 Tracks Inc All The Singles. Imp) ... 5.49
The Long Hello — Vol 3 (ex V.D.G.G. feat Peter Hamill) ... 4.49
Marc Bolan — Where's The Champagne (Pic Disc. Interview recorded 1971. US Imp) ... 6.99
David Bowie — Baal (Euro imp 12") ... 3.49
The Bureau — The Bureau (Brilliant Debut) (Imp only) ... 5.99
Lee Fardon — The God given right (2nd Album) ... 4.99
The Jam — Town Called Malice / Precious (12" Euro imp + Pic S1) ... 2.99
The Fall — Hex Education Hour (Words Fail. A Must) ... 4.49
Lydia Lunch / Birthday Party — Mini LP (One side each band recorded live) ... 2.50
Soft Cell — 12" Tainted Love/Memorabilia + 2 (Euro) ... 4.50
James Chance — Theme for Grutzi Elvis (4 track Euro imp) (back in stock — great record) ... 2.65
Lydia Lunch — Pre Teenage Jesus (Euro imp feat. James Chance Vintage 77) ... 2.65
Throbbing Gristle — Beyond Jazz Funk (cassette only) ... 2.99
Throbbing Gristle — 5LP box set (inc booklet, their 4 albums + prev unreleased live album (Ltd Edition) ... 18.75
Jam — Absolute Beginners (Canadian 12") ... 3.99
U2 — Irish Only 7" — Another day/Twilight (Pic) ... 2.50
Gang Of Four (sp. ed. 5-track US imp inc 2 live) ... 4.99
U2 — 12" version of Out of Control EP ... 3.50
The Plimsoles — A Million Miles Away (US imp 12". Psych/Pop) ... 3.49
Snakefinger — Manual of Erros (New LP Ralph imp) ... 5.95
The Fleshtones — Blast Off (Diff to LP — cassette only) ... 5.49

NEW UK LP's
Another Saturday Night — V. Arts (Great reissue of Cajun Compilation) ... 4.49
Eno — Ambient 4 ... 3.99
Michael Nyman — Michael Nyman (long awaited new L.P.) ... only 3.49
Spizz — History (great collection of early material) ... 3.49
The Shortlist (with R. Chapman) — Riff Burglar (Euro imp) ... 5.99
Robert Wyatt — Nothing Can Stop Us ... 3.99
Playgroup — Epic Sound Battles (ex Rip Rig + Pop Group) ... 4.49
Robyn Hitchcock — Groovy Decay (New Mindblower) ... 4.49
Crispy Ambulance — The Plateau Phase ... 3.99
Virgin Prunes — New form of beauty No. 4 (cass only) ... 2.99
Zoo Records — To the shores of Lake Placid (feat rare tracks by Bunnymen, Teardrops, Big in Japan etc) (Great Packaging) ... 4.99
The Bongo's — Time and the River (fetish) ... 3.50
Pigbag — Doctor Heckle and Mr Jive ... 3.99
Laura Logic — Pedigree Charm ... 3.99
Pressure Company — Live (Cab Voltaire) ... 2.99
The Damned — Machine Gun Etiquette ... 4.29
Method Actors — Little Figures (Dble) ... 5.99
Family Fodder — Greatest Hits (Crepescule imp) ... 4.99
Theatre of Hate — Westworld ... 4.49
The dB's — Repercussion (Chris Stamey) (inc Free Ltd Cassette) ... 4.49
23 Skidoo — Seven Songs (Fetish) ... 3.50
Haircut 100 — Pelican West ... 3.99
Material — Memory Serves ... 4.49
The Human Condition — Live in Europe (cassette only feat. Jah Wobble) ... 3.99
Thomas Leer — Contradictions (Dble) ... 4.99
Felt — Crumbling the antiseptic beauty (beautiful LP) ... 2.99

HARD CORE SINGLES
The Violaters — Gangland ... .99
BlitzKrieg — Lest We Forget ... .99
Vomit Visions — Punks are the old farts of today ... 1.50

The Epileptics — The 1970's EP ... .99
The Gonads — Pure Punk for row people ... .99
The Business — Smash the Discos ... .99
The Mob — No Doves fly Here (Crass) ... .80
Rabid — Bloody Road To Glory ... .99
Basta Roc — Monumnet ... .99
The Enemy — Fallen Hero ... .99
Snyx — Black Death E.P. ... .99
The Headcleaners — Disinfection EP (7 tracks) ... 1.99
The Expelled — No Life, No Future EP ... .99
The Undead — It's Corruption EP ... .99
Anti Establishment — Future Girl ... .99
The Business — Smash The Discos EP ... .99
Attack — Todays Generation ... .99
Anti Nowhere League — I Hate People ... .99
Charge — Destroy Youth EP ... .99
Red Alert — In Britain ... .99
Dead Mans Shadow — Bombscare ... .99
Dirt — Object Refuse (Crass Recs) ... .80
Transistors — Riot Squad (Great single) ... .99
The Hoax — Blind Panic ... .99
Chaos UK — Burning Britain (Pic) ... .99
Court Martial — Gotta Get Out (Pic) ... .99
Drongo's For Europe — Deaths A Career ... .99
Chron Gen — Jet Boy ... .99
Abrasive Wheels — Vicious Circle EP ... .99
GBH — No Survivors EP ... .99
One Way System — Riot Torn City EP ... .99

HARD CORE ALBUMS
Fear — The Record (US Hardcore) ... 6.49
The Misfits — Walk among us (US Imp. Brilliant) ... 6.49
Husker Du — Land Speed Record (US Imp. Incredibly fast) ... 5.49
Christian Death — Only Theatre Of Pain ... 5.49

Chelsea — Evacuate ... 3.99
Ex — History is What's Happening (long awaited L.P. from legendary ex Rondos. Imp. Inc. poster & booklet) ... only 2.99
Public Service — US Comp (Feat Red Cross, Bad Religion) ... 5.25
Bad Brains (cassette only release — real ripper) ... 5.49
Hell comes to your house — V Artists feat Social Distortion, Red Cross (US Imp) ... 5.49
UK Subs — Endangered Species ... 3.99
Who Cares — V Arts inc Suspects, Political Crap, Civil Disobedience (US Imp) ... 5.49
Cracks In The Sidewalk — Mini LP (inc Black Flag) ... 5.49
Bad Religion — How Could Hell Be Any Worse (Great new US Band) (US Imp) ... 5.99
Chron Gen — Chronic Generation ... 3.75
Punk & Disorderly — V Arts (All of your favourites) ... 3.99
Busted At Oz — Live Chicago Punk Compilation (US) ... 5.99
Black Flag — Damaged (A Scorcher) ... 5.49
Dead Kennedy's — Witch Trials (Imp) ... 2.50
Slaughter & The Dogs — Live At The Factory ... 2.99
Vice Squad — 12" Mini LP of their 2 EP's (Diff Pic) ... 1.99

NEW SINGLES — ALL PIC
7"
Wasted Youth — Wild Life ... .99
Fad Gadget — King of the Flys ... .99
Johnnie Allen — Promised Land (brilliant) ... 1.10
Weekend — View From Her Room (YMG) ... .99
Bloods — Butter Up ... .99
Japan — Ghosts (picture disc) ... 1.50
Adam & The Ants — Physical (+2) (picture disc) ... 1.50
Simple Minds — Promised You A Miracle ... 1.15
David Bowie — Cat People ... 1.15
The Fall — Look Know ... .99
Dance Society — Woman's Own ... .99
U2 — A Celebration ... 1.10
Happy Family — Puritans (ex Josef K) (3 tracks) ... .99
Josef K — The Farewell Single (Imp) ... 1.20
B Movie — Nowhere Girl ... 1.15
Pigbag — Pappas Got A . . . ... .99
Killing Joke — Empire Song ... 1.15
Altered Images — See Those Eyes ... 1.15
BEF — Anyone Who Had A Heart ... 1.15
XTC — Ball & Chain (3 Track EP) ... 1.15
Funhouse — Out Of Control (Mike Scott APf) ... 1.10
A Flock Of Seagulls I Ran 1.10 (Pic Disc Version) ... 1.50
Spizzenergi 2 — Work ... .99
The Laughing Apple — Precious (Great) ... .99
The Associates — Party Fears ... 1.10
DAF — Sex Unter Wasser ... .99
Brian James — Why Why Why (green vinyl, Damned) ... .99
Pig Bag — Getting Up ... .99
ABC — Poison Arrow ... 1.10
China Crisis — African White (superb) ... .99
12"
Weekend — View from her room ... 1.99
Malaria — White Water ... 1.99
Simple Minds — Promised You A Miracle ... 1.99
Foetus Over Frisco — Custom Built For Capitalist ... 1.99
In Camera — 3 Track Peel Session (4AD) ... 1.99
Danny Ash — 4 Track 12" (Bauhaus) ... 1.99
Talking Heads — Life During Wartime (Live) ... 1.99
XTC — Ball & Chain (4 Tracks) ... 1.99
Pig Bag — Pappas Got A ... 1.99
Adam & Ants — Antmusic EP (Early B Sides + Car Trouble) ... 1.99
Wild Swans — Revolutionary Spirit (Comp T Ex + Bunnymen Zoo) ... 1.99
Depeche Mode — See You ... 1.99
Pigbag — Get It Up ... 1.99
The Royal Family & The Poor — Green Dominion (Factory) ... 1.99
Maximum Joy — White & Green Place ... 1.99
Bauhaus — Kick In The Eye (Remix) ... 1.99
Jam — A Town Called Malice ... 1.99
New Order — Green/Mesh/Cries ... 1.99
Bush Tetras — Rivals (4-track) ... 1.99

"Export Enquiries Welcome — Telex 367334 Answerback Neon."

POSTAGE RATES: **LP's 80p per 12"/1.10 for 2 / 1.35 for 3 / thereafter 25p each. 7" 35p per 7" / 2 for 45p / 3 for 50p / thereafter 15p each. Overseas 7" 1-3 65p; 4-6 £1.25; 7-15 £2.15; 17-34 £2.50; 35-42 £5.75. 12" 1 £1.25; 2-3 £2.15; 4-6 £3.50; 7-9 £5.75; for every 2 after an extra 65p. (Access/Barclaycard/Trustcard accepted.) Double LPs count as 2. Please state alternative if possible. Please allow ten days for cheques to clear** ***Personal Callers are invited to view the above stock plus much more at the Bullet Warehouse at the above address***

LIVE!

IMPULSE

Embassy Club

ON A FOOLS' NIGHT at a fools' club . . . Impulse set up leviathan like across all levels. The instant sound is tribally concocted — Thompson Twins twin? — but this maze of sound is subtle, soft as a suedehead, and harsh — a rifle of energy that jolts even the audience at the Embassy.

The brass section is hard, blasting the set along when it slacks, cajoling it when it needs direction (James Chance thankyou for everything!) This trio of brass pulls out all the stops; they fish for compliments and their hooks are barbed. *"There is no cure"* — but who cares? I'm addicted!

The songs are wild and emotive — imbued with a catgut passion. 'World in flames' is typical of this — winding down my street, snapping back like taut elastic it leaves you crying for more. 'Yesterdays Girl', 'Impulse' and 'Suppression' all stretch the band into shapes so deformed it is beyond belief that they are still cohesive — shockingly stark, confused in their intricacy — epileptic! Risk a cardiac arrest but dance.

The singers contortions are grotesque — he seems like a stockbroker with St Vitus dance but he moves/writhes in time/pain to the music. It is a long time since I saw a band singing and playing with firepower instead of electricity but this is the final conflict and it brings the picture into focus — a finer perception of the individual's talent comes from seeing people with instruments — not tapes.

The duet between the vocals on the floor and the brass in the air was as romantic as any serenade between Romeo & Juliet — I lost my soul to this dance of life and watched as his voice crashed with a dying fall to the last aria of the baritone sax.

The rest of the band — two drummers, bass, keyboards and guitar flow into a harmonious cataract of improvisation. Impulse catch the sweaty essence of dance and bottle it. Commercial success on a plate — not a soya synth substitute.

DAVID DORRELL

DANCE HALL STYLE

Upstairs at Ronnies

"Sweet soul rocking in a dance hall style." Carlton Lewis

IN THE SWEATY confines of the single room above where Mr Art Blaikey swings tonight, four men and a women on the bass duly perspire.

The Style exact justice from their name with a hybrid music that borrows by way of reggae, soul and soca, deploying the same with a rhythmic vigour. Even those barely still able to stand on their feet at one thirty in the morning — let alone dance! — at least acknowledge as much with the seeming unconscious tapping of feet. While for the benefit of those huddled in smokey corners, Dance Hall Style prove eminently noddable.

Mr Murray is an intense, hunched man concentrated over his guitar and executing the occasional skipping movement, who introduces his set with irony and not without some disarming shyness and who performs lead vocal for the most part of it. His declamation that we need a 'Working Definition Of Love' is carried with a certain conviction. He asks 'Where's The Fire?' and belies the response from the floor the band is now attracting with 'No Dancing'.

The chug of reggae announces 'Sink Or Swim', then Mr Albert of Dominica introduces a blend of small island soca with 'Tell Me Why'. Mr Steve Boon takes over for a similarly mobile 'Skank'.

"This is a plea from the heart," from Mr Murray determines the highlight of the evening, rendition of Rita Marley's 'One Draw'. As they go inna it and warm scents curl around corners he begs, *"Hey Rastaman, hear what I say, give I some of your sensi."*

Mr Albert returns for a further calypso jive interpreting Scrunter's 'Woman On The Bass' in appropriate fashion. Then Dance Hall Style draw conclusions on a "Map Of The World' to conclusion of the show.

Penny Reel

STEP TO IT!

The NME Jive Wire Cassette Offer continues next week

Don't miss out — place your order now.

VIDEO ✱ VIDEO ✱ VIDEO ✱ VIDEO

KILLER VIDEO

✱ SPECIAL OFFER ✱

		PAL No: VHS	SYSTEM No: BETA
JUBILEE — Film featuring Toyah / Adam Ant / Jordan	£33.50	...	...
URGH! A MUSIC WAR — Featuring live Police / OMD / XTC / UB40	£31.50	...	...
APRIL WINE — Live in London	£29.50	...	...
THE KIDS ARE ALRIGHT — The Who Retrospective	£37.50	...	...
DEEP PURPLE — California Jam 6 April 1974	£29.50	...	...
MOTORHEAD — Includes "Overkill" & "Bomber"	£23.00	...	...
IRON MAIDEN — Live at the Rainbow	£29.50	...	...
PINK FLOYD — LIVE AT POMPEII — Inc "Axe Eugene"	£24.50	...	...
TOYAH — Live at the Rainbow	£29.50	...	...
DEVO — THE MEN WHO MAKE THE MUSIC	£26.00	...	...
MIKE OLDFIELD — 'The Essential' — "Ommadawn" / "Tubular Bells"	£26.00	...	...
SIOUXSIE & THE BANSHEES — ONCE UPON A TIME — THE SINGLE	£19.50	...	...
REGGAE SUNSPLASH — Marley / Tosh / Third World in Jamaica	£29.50	...	...
BOB MARLEY & THE WAILERS — LIVE IN SANTA BARBARA	£29.50	...	...
THIN LIZZY — Live and Dangerous	£19.50	...	...
BLACK SABBATH — Never Say Die	£19.50	...	...
JETHRO TULL — Slipstream	£25.50	...	...
CANDID CAMERA CLASSICS I (Length 2 hours)	£33.00	...	...
POWER OF FOOTBALL (1978 World Cup Highlights)	£33.00	...	...
TEXAS CHAINSAW MASSACRE — Macabre horror (un-cut version)	£32.50	...	...

Full range of films available from PELE to IDI AMIN to ZOMBIE FLESHEATERS (un-cut version), from Killer Video.
EXPORT and WHOLESALE Enquiries welcome
FREE CATALOGUE sent with EVERY PRE-RECORDED FILM ORDER. For CATALOGUE ONLY send £2.50 inc P&P each .... (Quantity)
POSTAGE Please add the following for each tape you order: UK — £2.50 (Recorded Delivery). EUROPE — £3.50. OUTSIDE EUROPE — £7.50. EACH TAPE PACKED INDIVIDUALLY FOR EXTRA SECURITY
MAIL ORDER ONLY — NO CALLERS PLEASE — ALLOW 14 DAYS DELIVERY

I Enclose cheque/PO to the value of .... payable to KILLER VIDEO

Name...

Address...

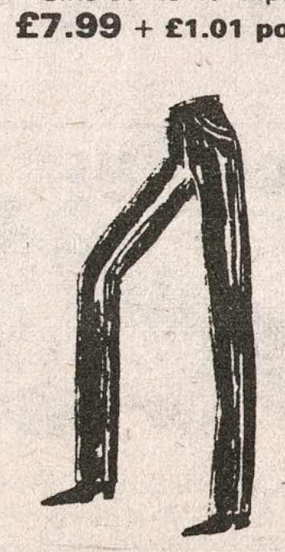
Return completed form to KILLER VIDEO (DEPT NME) KACE INTERNATIONAL LTD., 32 AVON TRADING ESTATE, AVONMORE ROAD, LONDON W14

VIDEO ✱ VIDEO ✱ VIDEO ✱ VIDEO

TO ADVERTISE RING 01-261 6172

BLACK PVC STRAIGHTS

WITH JEAN TYPE POCKETS & BELT LOOPS
ALL SIZES MEN'S 24" to 40" wiast. Girls 30" to 46" hips
£7.99 + £1.01 post



Also available in black, white or pink PVC or black drill with zip pockets

*** JUST ARRIVED ***
Black PVC flared trousers all sizes **£8.99** + £1.01 post

Send cheques POs or cash to
KANDA FASHIONS (N)
4 Knapps Lane,
Fishpond Trading Estate
Bristol BS5 7UQ

The LOWBROW ART of ROBERT WILLIAMS
ESTHETICIAN OF THE PREPOSTEROUS

£7.50

Also by Williams

Coochy Cooty Mens Comic	95p
FREAK BROTHERS COMICS	
Nos 1,2,3,4,5 & 6	each 90p
FAT FREDDY'S CAT Nos 1,2,3 & 4 @ 65p, No 6@	75p
THOROUGHLY RIPPED	£5.50
CRUMB COMICS & BOOKS	
Best Buy	95p
Dirty Laundry Nos 1 & 2	each 95p
Mr Natural 3	£1.12
Peoples Comics	95p
Snoid	95p
Wierdo Nos 1, 2 & 3	each £1.60
Zap Nos 0 & 1	each £1.25
Crump sketch books Vol 1 & vol 2	each £13.50
Crumb checklist	£7.50
BEST OF BRITISH	
Knockabout Comics Nos 1, 2 & 3	each 90p
ADVENTURES OF LAZARUS LAMB	£2.90
Thunderdogs by Hunt Emerson	£1.10
7000 mysteries	90p
Human Soup by J. H. Szostek	80p
Amazing Love Stories by Antonio Ghura	£1.65
Raw Purple. Antonio again	£1.65
Suzie & Johnnie. Antonio as well	£1.65
Not Nads. Antonio's Mrs Clean	£1.00
BEST OF THE REST	
Anarchy 3	£1.40
Dope Comics 4	£1.12
Dr Atomic (pipe & smoke book) 4	95p
Gen of Hiroshima 2	£1.55
Young Lust 6	£1.60
Yow (Zippy) 2	£1.25
Gay Comics 2	£1.25
Mod Comics (take-off of Mad Comics)	£1.10

ARE YOU HARBORING A POWERFUL SEXUAL ATTRACTION FOR CUTE LIL' CARTOON CHARACTERS?

IF SO SEND FOR COMPLETE LIST OF COMICS AND BOOKS TO SATISFY YOUR URGES

Dept N Knockabout Comics, 249 Kensal Rd, London W10

REGGAE REGGAE REGGAE REGGAE REGGAE REGGAE
DADDY KOOL RECORDS
(Second on left down Oxford Street from Tottenham Court Road Tube Station)
94 DEAN STREET, LONDON W1 Hotline 01-437 3535
Send Now for Bumper Free Xmas Mail Order Lists

AT LAST! NEW LP!! EARTH'S RIGHTFUL RULER — AUGUSTUS PABLO £5.00 (post free)

KREAM OF KROP LP's (post free)

1	Teach The Children — I Jah Man	£4.50
2	New Chapter of Dub — Aswad	£5.00
3	Stagecoach Showcase — Dennis Brown	£5.00
4	Showcase — Horace Andy	£4.50
5	Think Constructively — Sammy Dread	£5.00
6	King of Dub Rock — Coxone Sound	£4.50
7	Rockers Vibration — Mikey Dread + others	£4.50
8	Misty Yelloman — Yelloman	£4.50
9	Seven Voyages — Captain Sinbad	£4.50
10	This Heart of Mine — Carlton & The Shoes	£4.50
11	True Democracy — Steel Pulse	£4.50

STUDIO 1 KORNER (post free)

1	Badder Than Them — Lone Ranger	£5.00
2	Sunday Coming — Alton Ellis	£5.00
3	Rub a Dub Style — Papa Michagen & General Smiley	£5.00
4	Better Dub — Killer Dub Album	£5.00
5	Presenting (1st LP) — Burning Spear	£5.00
6	Born To Love You — Slim Smith	£5.00
7	Oldes But Goodies Vol I — Wailers, Bob Andy, Skatalites, etc	£5.00
8	If I Follow My Heart — Dennis Brown	£5.00
9	Best Of — Bob Marley & The Wailers	£5.00
10	Songbook — Bob Andy	£5.00
11	On The Other Side of Dub — Lone Ranger	£5.00

TELEPHONE ORDER THROUGH ACCESS & BARCLAYCARD

CPC
CUT PRICE CASSETTES

AUDIO CASSETTES		C60	C90	C120
MAXELL	UL	0.67	0.79	1.20
	UD	0.95	1.12	1.85
	UDXL 1	1.29	1.37	—
	UDXL 11	1.35	1.45	—
	6 PACK	—	8.70	—
	XL 1-S	1.49	1.89	—
	XL 11-S	1.59	2.09	—
SONY	CHF	0.49	0.65	0.99
	BHF	0.65	0.79	1.10
	AHF	0.84	0.99	—
	FeCr	0.95	1.35	—
	CD Alpha	0.99	1.45	—
	UCX-S	1.45	1.95	—
TDK	Dynamic	0.67	0.79	1.23
	AD	0.95	1.14	1.79
	SA	1.19	1.46	—
	SA-X	1.55	1.99	—
	MA	—	2.69	—

VIDEO CASSETTES			
BETA	L-250	L-500	L-750
FUJI	4.70	5.75	7.85
SONY	4.95	5.95	7.95
MAXELL BETA CLEANER			4.95
VHS	E-120	E-180	E-240
MAXELL	6.75	7.95	12.95

VIDEO COPY LEADS
State make/model no of both machines
Per set £4.50
Universal lead set £10.95
POSTAGE 90p PER ORDER
MAIL TO: CPC (NME),
13 ELM CLOSE, N. HARROW, MIDDLESEX
Collection by arrangement.
Telephone 01-863 0938
MOUNTOR LTD. 17/4

WEST 4 RECORD COVERS
L.P. Polythene (200G) 25 £1.95; 50 £3.50; 100 £4.95; 250 £10.40; 500 £18.90; 1000 £32.45.
L.P. Polythene (400G) 25 £2.95; 50 £4.95; 100 £7.70; 250 £16.55; 500 £31.50; 1000 £58.65.
L.P. Paper Polylined (inners) 30 £4.35; 100 £12.35; 250 £29.00; 500 £54.00.
L.P. White Paper (inners) 50 £5.10; 100 £9.30.
P.V.C. Double L.P. 1 at 60p; 10 £5.80.
L.P. P.V.C. (heavy duty) 25 £5.80; 50 £11.30; 100 £22.40.
Singles Card/Poly 30 £4.65; 100 £12.45; 250 £25.15.
Singles White Card 30 £4.15; 100 £9.40; 250 £19.85.
Singles Paper 100 £3.50; 250 £7.60; 500 £14.35.
Singles P.V.C. (heavy duty) 25 £4.50; 50 £8.40; 100 £16.00.
Singles Polythene (400G) 50 £3.00; 100 £3.75; 250 £8.25; 500 £16.00; 1000 £30.45.
Prices include postage and packing in U.K., Channel Islands, B.F.O.S. and Eire (English currency). Overseas and trade customers write for list.
Cheque or P.O. with order please, or shoppers welcome to save postage at: WEST 4 TAPES & RECORDS (Lynken Stationers Ltd)
188 CHISWICK HIGH ROAD, LONDON W4 2DR. Dept N.M.E.

TO ADVERTISE RING 01 261 6172

Fender®

MUSICIANS BOOTS

Finest quality leather uppers, cushioned arch support white with red logo ONLY

Men sizes 6-10 including ½ sizes

£15.99 inc P&P

Send details of goods required to SOHO SOUNDHOUSE. 18a Soho Sq, London W1V 5FB. Enclose appropriate payment by cheque. postal order, Barclaycard or Access No. You can also order by phone with Barclaycard or Access. Goods sent by return.

GENUINE GOVT SURPLUS KIT

These Olive drill Italian Forces Combat Jackets are authentic — with 4 Pockets, elasticated waist & patches on elbows. In top reissue condition. Send only **£6.50 + £1.50 p&p**
(We also have matching trousers at £4.50)
SAE FOR FREE CATALOGUE PLEASE
SILVERMANS
DEPT NME, MILE END, LONDON E1
Tel: 01-790 5257. Personal Callers Mon-Fri
"ALMOST ANYTHING IN GOVT. SURPLUS"

TO ADVERTISE RING 01 261 6172

U.S.A. IMPORT SCHOTT JACKETS

Imported from the U.S.A. by ABC, made from real steerhide with quilted lining. Heavy duty front zip, zip pockets and cuffs. Available with laced sided gussets in black or with belt in black or brown. **Sizes 36-44.**
£85.00 inc VAT.
p&p £2.00 State size.

abc
Mail Order Dept (NM)
2 Jacob Street London SE1 2BG
Tel: 01-231 1395
Credit Cards accepted

1000's OF LP BARGAINS

Our catalogue offers over 10,000 LPs — Cassettes — Singles

ROCK/POP/NEW WAVE/DISCO/HM/JAZZ/MOR etc
Unrivalled selection of hard to find back catalogue and deleted albums

LPs 50p-£2.95 EACH + VAT

MANY LIMITED EDITIONS ALSO AVAILABLE AT LOWEST PRICES

ALL ALBUMS FULLY GUARANTEED
SEND SAE FOR OUR LATEST CATALOGUE

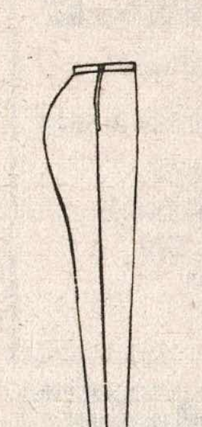
EXPORT WE OFFER AN UNBEATABLE EXPORT SERVICE TO ANYWHERE IN THE WORLD

SEND FOR OUR EXTENSIVE CATALOGUE LISTING 1000's OF BARGAINS

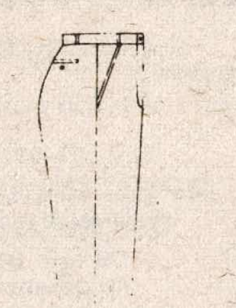
FREE FROM UK TAX, MANY UNAVAILABLE OUTSIDE OF BRITAIN

GEMA RECORDS
(PO Box 54), CROCKHAMWELL ROAD
WOODLEY, READING, BERKSHIRE, ENGLAND

FANTASTIC NEW STYLES .... LOWEST PRICES .... IN CARNABY STREET

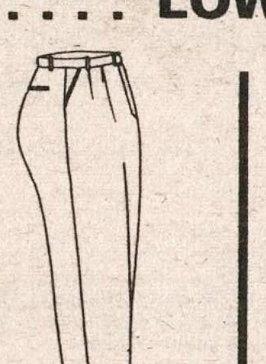


SKI PANTS
In polyester or cotton: Lime green, light grey, rust, black, brown
Size 8 to 16
£9.50
RW0023

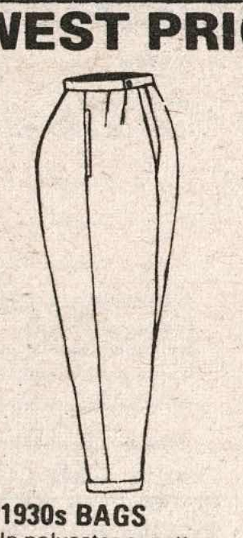


MOD TROUSERS
15" bottoms, angled side pockets with one & a half inch loops and waist band. Black, brown, beige, grey in trevira or polyester
£10.99
Size 26"-36"
RW0010

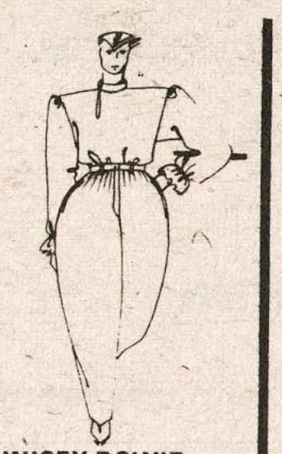
SUEDE MINI DRESS with side pockets and matching tie belt. Wide neckline with shoulder seam forward on sleeve. Also featuring raw hemline. Colour: Beige. Also available in black leather. Size 8 to 16. **£38.50**
MINI SKIRT in cotton, size 8 to 16. Colours: Black, white, red. **£7.50. Also available in leather. Colour Black £14.99 RW0037**



1930'S LOOK
In corduroy with leather trim on front and back pockets. Front detail includes two pleats under belt loop. Trouser comes complete with matching corduroy belt. Colours: Grey, brown, black. Sizes: Ladies 8-16. Gents 26"-36". **£16.00**
RW0036

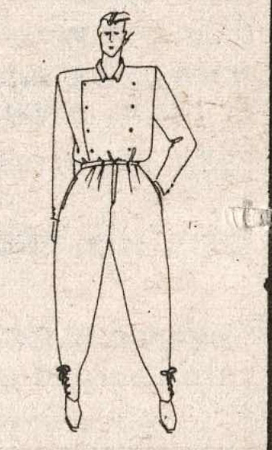


1930s BAGS
In polyester or cotton (boating trousers). Two pleats each side, seamed pockets, semi baggy on thighs, 1½" turn-ups, with 16" bottoms, in white, red, lt blue, black, grey, yellow.
Also available in Tartan
Sizes 26" to 36" (waist). **£11.99.** RW005



UNISEX BOWIE SUIT
Shirt — with sided button opening at neck, pirate styled sleeves with slit front opening, sizes: S, M, L. Colours: black, white, blue, yellow, in cotton. **£11.99.** RW0024
TROUSERS available in polyester or trevira. 16, 20 or 24 pleats (state no of pleats). Sizes: 26" to 36" (waist). Colours: black, brown, white, grey, lt blue. **£15.95.** RW0027

1920's LOOK
DB jacket, 4 buttons, jetted pocket. Trousers high waisted, 4 pleats, front seam pocket, baggy on thighs, 14" bottoms. Colours: black & white pin stripe, brown, black, white, grey.
Size: 34 to 44 chest.
£55.95. RW0032



UNISEX SHIRTS
Cavalry style in 100% cotton with brass buttons. Sizes: S, M, L. Colours: black, blue, white, yellow, red. Price **£11.99** RW002
UNISEX CORDUROY TROUSERS
with front pleat, side pockets & cuff, lace up detail with leather. Choice of colours: black, grey, wine. Size: 24"-34" (waist)
£13.00 RW0033

HOW TO ORDER: Please state waist & inside leg measurements (girls also state hips) and second choice. Your money will be refunded if the goods are returned unworn. Cheques and Postal Orders to:

ROYS FASHIONS
MAIL ORDER DEPT, 45 CARNABY STREET, LONDON W1

WHOLESALE ENQUIRIES WELCOME

SEND SAE FOR FREE CATALOGUE

NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS NME CLASSIFIEDS

For further details ring KARLA FAERBER (01-261 6122) or write to New Musical Express Classified Advertisements, Room 2535, King's Reach Tower, Stamford Street, London SE1.

READ BY MORE PEOPLE THAN ANY OTHER MUSIC WEEKLY IN THIS COUNTRY

Source: NRS

WANTED

QUEEN BOOTLEGS: Tapes only. Your price paid: Andrew McNeice, 63 Ballindalloch Drive, Dennistoun, Glasgow.

THE FACE, Issue 8 of The World's Best Dressed Magazine. Phone 01-834 5685 (evenings).

TUITION

SYNTHESISER TUITION. Beginners, advanced. 947 0454.

VIDEO TRAINING Centre — Tel: 01-629 6839 or 01-381 4000.

PLAY LEAD GUITAR

Your own teacher in your own home. Postal teaching course recorded on cassettes, specially created to teach **ROCK** and **MODERN LEAD** guitar styles. This course will save you years of struggling on your own with books. All the solos, modern lead runs, licks and riffs, are played for you on the cassettes to practice along with. This is actually better than going to a teacher, as it enables you to have each lesson as many times as you wish. You may also write to me at any time for free help and advice if the need arises.

Courses are :–

- LEAD GUITAR ☐
- RHYTHM GUITAR ☐
- BASS GUITAR ☐ by Jack Wilcock
- DRUMS ☐ by John Kirk

For free details tick the course you are interested in, fill in the coupon and post now to:–

Jack Wilcock Teaching Tapes, Dept NME 95, 7 Heaton Close, Newark, Notts NG24 2LE

Name..........

Address..........

RECORDS FOR SALE

ALBUM HIRE. S.A.E. details. Dianne, Taw Records, Calver, Via Sheffield.

BIRMINGHAM RECORD Fair at Y.M.C.A. Hall, 300 Reservoir Road, Erdington. (Tel. 021-373 1937). Sunday, April 18th, 11.00 a.m.-4.00 p.m. 50p. Early admission 10.00 a.m. £1. Stall enquiries (0272) 558114 day, (027580) 2398 evenings.

BRISTOL RECORDS Fair — Saturday, April 17th. Central Methodist Hall, Old Market Street, Bristol. 11am-5pm. Admission 40p (10am — £1.00). Details:— (021) 551 1110.

CLASH SINGLE original Capitol Radio plus Stranglers Choosey Susie single. Offers. 0295 61912.

JAPAN "TOKYO" original 7" (pic; coloured). £1.75 + 25p postage. Razzle Records, 2 Merchant Lane, Cranfield, Bedfordshire.

JOY DIVISION, picture disc. Tel. 094874 384 after 6.30 p.m.

JOY DIVISION rare tapes, also Warsaw, New Order. Phone Littlehampton 7079 afternoons.

JOY DIVISION rarities. (0532) 653555.

RARE MOSTLY 1976+. Send wants + offers + S.A.E. — D. Rowan, 49 Adelaide Grove, London, W.12.

SPECIAL IMPORT Records: Marc Bolan 'Where's The Champagne?' interview pic disc £6.50, The Who 'Hooligans' double including 'Join Together' £10.74, Human League 'Sound of the Crowd' Canadian 12" E.P. £5.20, Peter Gabriel 'I Don't Remember' 12" E.P. £5.20, The Jam 'Absolute Beginners' Canadian 12" E.P. £5.20, T Rex 'Get it On'/'Hot Love' German 7" PS £2.60. Prices include P&P. Shooting Star, P.O. Box 48, London N6 5RU.

STONES RARITIES — S.A.E. Mark, 236 Northampton Road, Wellingborough, Northamptonshire, NN8 3PW.

TAMLA MOTOWN bought and sold, highest prices paid. S.A.E. for latest list. Trackdown, 34 Vernon Road, Bredbury, Stockport, Cheshire.

1,000'S OF L.P.'s (new + old) reduced in price. S.A.E. to Cheap Records, 3 Ribble Crescent, Bletchley, M. Keynes, Bucks.

10,000 SINGLES, L.P.'s. Free catalogue. Large S.A.E. to 4 Hampden Road, Caversham, Reading.

12" RARITIES for sale. D. Bowie, D. Harry, Spandau Ballet, ABC Band, Boomtown Rats, Landscape, Rainbow, etc. Send S.A.E. 2 Gordon Avenue, Harrogate, N. Yorks.

FOR SALE

CREEPERS, ROCK 'n' Roll and Rockabilly Gear. Catalogue on request. Send SAE:— Jack Geach Ltd., 25 Station Road, Harrow HA1 2UA.

N.M.E.'S 1967-1981. Please write for details, enclosing S.A.E. 4 Prudhoe Terrace, Tynemouth, North Shields, NE30 4EZ.

PREMIER DRUMS, seven drum kit with symbols and stands. V.G.C. £325.00 o.n.o. Phone Brentwood 229762 or 72627.

ROBERT PLANT Honeydrippers (ex-Zeppelin) at Retford Porterhouse 1981, pack of 10 colour photos £10.00. S.A.E. 6 Cobwell Road, Retford, Notts.

ROCK BOOKS: Top new books on The Jam, Rush, Police, Motorhead, Meatloaf, Queen, Genesis, Led Zeppelin, Whitesnake, The Who, Heavy Metal A-Z. Send S.A.E. for catalogue to: Shooting Star, P.O. Box 48, London N6 5RU.

SKA — REGGAE Vol. 5 Label discographies, Caltone, Dragon, Dynamic, Portojam, Giant Jolly and others. Send £1.20 P&P included. Box No. 4498.

SUBSCRIBE TO N.M.E. The next 52 issues posted direct to your address each week. **U.K.** £29.00, **U.S.A. & CANADA** $79 (sent by air), **OTHER OVERSEAS** £35 (Surface Mail). Send Payment with Order to: Jim Watts, Room 2613, King's Reach Tower, Stamford Street, London, SE1 9LS. Cheque payable to IPC Magazines Ltd.

TRADERS/RETAILERS If you want to stock the best t-shirts & patches around why not give us a ring. Top quality merchandise at competitive prices. Ring Brian on 0632 786369 or write to New Life, 48 Wordsworth Street, Gateshead, Tyne & Wear. Overseas trade enquiries welcome, include 2 IRC's.

30-PAGE Rock Catalogue. Free. Send large S.A.E. Harlequin, 68 St. Petersgate, Stockport.

INSTRUMENTS FOR SALE

FREE MAIL Order catalogue. Listing over 1,200 guitars, amps, combos, effects, P.A.'s, mixers, microphones, keyboards. All items sent free carriage. J.S.G. Music, 104/106 Main Street, Bingley, West Yorkshire. Tel (0274) 568843-564389.

DISCOTHEQUES

DAVE JANSEN. 01-690 7636.

MUSICIANS WANTED

MUSICIANS
NME outsells *Melody Maker* by about 2 to 1*
Make your money go further — Advertise in
NME
(*Source ABC Jan - Jun 1981)

BASSIST (YOUNG) to form Associates type partnership. Style and passion essential. 01-969 9211.

DRUMMER REQUIRED for hard working ambitious rock band. Cheltenham area. Must be keen with ideas. Ring Steve 0242 511671.

ISOLATED CONFUSED? Like Bunnymen, U2, Springsteen. Then I need you. Ability unnecessary. Heart and dedication essential. Reading 479287.

KEYBOARD PLAYER for new band playing original jazz/jazz funk. Experience not essential, but own gear/ideas-/transport. Vocals an asset. West London, 903 5279 Geoff. Evenings.

POP LYRICIST seeks interested musicians. Portsmouth 661832 Kenny.

"THE MAN from Uncle" require bass-player, drummer, brassist, Londoners. — 0892 88 2536.

RECORDS WANTED

ABSOLUTELY ALL your L.P.'s, singles and cassettes (home or pre-recorded) bought or exchanged. 1p-£2.50 each paid (more for rarities and videocassettes). **NONE REFUSED!!** Bring **ANY** quantity in **ANY** condition to Record & Tape Exchange, 38 Notting Hill Gate, London , W.11. (01-727 3539). Or **SEND** any quantity by post with S.A.E. for cash (none returned once sent — list + S.A.E. for estimate if required).

ALEX HARVEY — Loch Ness Monster album; any rare recordings. S.A.E.— Anne, 20 Albury Gardens, Calcot, Reading, Berks. RG3 5ZY.

TANGERINE DREAM 1972 single 'Ultima Thule'. Tel. 02814 6253.

TOP PRICES paid for L.P.'s/cassettes. Any quantity. Send details plus S.A.E. for quotation. — Gema Records, P.O. Box 54, Crockhamwell Road, Reading, Berkshire.

MUSICAL SERVICES

ABOUT 100 bands, groups, discotheques! Keenest prices! London's leading entertainment agency. — Claymans 01-247 5531.

ABSOLUTELY FREE "Songwriter Magazine" interviews famous songwriters, explains copyright, promotion, publishing, recording contracts, royalties, song contests, setting lyrics to music without paying etc. Samply absolutely free from International Songwriters Association (NME), Limerick City, Ireland.

ARCHAIC FUTURE Tunes. 01-767 4761.

LYRICS WANTED. No publication fee. 11 St. Albans Avenue, London, W.4.

SONGWRITERS WORKSHOP Series beginning 21st April. Phone Richard (01) 883 0925.

SOUND EQUIPMENT

AUDIO LIGHTING Services. 01-554 2879.

COMPLETE 16-track private studio equipment for sale. 01-857 8956 evenings.

VIDEO

BOWIE VIDEOS WANTED. Top price paid. Phone Frank — 0724 66451.

STONES, DYLAN, Pistols, N. Order, etc. Box No. 4341.

VIDEO TRAINING Centre — Tel: 01-629 6839 or 01-381 4000.

RECORDING STUDIOS

LIVE AIR 4-track recording. Free use all studio equipment. £36.00 8 hour day. 778 3945, 697 8568.

PORTSMOUTH 8-TRACK. Toucan Studios, £6.00 per hour. Wednesday and Thursdays 10 hour day £45.00. VAT extra. Hayling Island (07016) 67734.

PRINTING

GRAND DESIGNS. Promotion & Publicity Material. Brighton 609744.

MOTOR INSURANCE

Special rates for Drivers
★ UNDER 25
★ WITH ACCIDENT / CONVICTION RECORD

Ring 01-520 2642
APEX INSURANCE BROKERS LTD
59 Hoe Street
Walthamstow
E17 4SA

As used by Stray Cats, Adam-The Ants etc.

- S/HANDS P/Xs
- PRO REPAIRS
- MAKERS
- FIND/SELL-A-GUITAR SERVICE

ANDY'S
GUITAR AND AMP WORKSHOP
UNTIL XMAS OPEN TILL 7pm AND SUNDAY
27 DENMARK ST., WC2.
01-836-0899
(Also at: 48 High Bridge, Newcastle 0632 327202)
We Get The Best Out Of Any Instrument

PERSONAL

FIND-A-FRIEND through **FIND-A-FRIEND's** new postal concept. Countrywide friends/mates/partners. A confidential, inexpensive service. SAE/Telephone: **FIND-A-FRIEND (303),** Temple House, 43-48 New Street, Birmingham, B2 4LH. 021-429 6346.

JANE SCOTT for genuine friends. Introductions opposite sex with Sincerity and thoughtfulness. Details free. Stamp to Jane Scott, 3/NM North Street, Quadrant, Brighton, Sussex BN1 3GJ.

KIM WILDE. Clifford wants to marry you. Phone 021-475 4048 weekends.

LONELY GUY 18, into Joy Division, Teardrops, Comsats, seeks similar girl for sincere friendship. London area. Please write Box No. 4497.

LONELY SPACEMAN, attractive, crazy, 28 seeks Spacegirl for friendship and fun. Nottingham. Box No. 4496.

PENFRIENDS / INTRODUCTIONS/ Exciting Brochure/Membership — free. S.A.E.:— Colins Correspondence Club, (N/M/E), The Dower House, Sizewell, Leiston, Suffolk).

PENPAL MAG: Send stamp for approval copy. — Matchmaker, 1-7 Wigan Lane (A.25), Chorley, Lancs.

THE LATEST Novelty Scottish Ever Lasting Birth Pill. No one should be without one. Send £1.00 to Terry's Studio, 793 Gallowgate, Glasgow, G40 2PN, Scotland.

YOUNG, ROMANTIC, professional gentleman seeks introduction to gentle considerate, sincere, musical young lady. Richard, 1 Blue Meadows Lane, Bailey's Bay, Bermuda.

SPECIAL NOTICES

CHEAP PRINTING Service. 0822 832765.

FAN CLUBS

BOWIE FRIENDS, the only official fan club. Send S.A.E. for details to 199 Queen's Crescent, London NW5.

SITUATIONS VACANT

EMPLOYMENT OPPORTUNITIES with record companies, radio stations, etc. Full-time/part-time. Experience unnecessary. Read "Music Employment Guide" £1.20; "Careers in Radio" £1.50; "British Music Index" (over 1,700 employers addresses) £1.50. All three £3.40. Hamilton House, Publishing, Creaton, Northampton.

JOBS ABROAD AND WORKING HOLIDAYS. Unemployed? Tired of boring routine? This guide is packed with up-to-date information covering 36 countries. Sections include Business and Industrial, Secretarial, Hotel Staff, Work Camps, Kibbutz, Au Pairs, Domestics, Nannies, Fruit Picking, Outdoor Conservation, Couriers, Teaching, Christian Aid, etc. Over 200 useful addresses many offering dozens of jobs in various countries. Most jobs require no experience and will suit male or female. This is your opportunity to start an exciting new life! Send £1.95 (satisfaction or money back). **PEEWHITE** (G7), 12 Hartington Road, Twickenham, TW1 3EN.

JOBS AND CAREERS AT SEA. High paid work for inexperienced men/women on Passenger Liners, Oil and Gas Rigs, etc. Over 500 valuable addresses including a list of over 200 potentially labour hungry employers. Two comprehensive guides £3.00 (satisfaction or money back). Peewhite, (J9), 12 Hartington Road, Twickenham, TW1 3EN.

JOB WANTED record/promotion company. Aged 17. Glasgow 041-638 5334 Edwina after 6.

SITUATIONS WANTED

PROFESSIONAL D.J. seeks residency. Personality, energy, own records. Summer season considered. (0493) 51294.

FREE RADIO

RADIO NEWS International — Free Radio's best monthly. S.A.E. 243 Regent Street, London, W1R 8PN.

GOT SOMETHING TO SELL?

IT'S ONLY 25p PER WORD IN NME CLASSIFIED

Magic Bus THE MOST ADVANCED NETWORK OF BUSES IN EUROPE

	single	return
BARCELONA	£33	£62
AMSTERDAM (daily) including Rotterdam and The Hague	£15	£28
DUBLIN (Busaras)		£27
MUNICH	£30	£56
PARIS (daily)	£14.50	£26
ATHENS	from £45	£79
BRUSSELS	£13.50	£24.50
COPENHAGEN	£34	£62
HAMBURG	£27	£49
MOROCCO	from £56	

For more information call 01-8367799 and to book call into our office at 67-69 New Oxford Street, London W.C.1

*Other Magic Bus Offices

Minimum Order only 12 Shirts

100% BRITISH

YOUR EXCLUSIVE DESIGN

PRINTED ON TO SWEATER SHIRTS/SPORTSHIRTS TEE SHIRTS

PERFECTION IN LEISURE WEAR BY Premier

For FREE details Contact: PREMIER T-SHIRTS, Dept NME Jarrold Way, Bowthorpe, Norwich, Norfolk. NR5 9JD Telephone: Norwich (0603) 745018

100% BRITISH SWEATSHIRTS

NME CLASSIFIEDS

If you are a private advertiser and live or work in London you can now place your New Musical Express classifieds by going to:

PRICEBUSTER RECORDS

50 Rupert Street, London W1

Open Mon-Sat 10 am-11 pm
Sun 11 am-11 pm

You can also buy records there at amazing prices!

Advertisements must be placed at Pricebuster by midday Friday to appear the following week.

DON'T MISS OUT!

ORDER NME FROM YOUR NEWSAGENT NOW. STILL 30p.

THE CLASSIFIEDS ORDER FORM

RATES

ALL HEADINGS FOR PRIVATE ADVERTISERS
25p per word

TRADERS ANNOUNCEMENTS, PUBLIC ANNOUNCEMENTS
38p per word

BOX NO. FEE £2 PER INSERTION

HEAVY BLOCK CAPITALS after the first two words are charged at double rate.

Write your ad here in block capitals. One word per box.

NAME..........

ADDRESS.......... (BLOCK CAPITALS)

DAYTIME PHONE NO..........

If you wish your name and address in your ad it must be included in the cost. If you have a box number it must be counted as three words.

All advertisements must be pre-paid.

I enclose PO/Cheque value £..........

Post to: NME CLASSIFIEDS
ROOM 2535, KING'S REACH TOWER,
STAMFORD STREET, LONDON SE1 9LS

HEADING:

A REMIX of the classic **Alton Ellis** album 'Sunday Coming' (PSOL 3423) is issued with a new sleeve on Studio 1 via its New York outlet in Brooklyn and currently circulating this town.

Long unavailable, the set was previously released here by Bamboo in 1970 and it realises some of Mr Ska Beana's finest work with original compositions such as 'Reasons In The Sky', 'Gonna Take A Miracle' and the stirring 'Alton's Groove' as well as adaptations of 'To Win Your Love', 'Wide Awake In A Dream' and others.

The third LP from **Ijahman** of the tribe Levi is issued on his own Jahamani label Tree Roots and entitled 'Tell It To The Children' (TRLPS 266). Produced by Ijahman himself as Trevor Sutherland, the set was recorded at studios Channel One and Joe Gibbs and mixed at Tuff Gong and features a large host of musicians in lieu of such as 'Praises In Strange Places', 'Lend A Hand' and the two recent singles 'Tradesman' and 'Thank You'.

Hackney way emerges professional pugilist and part-time toaster **Jah Larry McDonald** with a new discomix title on his own Clarendon Sound label. Featuring **Lascelle Simion** on 'All Creatures Great And Small' and Mr McDonald himself toasting its conclusion with 'Ganga Importer', the mix also includes a dub cut dispensing 'Clarendon Sound In Session' (CS 002).

Other new 12": **Junior Delgado,** 'Let Him Go' c/w **Errol Scorcher,** 'Rude Boy Step' (Incredible Jux — DPY 2) — produced by Dubmasta; **Judy And Lynda,** 'Baltimore' c/w 'Heavenly Day' (PC — PCDD 007) — produced by Errol Dunkley; **Earl Sixteen,** 'Love Always Show' c/w **Lui Lepki,** 'Love Is Not A Play Thing' (Art & Craft — ACD 017); **Chanel,** 'You've Got A Gift' c/w 'I'll Be Your Girl' (Mass Media Music — MMM 12-1007) — with music by The Cool Notes and produced by Chubby); and **Vivian Jones & Pieces,** 'My Baby Don't Care' (Rosie — RR003).

Alton Ellis: classic

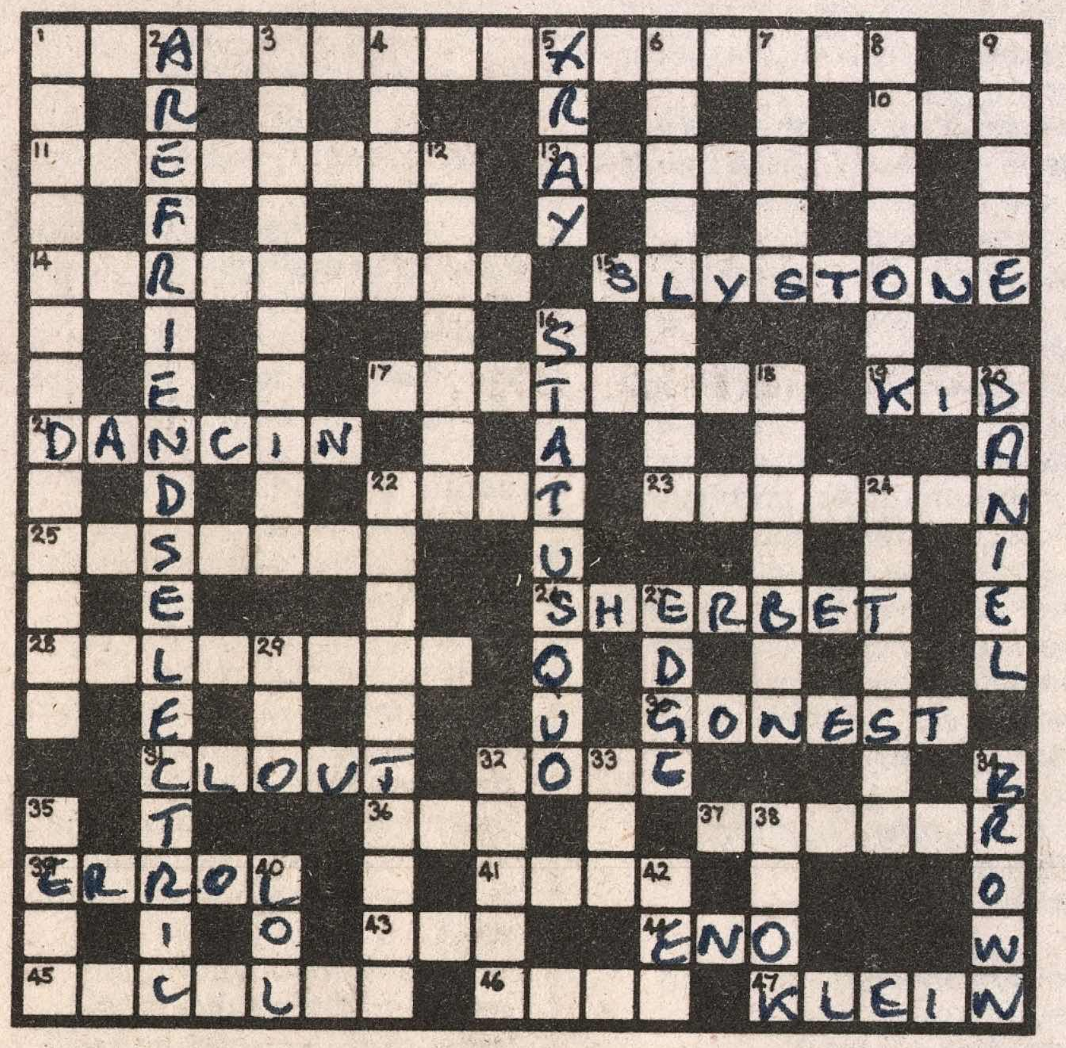
Yellow Man proliferates with three new pre titles from Jamaica: the 'Mr Chin' observation from his 'Mister Yellowman' album on Volcano: a **Willie Lindo** production on Nura offering comment on 'Jack Sprat' c/w Mr Lindo's own 'Splendid Thing'; and 'Lovers Take Over Jamaica' (Leggo Sounds).

Pre-release as well from Augustus Clarke's Music Works imprint with further on the arena theme from **The Mighty Diamonds**: 'Pass The Knowledge'; adaptation of 'House Is Not A Home' from **Hopeton Lindo** and 'Jamaican Music' by **Johnny Clarke.**

Also released: two titles from **Eek A Mouse** with 'Assassinator' (Fifty Six Hope Band) and 'Smuggling' (Volcano); **Junior Pretty,** 'Going To Jamaica' (Vivian Jackson); **Gregory Isaacs,** 'Cream Of The Crop' (African Museum); **Captain Sinbad,** 'Party Time' (Explosion); **Tony Murray,** 'Locks And Keys' (Centre Forward); **Dave Robinson,** 'On The Rocks' (Yvonne's Special); and **Tony Chin,** 'Girls Be Good' (Black Solidarity).

Penny Reel

NME XPRESSWORD



ACROSS

1 Wilder, sex-plated drooper (8-8)
10 Band who had one hit with 'Race With The Devil' (3)
11 Result of a number of degrees for Josef K. (3-5)
13 A take-off of the motors (7)
14 How Cliff should formally introduce himself to Sue Barker's parents? (5-4)
15 Nasty member of the family affair (3-5)
17 All right Lulu, we believe you're not lion .....(2-1-5)
19 .....the Pretenders try to fool us though (3)
21 What Phil Lynott was caught doin' in the moonlight (6)
22 & 35D Non-stop erotic almond balls (4-4)
23 Rudi the red-faced record (7)
25 Aretha Franklin's first hit (7)
27 Howzat for your licquorice dip? (7)
28 Trouble in the world — another girl, another planet (4-4)
30 Village People coming? No, they turn the other way (2-4)
31 A hefty knock giving us a substitute (5)
32 Renowned record producer who emerged as bass with Brinsley Schwarz (4)
36 & 41A Prior to 'Part of the Union', what members did with their tools? (one out, all out, etc) (3-4)
34 Had a small hit in 1978 with 'Baby Come Back' (6)
39 & 34D Hot Chocolate's singer (5-5)
41 See 36
43 Shadow's hit (1-1-1)
44 A founder member of Roxy Music, he quit after just two albums (3)
45 A rock'n'roll classic from 1957, or a forgettable number one from 1977 (7)
46 A handle for a type of rock music which originated in San Francisco around 1966 (4)
47 Allen ———, business manager for both the Stones and the Beetles (5)

DOWN

1 Drummer with Altered Images (5-8)
2 How Gary Numan shocked his pals (3-7-8)
3 Moody Blues vocalist during 'Go Now' period (5-5)
4 Spizz post energy (3)
5 Spex made of Poly Styrene (1-3)
6 A cool girl, perhaps, and she's essential (4-5)
7 'Strange Days' and 'Waiting For The Sun' were two of their earlier albums (5)
8 The man who helped XTC become a little boulder? (3-4)
9 Rolling Stones single from Goats Head Soup (5)
12 Bimbo Jet hit in 1975 (2-5)
16 Roll over lay down, whatever you want, again and again ..... (6-3)
18 .....all night long (7)
20 *It looks like ———, must be the clouds in my eyes"* — Elton John (6)
22 Title connection between Roxy Music and the Crusaders (5-4)
24 What Bob Marley wanted to be done for his soul (7)
27 Moody blues drummer (4)
29 The name from within Lennon only (3)
32 Dean Friedman minor hit in 1978 (5)
33 *"Ooh yeah, you're amazing, we think you're incredible, you say we're fantastic"* — line from 1979 hit (3)
34 See 39A
35 See 22A
38 Take notice, they were the beat (4)
40 Kevin's partner in desertion from 10CC (3)
42 ——— Miller trumped with 'From A Jack To A King' (3)

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

Across:— 1 Head Over Heels, 7 Sayle, 8 Nomi, 9 Danno, 10 Pen(man), 12 Non Stop Erotic, 14 Russia, 16 The Boxer, 17 Bob, 19 Extended, 23 Rea, 24 I Hate People, 26 Wow, 27 Test Tube Babies.

DOWN:— 1 Higsons, 2 Devo, 3 Visitor, 4 Holger, 5 Lunatics, 6 Mesopotamia, 8 No Name, 10 Peter (Tork), 11 Noir, 13 Joan Jett, 15 U.X.B., 16 The Gift, 18 Browne, 20 Tears, 21 Eve, 22 Salsa, 25 One.

TERENCE HILDER Presents THE SEARCH FOR A STAR

STAR QUEST 82

FIRST PRIZE
- £15,000 CASH AWARD*
- SIX-MONTH EXPENSES PAID PERFORMING TOUR OF AUSTRALIA AND NEW ZEALAND SUPPORTING TOP ACTS
- RELEASE OF A 'SINGLE' DISC
- RECORDING CONTRACT

SECOND PRIZE
- £3,000 CASH AWARD*
- RELEASE OF A 'SINGLE' DISC
- RECORDING CONTRACT

TWO THIRD PRIZES
- £1,000 CASH AWARD*
- RECORDING CONTRACT

IN ADDITION EVERY ENTRANT WILL GET
- A PROFESSIONAL QUALITY DEMO TAPE AND
- VIDEO CASSETTE TAPE OF HIS OR HER ENTRY
- A 'PUBLICITY' PHOTOGRAPH
- THE CHANCE OF AN EXCLUSIVE PERSONAL MANAGEMENT CONTRACT
- ADVICE FROM ONE OF THE TOP RECORD PRODUCERS WHOSE SUCCESSES INCLUDE THIN LIZZY, JAPAN, JOAN ARMATRADING, TYGERS OF PAN TANG

THE FINALISTS, SELECTED BY A TOP RECORD PRODUCER FROM PERFORMANCES TAPED AT THE FAMOUS MORGAN STUDIOS, LONDON, WILL BE JUDGED LIVE BY A TEAM OF WELL-KNOWN PERSONALITIES FROM THE WORLD OF ENTERTAINMENT AT A FAMOUS NIGHT SPOT LATER THIS YEAR

STAR QUEST 82 IS OPEN TO EVERYONE IN THE BRITISH ISLES, WHETHER AMATEUR, PROFESSIONAL OR SEMI-PROFESSIONAL, AND WILL BE JUDGED ACCORDING TO ORIGINALITY AND POPULAR APPEAL, BUT ANY MUSICAL STYLE WILL BE CONSIDERED, FOR EXAMPLE:

SOLO/DUO
POP, FOLK
COUNTRY & WESTERN
MIDDLE OF THE ROAD
SINGER/COMPOSER
(any style)

GROUPS (3+)
POP, FOLK
ROCK, PUNK
HEAVY METAL
SOUL, REGGAE

MORGAN RECORDING STUDIOS
169-171 HIGH ROAD, WILLESDEN, LONDON, NW10
TELEPHONE (01) 459 7247 (9am-5pm) OR AFTER 5pm (01) 954 7298
FOR DETAILS OF STUDIO APPOINTMENTS AND ENTRY FEES BUT HURRY — THE NUMBER OF ENTRIES IS RESTRICTED

STAR QUEST 82 IS HERE TO CREATE A NEW STAR ACT
IT COULD BE YOU!

* IN THE EVENT THAT THE PROMOTER'S ENTRY QUOTA IS NOT REACHED, CASH AWARDS WILL BE REDUCED PRO-RATA

BERT JANSCH

NEW ALBUM and TOUR

APRIL 24th DUBLIN STADIUM
APRIL 25th GLASGOW NITE MOVES
APRIL 26th EDINBURGH QUEENS HALL
APRIL 27th KIRKLEVINGTON COUNTRY CLUB
APRIL 28th RADIO 1 "IN CONCERT"
APRIL 29th LONDON THE VENUE

THE MUSICIANS
ALBERT LEE, TERRY COX
and NIGEL P. SMITH

YAMAHA
BERT JANSCH PLAYS YAMAHA L25A & FG365SE GUITARS

LOGO 1035

CHRIS BOHN chokes on Readers' Bile

HEADACHES

Don't grieve about Killing Joke's Jaz Coleman. What keeps his ears apart is solidified lava.
Jon The Skull Splitter, Reykjavik, Iceland.
Funny, we thought it was just mush — CB

The *NME* is becoming like a *Private Eye* as regards in-jokes and references, except that your writers have no penchant for the trenchant and don't deal, as *Eye* does, with relevant people and events.

Your interviewers are all full of wide-eyed credulity when listening to the half-baked ramblings of the current crop of hippies (99 per cent of today's bands). You are employing pseudo-prole writers who are sub-Bushell in their patronising attitude. I bet they wish they'd caught punk first time round. And do any of your writers know that B.O.F. *(sic)* is more than a Heaven 17 offshoot?

It's painfully obvious that many of your writers plug the gap in their intelligence with a *Roget's Thesaurus* and you obviously haven't got anyone informed enough to write in the old, classic style of Nick Kent or Roy Carr. You'll obviously never again find anyone with the vicious wit of Pete York's favourite trio. They've wisely given up on the *NME*. Now it's your turn, the whole lot of you.
Anthony Victor, London E1.
Don't let the diversity defeat you! We don't, we can live with *NME's* "golden age" even if you're incapable of living beyond it — CB

Adrian Thrills is wrong in writing off as sour grapes what TV21's Norman Rodger said about the British music scene returning to a pre-punk state. Of course music is valid and healthy and has never been better — but don't you get the feeling that what Strummer, Rotten, Robinson *et al* were saying in '77 is more valid today that ever?

The banner-waving troupe of *NME* die-hards have succeeded in modifying their old values to accommodate the challenge of the new music, which is as reactionary a business as the music industry. Trying to convince me that the present confused, fragmented and generally dull music situation is at all valid is straining your writers to the limit — just how long do you think you can keep it up? Similarly how much longer can the music press sustain the pretence that Britain is where it is all happening?

Your January articles on the Yugoslav music scene meant nothing until I heard the likes of Electric Orgasm, Paraf, Problems and 92 — now there's your alternative. Here are new wave bands who aren't toeing the English line but who are doing the sort of thing Rodger is yearning for. But because they haven't got any English recording contracts they'll be lucky if they cut any ice with the music press here. You won't be getting any freebies from them, Adrian, unlike the makers of 'Chant' 'Love Action', 'Tears' and 'Tainted Love', whom you cite as the best of this country last year. You chart-struck xenophobia sucks of music industry reverence.
Dave Jordan, Southsea, Portsmouth.
The magazine employs a Dutch photographer and a French illustrator; what's more we don't hold that against them. Where did you read about music in Yugoslavia, Iceland, Poland, Czechoslovakia, etc first anyway? What's more, Adrian's last Single Of The Week was by The Marine Girls and his playlist contained a sizeable chunk of independents — CB.

There seems to be a policy in the *NME* and the black music press of ignoring all rootsy Black American music while concentrating on those aspects which British youth can identify with or appreciate. In this way southern and deep soul, gospel and R&B receive almost no coverage outside an occasional mention in a larger article or record review not specifically about those forms. Meanwhile, whitened commercial forms which white Brits can easily copy are lauded as the finest examples of Black America.

So people such as August Darnell are practically deified while talents like Sam Dees, Bobby Patterson and George Perkins are wasting in obscurity. Darnell is referred to by Adrian Thrills as "a modern soul genius", whereas as far as black music is concerned Sam Dees has given far more.

The constant use of the term soul in relation to any sort of music either from black American sources or soul singers is misplaced anyway. David Grant is soul singer? Or for that matter Junior Giscombe? Giscombe's delusion that Earth Wind & Fire are an R&B band would come as a surprise to Bobby Bland, Lowell Fulson, Wilbert Harrison etc!

It's ridiculous. Soul referred to a form which flourished in the '60s and took its vocal roots from black gospel, its musical roots from gospel and R&B. There is none of the power of gospel singing in Linx, August Darnell or Stevie Wonder, yet they're all called soul musicians.

Meanwhile all those modern soul singers descended from the '60s are ignored. Z.Z. Hill for instance is as great a singer as Otis Redding, but receives none of the coverage accorded to the latter. I'm sure it's not a deliberate policy to ignore these people, but there is a whole world of music free of racism, sexism (soul is probably the only form where women are treated as singers and not novelties) pretentiousness and the need to be fashionable. It's just waiting to be listened to. And the *NME* is probably the only paper which would give any sort of fair coverage to it. Don't ignore it — it's really too good to waste.
Salvador Macasil, Ashford.
We agree — that's why we're offering our 'Hit The Road Stax' cassette this very week. By all means let's pay tribute to '60s soul, but let's not ignore the modern day equivalent, whatever label you want to hang on it — soul, R&B, funk, pop, reggae — and isn't '80s music — black, white, and all the mixtures of races, people and influences in it — increasingly defying these categories? — NS

SO *NME* has decided to cash in on old Bertolt Brecht, well that's fair enough if it sells the paper. However, don't you realise that B.B. goes further than a couple of plays and songs. Brecht was a genius in the vein of Paul Weller. B.B. believed in change, so does Weller. And that doesn't mean cocktails, image and other objects of repression. *NME* doesn't change anything, it progresses while the rest of the world changes. Therefore you can't achieve anything other than putting pounds in your pockets. No one really understands the heroes, the men of poetic wisdom or the people with true sus.
Errol, The Last Whiskey Bar, Bexhill-on-Sea.
Precious sod! I'm sure old B.B. would have been quite happy arguing the toss with us, even if Weller's too uncertain of himself to bother. To clear up another misunderstanding, *NME* charts, responds to and often promotes change in pop and its diseased cultures — CB

Granted that Joe Strummer was making a valid point about the take - the - money - and - run attitude of your typical rock superstar, but he chose a bad example of Bob Dylan to illustrate this. Dylan didn't go to Japan, play for an hour and then piss off back to the airport. He played eight nights at Tokyo's Budokan and in between played Osaka three times. Each of those concerts almost certainly lasted at least two hours. I don't know how much money he made, but he surely wasn't selling his fans short, as Strummer implied.
Gordon MacIntyre, Oban, Argyll.
Never mind the quality feel the width? I'd have been quite content if Dylan cut back his last concerts to one strong hour, nevertheless point taken — CB

HANGOVERS

The Beet Bop Club (one of the few venues catering for the new jazz movement) has come under attack from the press, mostly because of a lack of comfort and the premises' poor amenities. Whilst we acknowledge this to be largely, true we feel that an obsession with style and comfort has encouraged journalists to ignore the fact that since the start of the year we've generally provided more stimulating, original and worthwhile entertainment than that offered by any other London venue.

The idea that we have contrived to be squalid and that the audience is slumming it is a total misconception. We do not glory in the humbleness of our premises, but do not feel that the presumed comfort of other venues is any compensation for the paucity of entertainment or the lack of respect shown to both bands and audiences (we consider the common practices of overpricing and searching people on entry to be intolerable).

The Beet Bop is run by and for enthusiasts, it is a genuine attempt to provide worthwhile entertainment for enthusiasts. It has been difficult to maintain our enthusiasm under a constant barrage of the sort of vicious criticism that labels our diverse audience as *"dropouts hanging out in hovels"*.
Gordon Jules, The Beet Bop Club, Camden, London.
What can I say to make amends? —CB

Hoskyn's vicious attack on Todd Rundgren's recent recordings is hardly warranted. His solo albums since '77, though only two, have been far from mere retreads of past glories, few of which ever meant anything to *"...leathery old '70s England"* in any case. His comparison with Zappa's recording holds a certain amount of water but as for Foreigner the comparison's now totally redundant, even if it would've been a relevant and appropriate insult once.

Todd's solo records today contain less *"rock whimsy"* than in the days of 'Todd' etc while his incurable sense of optimism is surely something to be welcomed in these dark times rather than being dismissed as dreary.
The Hermit With a Torch On His Back, Hampstead, London.
Incurable optimism? Morley's presently over there putting him right — CB

MORE MEDIATIONS

Riverside, Oxford Roadshow et al have, I hope, finished for good. Their screaming self-indulgence has been both frustrating and embarrassing to watch. Caught up in their own intransigent little worlds, delighted at their own importance as representatives of the "young generation", they have ridiculously little insight or perception of attitudes, values or ideas of the very people they are supposed to entertain and inform. The general air of conceit and superciliousness pervading their studios is the most revolting aspect of both programmes.

If either is to make an unwelcome return let's have that transvestite dress designer presenting the show — now there's somebody who doesn't beat around the bush, so to speak.
Ludovic Kennedy, Coventry.
We'd have said the same ourselves, but then they'd accuse us of sour grapes — CB

I read with interest in *T-Zers* how the Faircloughs' foster kid in *Coronation Street* was "into" modern music. But have you noticed how far The Cabin is behind the times? The pic sleeve of The Buzzcocks' 'Love You More' has been on the wall behind the counter for ages.
Quentin Clayboard, Weymouth.
Behind the times be damned! Buzzcocks, winners of this year's posthumous *Chariots Of Fire* award for services to British Haircuts, are long overdue for a cultish revival. — CB

The attitude to broadcasting displayed in Jim Hawkins' letter sums up all that's wrong with radio in this country today. People like him and his contemporaries should be removed from the airwaves, what with their "don't rock the boat, we know what's best" attitude.

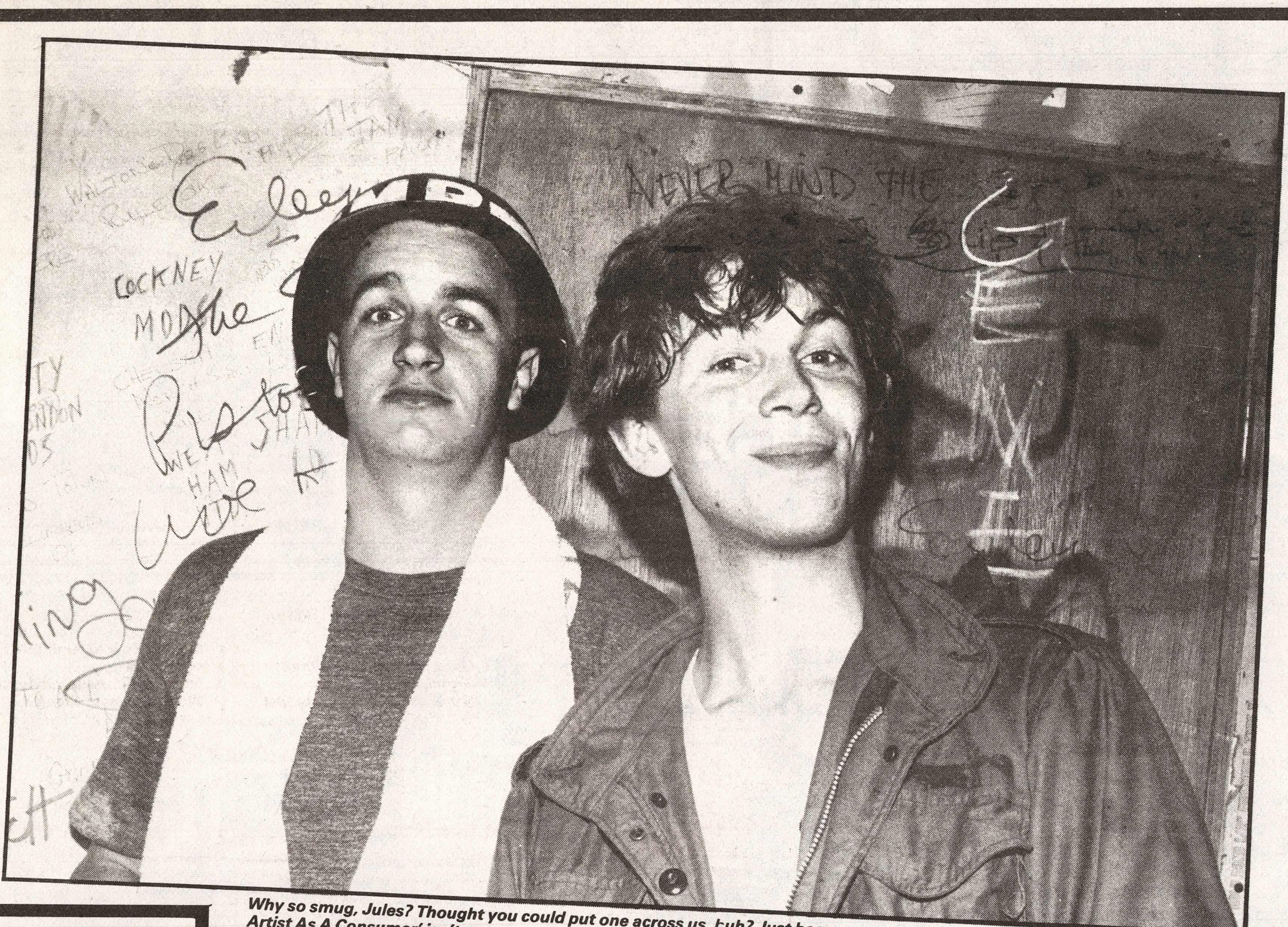
So what if the pirate DJs haven't been to broadcasting school? People who listen to pirates identify more with the jocks than any of the BBC or IRL radio trained old boys club types that maintain the closed shop open only to Ex-Oxbridge grads, or whoever's daddy can pull the strings in the hierarchy of out-of-touch civil servants controlling radio access.

Tell me, what is armchair radical about pirates investing their money in equipment, keeping one step ahead of bureaucratic or police harassment? Pirates risk more in one broadcast than this prat has ever done. Anyone should be able to have a radio station if they want one, and when that day dawns prats like him will be out of a job.

We as a record company releasing alternative music welcome the pirates and will support all parties dedicated to destroying the government monopoly of the airwaves.
Bill Gilliam, Alternative Tentacles.

WE INTERRUPT THIS BROADSIDE . . .

My heart goes out to Ronnie Lane in his fight against Multiple sclerosis and my thanks to The Rolling Stones for helping to finance his medical equipment. My anger and disgust goes to those who have left Ronnie needing financial support after his enormous contribution to the British music scene. I hope you beat it soon Ronnie and I hope those who've lived off you will now return the favour.
Nigel Vaughan, Tufnell Park, London.



Why so smug, Jules? Thought you could put one across us, huh? Just because we never asked you to file a 'Portrait Of The Artist As A Consumer' isn't reason enough for you to go chalking one all over the wall of a Noo Yawk Pissoir. Mind you, we do find your selection revealing. We never figured you for a Sham or Jam fan, or a Cockney mod. If it weren't fo that heavy sod ("He's my drummer Gary Dwyer, actually," — Cope) we might argue the point of Chelsea North Stand ruling too. Evidence filed by NME's resident New York Narc Joe Stevens.

I'm compiling a directory of fan clubs which will be sent to anyone seeking information about their favourite singers and bands. I'd be grateful if fan club organisers would send me full details about their clubs for free inclusion in the directory. As it would be in their interests to be included I hope I can rely on their co-operation.
Tom Kearney, 357 North Circular Road, Dublin 7.

Buying by post, especially if you live out of London, is a great way to shop. Sometimes of course it can go wrong and you can end up losing both your money and the goods because the company's done a bunk or gone bust. If any readers of the *NME* have had this problem and would like to take part in a research project for the National Consumer Council, please get in touch with me.

All letters will of course be treated in the strictest confidence.
Marilyn Thompson, 2 Sanctus Street, Stratford-upon-Avon, Warwickshire.

These last three constitute a Public Service Information Bulletin. Next time use the small ads, you cheapskates! — Big-hearted CB.

NICE GUYS FINISH LAST

That Haircut 100 four-album boxed set of cover versions was an April Fool's joke? You got me, you bastards!
Red-faced N. Reynolds, Moseley, Birmingham.

Hold back on your order and then see who's the sucker — CB.

Sirs, I find I always have to fold *NME* double when I come to *T-Zers* as the light shines through the page from my window. Would it be possible to make the back page thicker?

After the absence of a successful follow-up, this letter has been re-released, certain to emulate its success of two years ago and delight a whole new audience.
Neil Contents (thinner of hair, thicker of thigh), Grays, Essex.

Send readers' letters to: Gasbag, NME, 5-7 Carnaby Street, London W1.

t-zers

AS THE war within this paper enters its second week, *T-Zers* stands alone against the notorious *Gasbag* infidels rising in the West. Joining these treacherous and anti-Christian letters comes the running dog partner-in-crime the *Crossword* and, making threatening noises in the East, is the back page Ad. *T-Zers* adopts a defensive blockade of her boundaries (ie the extensive and regularly spaced hanging of all male staff's socks along the frontier, in what is known as the High Cheese Stratagem protected under the 1816 Gas Warfare Act).

In reply to this, we have reports that large shipments of South African odour eaters are being loaded onto special conscripted liners near *Thrills*. It should take some three days for the ships to arrive in *Gasbag* by which time *T-Zers* hopes to reach a peaceable and diplomatic end to this dispute. (ie: At the first gunshot we all leg it under the bed).

But life goes on for both paupers and princes alike! **Prince Charles** takes cover and comfort with **Status Quo**. So reported *The Doily Mirrar* last week when it interviewed Chas at his cute Buckingham Palace retreat. It seems that an offending Quo album was spotted laying on the royal rug. The royal rug covers the royal bald-patch and Chas has taken to resting album covers on it. Said Charles: "I have been informed of your impending war with a hostile letters page. I am sorry I won't be there on the opening night but our thoughts are with you and we're sure this war will be the great success it deserves to be. I know how hard you worked for it. I love the Goons and am just an ordinary guy with an increasingly bald head. Thank You" . . .

Themes Of War: Rough Trade — who are to our record collections what *Seditionaries* are to **Princess Margaret**'s wardrobe — are about to risk all their finances (independently adjudged to be in excess of eight pounds) on the rashest LP since **Brian Poole** vowed he would make it on his own. The record will be starring anyone who wants to call up 727 6085 between 8pm and 10am and leave a noise or message on the answerphone. What a daft concept. How much better that people should ring 439 8761 now and demand that *Gasbag* withdraw from these columns. Then again, withdrawal is what **Mrs Thatcher**'s father should have practised fifty eight years ago . . .

All Our Yesterdays: Our only staff centaur **Fred 'The Bed' Dellar** emerged from our filing room (the basement) cackling hysterically and rubbing the grime from his face. Removing the miner's helmet he showed us what he'd unearthed. It was a scrap from the *NME* dated first/Jan/77 and had **Paul Carrack**, then of jazz/funk band **Ace** saying: **"The Faces were going to do 'How Long' at one point but I don't think Rod Stewart can sing it actually"**. Mr Stewart proved the point scientifically by issuing the disturbing drone as his new single last month. Mr Dellar meanwhile is back in the basement digging away with a team of Latvian Archeologists in search of fossilized till receipts that he plans to construct into a hefty prehistoric, pre VAT, pre **Roy Carr** expenses slip. "I will be renowned for it one day," says the cherubic museum-faced filer . . .

RATIONING & SHORTAGES: **Bev Sage** — the 'queen' of **Modern Romance's** 'Rapping Scene' — reports from the US that huge jawed bettowed yank women are clamouring for her fishnet stockings. Apparently the things are either banned or illegal or not generally available over there. Crazed, wall eyed females are demanding she begin shipping the things as soon as she gets back. A Lawyer Writes: "Fishnet stockings were outlawed in 1929 when the authorities found that many bootleggers were boiling the fine material up in order to make huge vats of Farmer Giles Fine Auld Blitzkrieg Stour Export Only For Diabetics. Legend has it that the holes promoted excellent flavour. The band led to dozens of illegal stocking parlours springing up in every state. To gain admission one knocked thirty times on the door, bound fishing line around one's tongue, and uttered the underworld phrase, 'Tights. Phooey. Who needs 'em?'. I know this to be true" . . .

The Free Press: In the *Daily Star* **Marty Wilde** remembers **Cliff**. "Call it charisma or call it the X-factor, sparks flew when Cliff came on. I didn't have those sparks . . . but my daughter **Kim** has . . ." Dr Cliff Richard's Wholemeal Sparks are available at a looneybin near you price 35p a box of nine . . .

The disgusting reprobate **Julian Lennon** held a disgusting birthday party last week. Costing over one million pounds — Julian's 'broke' you remember — guests included **Phil Lynott**, as well as the lead singer with **Thin Lizzy**, a tall dark Irishman with a fright-wig style hair-do, and the man who wrote the theme for *Top Of The Pops*. Also there was a man with a bald head. The man was **Squeezio Tobson** and the bald head was sent in lieu of the real **Prince Charles**. It left in a temper after Lennon drew a face on it . . .

THE WAY We Were: An exhibition commemorating the old Rainbow Theatre is to be unleashed at London's dignified Victoria & Albert Museum. Among the pathetic little knick-knacks on display will be a **Pete Townshend** smashed guitar and a costume **Hazel O'Connor** wore in *Breaking Glass*. So rich in historic jewels! When *T-Zers* phoned **Victoria** she was out but **Albert** said: "This is a serious venture. We hope to attract customers from all over The Globe as well as several other pubs around here. Our star attraction will be a slice of ham once semi-masticated by **Brian Jones** which was then spat out and trodden on by **Mickie Most**. It's fascinating to think that Brian chewed the morsel only four and two seventh years before he died. I'm not saying there's anything mystical about the ham . . . but I'm keeping an open mind." The V&A Rock Show will open on a date later this month and is hoped to continue for several minutes before public disinterest forces closure at a devastating loss . . .

The bare bones of the above item were filched from **John "So I hear" Blake's** costly pap *Ad-Lib* column in London's get-ahead *Evening Standard*. Blakey also headed an item about 76-year-old *Record Mirror* Editor **Alf Martin's** resignation with the curious 'Are You Listening NME?'. What are you trying to tell us John? That we should resign — as this column has been urging for years — or that we are not replying to these hysterical wires that arrive begging informative titbits from us and signed cryptically Bohn Jlake. Hang on? **Bohn?** Nohn? Don't we have a Bohn in the cupboard somewhere? A mole! Fetch him in here at once! Remove his trousers and prepare a mustard poultice herr doktor — we must know everything . . .

Reports arriving say that **The Rolling Stones** — who made £60m touring the US last year — want to play venues like 'village halls'. Maybe so. The snag is that while the halls would hold but sixty people each one would be charged one million pounds entrance, thus balancing the books . . .

Nothing of note for boring rock-types happened in last week's *Coronation Street* — This leaves a gaping hole in *T-Zers*. Currently **Fred Dellar** is down the whole in his **King Tut**-style search for ancient lunch receipts . . .

And now back to battle — before the CO puts us all on a fizzer. *(What? — Ed)*. Oh there you are Ed. You've just missed *T-Zers*. *(Was it any good? — Ed)*. Oh really, really good. *(I don't believe you — Ed)* That's what they all say, Ed, but we never lie. We just put the shine back on things. *(Fancy a quick drink — Ed)* Sure . . . OK . . .

NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS NME

EDITORIAL
3rd Floor
5-7 Carnaby Street
London W1V 1PG
Phone: 01-439 8761

EDITOR
Neil Spencer

Deputy Editor
Phil McNeill
Features Editor
Tony Stewart
News Editor
Derek Johnson
Associate Editors
Monty Smith
Paul Du Noyer
Production Editor
Tim Greenhalgh
Special Projects Editor
Roy Carr
Contributing Editor
Charles Shaar Murray

Staff
Adrian Thrills
Chris Bohn
Gavin Martin
Lynn Hanna
Ian Penman
Paul Morley

Art & Design
Richard Krzyzak

Photography
Pennie Smith
Anton Corbijn
Peter Anderson

Contributors
Nick Kent
Fred Dellar
Tony Parsons
Julie Burchill
Paul Rambali
Danny Baker
Bob Edmands
Penny Reel
Andrew Tyler
Andy Gill
Graham Lock
Cynthia Rose
Vivien Goldman
Serge Clerc
Richard Cook
Paul Tickell
Barney Hoskyns

Cartoons
Tony Benyon
Ray Lowry

New York
Joe Stevens
(212) 674 5024
Mick Farren
Richard Grabel

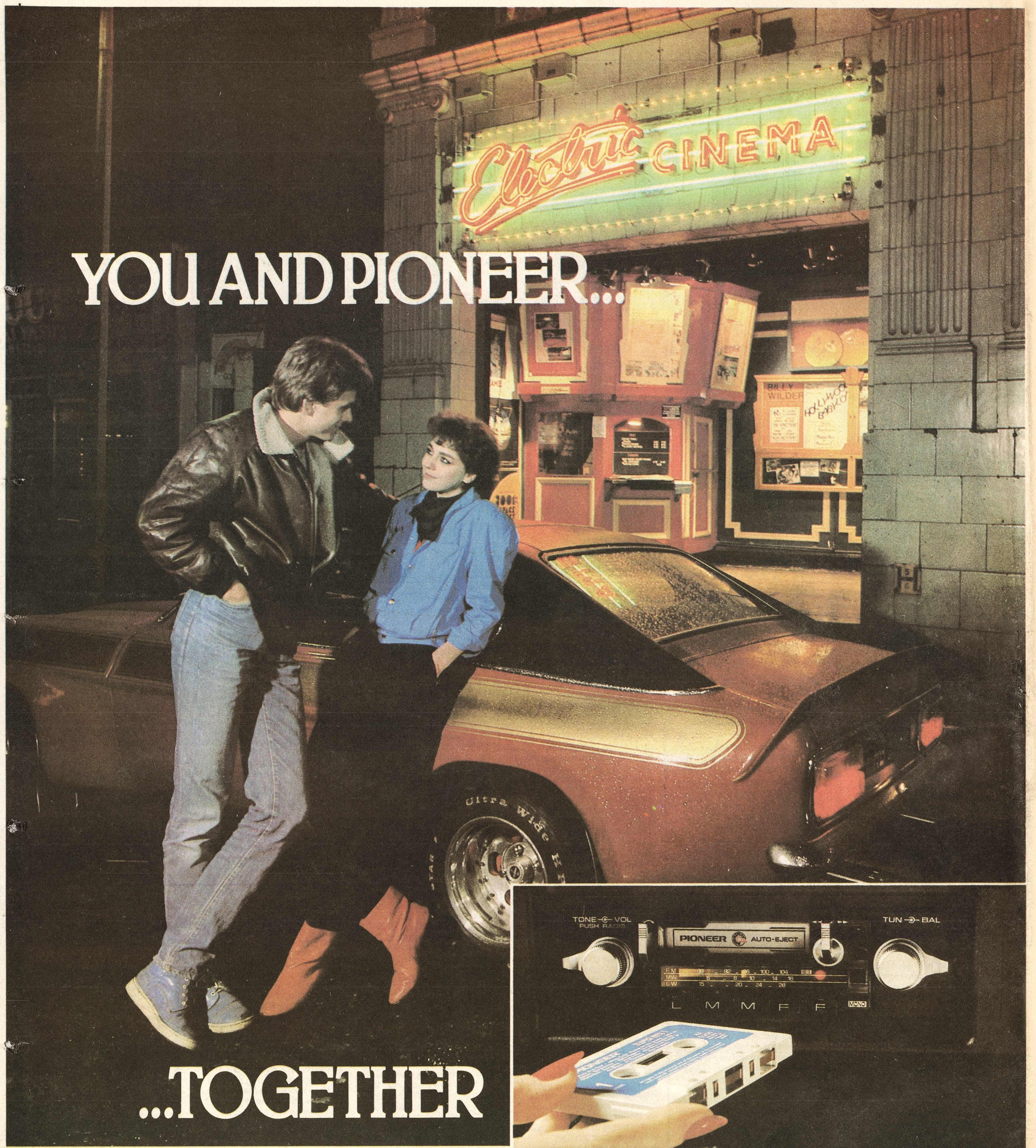
Research
Fiona Foulgar

ADVERTISEMENT DEPT.
Room 2535
Kings Reach Tower
Stamford Street
London SE1 9LS.
Ad Director
Percy Dickins
(01) 261 6080
Ad Manager
Peter Rhodes
(01) 261 6251
Classified Ads
(01) 261 6122
Live Ads
(01) 261 6153
Ad Production
Pete Christopher
Barry Cooper
Lee McDonald
(01) 261 6207

Publisher: Eric Jackson
IPC Magazines Ltd.
Production of any material without permission is strictly forbidden.

BETTER BADGES
TOP TEN W/E 17/4/82
1 ANTI-NOWHERE LEAGUE — I Hate People 1"
2 FUNBOY 3 — FB3 1"
3 DEAD KENNEDYS — I.G.W.T. Inc 1"
4 = B.E.F. ¾"
4 = HEAVEN 17 — Money ¾"
5 BLITZ 1"
6 DEPECHE MODE — Speak & Spell 1"
7 ASSOCIATES — Easter 1"
8 ANTI-NOWHERE LEAGUE — Fist 1"
9 ORANGE JUICE — Dolphin ¾"
10 STRANGLERS — Golden Brown (Unofficial) 1"
ALL BADGES 20p
ADD 20p P&P FREE LIST
14 WITAN STREET, LONDON E.2.

Published by IPC Limited, Kings Reach Tower, Stamford Street, London SE1 9LS, at the recommended maximum price shown on the cover. Editorial and Advertisement Offices: Kings Reach, Stamford St., SE1. Printed in England by EMAP Provincial Newspapers Limited, Kettering, Northants. T.U. Registered at the GPO as a newspaper. Sole Agents. Australia and New Zealand, Gotdon & Gotch, South Africa, Central News Agency Ltd., East Africa, Stationary and Office Supplies Ltd., Publishers.



A last rub of gleaming chrome, into gear and away - and already the evening's looking good.

Don't let the sound let you down. Pioneer in-car-entertainment is every bit as good as some in-house, plus it offers you one of the widest ranges around. All-in-one Stereos, component systems with separate amplifiers, and great speakers, some custom tailored. Pioneer suits your mood and your pocket, and it looks good in your dash too.

Cruise into your nearest Pioneer Super Dealer and tune-in the facts behind the in-car sound that really brings it all together.

PIONEER®

Nobody does it better

Car Stereo: All-in-one Stereos. Cassette Decks. Graphic Equalizers. Power Boosters. Component Systems. Speakers: Co-Axial. Cross-Axial. Multi-Way. Handling up to 60 W. The World's No.1 Line Up.
Pioneer High Fidelity (GB) Ltd., PO Box 108, Iver, Bucks, SL0 9JL. Tel. (0753) 652222.